

Christ, Whose Glory Fills The Skies (963)
by Charles Wesley

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the 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 thou 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!