

Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

WORDS: Charles Wesley, 1740

**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,
cheer my eyes and
warm my heart.**

**3. Visit then this
soul of mine;
pierce the gloom
of sin and grief;
fill me,
Radiancy divine,**

**scatter all my unbelief;
more and more
thysself display,
shining to the
perfect day.**