

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 - pa - nied 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 Till 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.
 Till 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.

Music: Charles Gounod (1818–1893)
 Text: Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

LUX PRIMA (Gounod)
 77.77.77.