

C.Wesley/C.Nockels

Christ="Kraist"
12

mp Christ, whose glo - ry fills the

skies, Christ, the ev - er-last-ing light. The son of righ-teous-ness, a - rise, and tri-umph o'er the shades of night.

Come, so long - a-wait-ed one, in the full-ness of Your Love. And loose this heart bound up by shame, and I will

ne - ver be the same. So here I wait in hope of You, all my soul's long - ing, through and through Day-spring

from on high be near, and Day-star, in my heart ap-pear. Dark and cheer-less is the

morn=Morgen 42 44 the="si" 46

S. morn un-til Your love in me is born. And joy-less is the eve-ning song un-til Em-man - u-el has come. So here I

A.

T.

48 *mf* 50 52

S. wait in hope of You, all my soul's long - ing, through and through Day-spring from on high be near, and Day-star,

A.

T.

54 unisono 56 *mf* 58

S. in my heart ap-pear. So here I wait in hope of You, all my soul's long - ing, through and

A.

T.

60 62 unisono 64

S. through Day-spring from on high be near, and Day-star, in my heart ap-pear.

A.

T.