

873 Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies



1 Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true and on - ly light,
2 Dark and cheer-less is the morn Un - ac - com - pa-nied by Thee;
3 Vis - it then this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;



Sun of righ-teous-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.