

Christ, whose glory fills the skies

Charles Wesley (1707-1788) alt. The Editors

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1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
triumph over this world's night.
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.
2. Dark and cheerless is the morn
unaccompanied by you,
joyless is the day's return,
till your mercy's beams break through,
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 yourself display,
shining to the perfect day.

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