

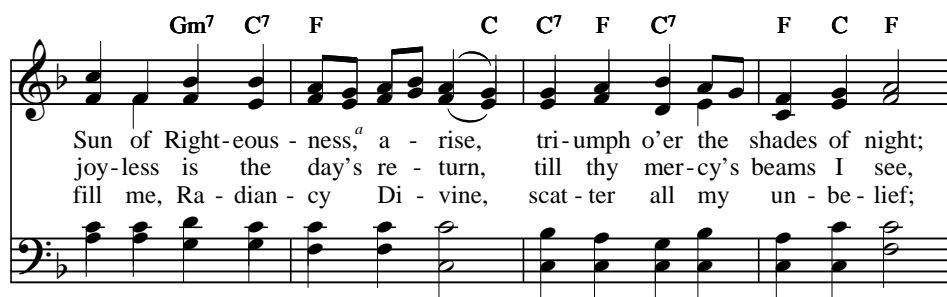
## 442 Christ, whose glory fills the skies

F Dm Gm F C F A<sup>7</sup> Dm Gm F C F



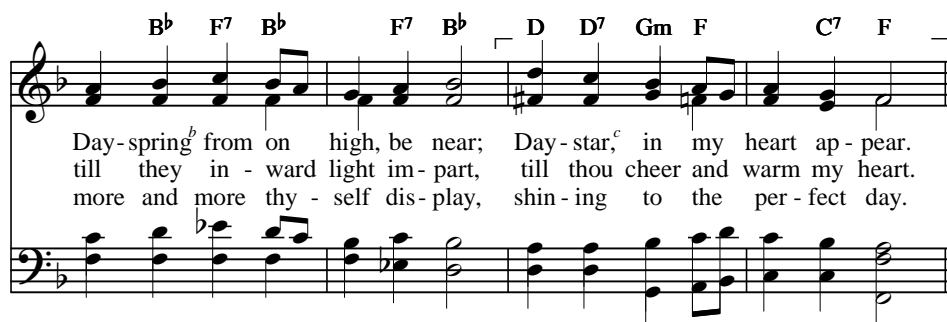
1 Christ, whose glo-ry fills the skies, Christ, the true and on-ly light,  
2 Dark and dis-mal is the morn un-ac-com-pa-nied by thee;  
3 Vis-it, then, this soul of mine, pierce the gloom of sin and grief;

Gm<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F C C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F C F



Sun of Right-eous-ness,<sup>a</sup> 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<sup>b</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> D D<sup>7</sup> Gm F C<sup>7</sup> F



Day-spring<sup>b</sup> from on high, be near; Day-star,<sup>c</sup> 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.

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

Text: Charles Wesley, 1740

Tune: Charles F. Gounod, 1872