Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

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

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn unaccompanied by thee;
joyless is the day's return till thy mercy's beams I see,
till they inward light impart, glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine, pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
fill me, Radiance divine, scatter all my unbelief;
more and more thyself display, shining to the perfect day!

Text: Charles Wesley, 1740
Tune: Charles F. Gounod, 1872

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