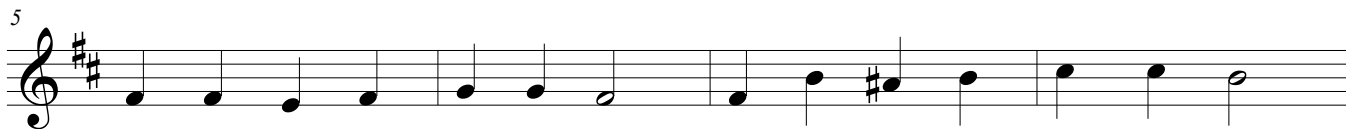


Christ, whose glory fills the skies



1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ the true, the on - ly Light.
2. Dark and cheer-less is the morn un - ac - com - pan - ied by thee;
3. Vis - it then this soul of mine! Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!



Sun of Right - eous - ness a - rise! Tri - umph o'er the shades of night:
joy - less is the day's re - turn, 'til thy mer - cy's beams I see,
Fill me, ra - dian - cy di - vine; scat - ter all my un - be - lief;



Day - spring from on high, be near; Day - star in my heart ap - pear.
'til they in - ward light im - part, glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
more and more thy - self dis - play, shin - ing to the per - fect day.