1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true and
on ly Light, Sun of Righteous ness, arise,
tri umph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheer less is the morn un ac pa nied by thee; joy less is the day's return
till thy mer cy's beams I see, till they in ward
light im part, glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Vis it, then, this soul of mine, pierce the gloom of
sin and grief; fill me, Radi ant divine,
scat ter all my un belief; more and more thy self dis play, shin ing to the per fect day!