

HYMN

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 C 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. 2:4 ^b ? ^c ?

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

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 LUX PRIMA