

Gordon Hill 77 77 77

Charles Wesley

Kathryn Rose

1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2. Dark and cheerless is the morn
unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thy inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3. Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief.
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

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