

## Christ, whose glory fills the skies

1 Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,  
 2 Dark and cheer-less is the morn un - ac - com - pan - ied by thee;  
 3 Vis - it then this soul of mine! Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!

Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise! Tri-umph o'er the shades of night:  
 joy-less is the day's re - turn, till thy mer - cy's beams I see,  
 Fill me, ra - dian - cy di - vine; scat - ter all my un - be - lief;

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap - pear.  
 till they in - ward light im - part, glad my eyes, and warm my heart.  
 more and more thy - self dis - play, shin - ing to the per - fect day.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788) Music: *Ratisbon*, melody from *Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn*, 1524; adapt. alt. William Henry Havergal (1793-1870);  
 harm. William Henry Havergal (1793-1870), alt.