Christ, Whose Glory Fills The Skies
HALLE

1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only light,
2. Dark and cheerless is the morn, If Thy light is hid from me;
3. Visit, then, this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;

Sun of Righteousness, arise, Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Joyless is the day's return, Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine! Scatter all my unbelief;

Dayspring from on high, be near, Daystar in my heart appear.
Till they inward light impart, Warmth and gladness to my heart.
More and more Thyself display, Shining to the perfect day.

Words: Charles Wesley
Music: Peter Ritter, Arr. by Thomas Hastings