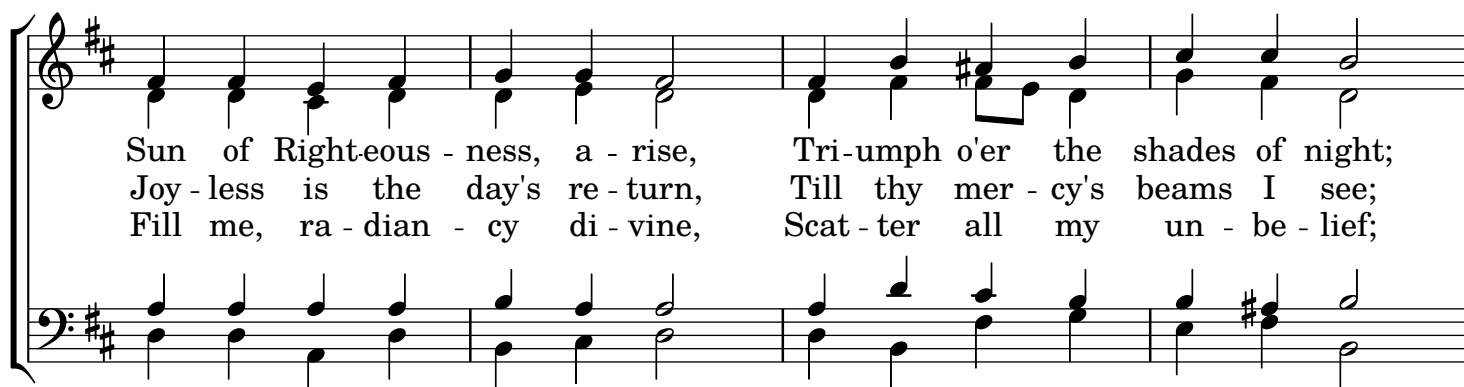


1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,
 2. Dark and cheer-less is the morn Un - ac - com - pan - ied by thee;
 3. Vis - it then this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;



Sun of Righteous - 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;



Dayspring 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.