

442 Christ, whose glory fills the skies

F Dm Gm F C F A⁷ Dm Gm F C F

1 Christ, whose glo-ry fills the skies, Christ, the true and on-ly light,
 2 Dark and dis-mal is the morn un-ac-com-pa-nied by thee;
 3 Vis-it, then, this soul of mine, pierce the gloom of sin and grief;

Gm⁷ C⁷ F C C⁷ F C⁷ F C F

Sun of Right-eous-ness,^a a-rise, tri-umph o'er the shades of night;
 joy-less is the day's re-turn, till thy mer-cy's beams I see,
 fill me, Ra-dian-cy Di-vine, scat-ter all my un-be-lief;

B^b F⁷ B^b F⁷ B^b D D⁷ Gm F C⁷ F

Day-spring^b from on high, be near; Day-star,^c in my heart ap-pear.
 till they in-ward light im-part, till thou cheer and warm my heart.
 more and more thy-self dis-play, shin-ing to the per-fect day.

^a Mal. 4:2 ^b Luke 1:78 (AV); sunrise ^c 2 Pet. 1:19 (AV); morning star

Text: Charles Wesley, 1740
 Tune: Charles F. Gounod, 1872