

Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

Charles Wesley, 1741.

Johann Werner, 1815.

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;  
Day-star, in my heart appear.

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.

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.