

Christ Whose Gory Fills the Skies

1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, 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.