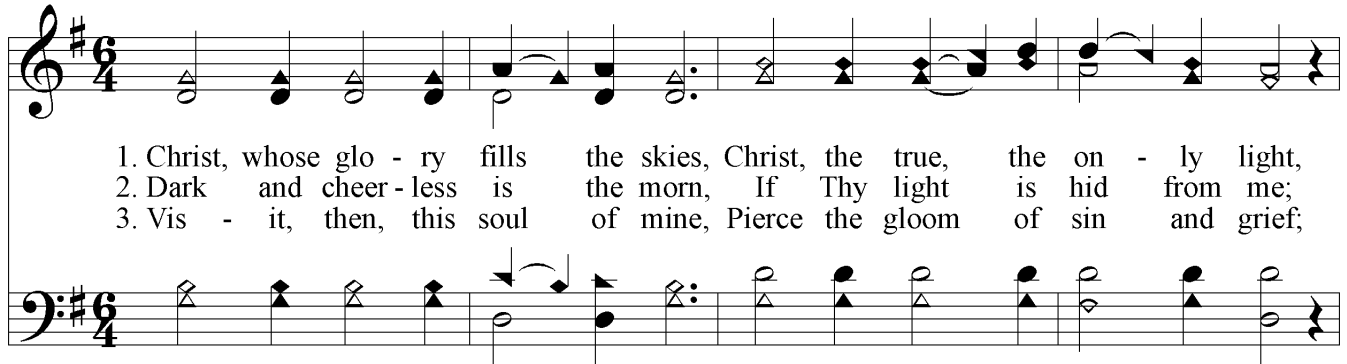
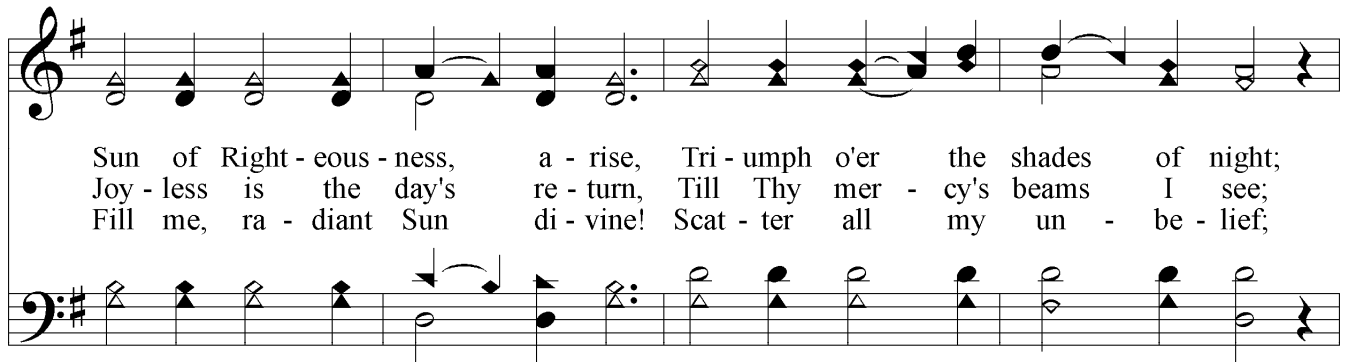


# Christ, Whose Glory Fills The Skies

HALLE



1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,  
2. Dark and cheer - less is the morn, If Thy light is hid from me;  
3. Vis - it, then, this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;



Sun of Right - eous - 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 - diant Sun di - vine! Scat - ter all my un - be - lief;



Day - spring from on high, be near, Day - star in my heart ap - pear.  
Till they in - ward light im - part, Warmth and glad - ness to my heart.  
More and more Thy - self dis - play, Shin - ing to the per - fect day.

Words: Charles Wesley

Music: Peter Ritter, Arr. by Thomas Hastings