Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true and
2 Dark and cheer less is the morn un-ac-com-pa-
3 Vis - it, then, this soul of mine, pierce the gloom of

on - ly Light, Sun of Right-eous-ness, a-rise,
ried by thee; joy-less is the day's re-tur-
sin and grief; fill me, Ra - dian-cy di-vine,

tri-umph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on
till thy mer-cy's beams I see, till they in-ward
scat-ter all my un-belief; more and more thy -

high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear.
light im-part, glad my eyes and warm my heart.
self dis-play, shin-ing to the per-fect day!

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