

# Christ, whose glory fills the skies

Henry Smart, 1813-1879

Heathlands  
77.77.77

C G Emin7 F C F G C F C F G

5 C G A Gsus4 D G Emin Amin D G

Emin C7 10 Bdim G Amin F C F C F G7 C

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;  
Day-star, in my heart appear.

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

Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Charles Wesley