

# Christ, Whose Glory Fills The Skies

Charles Wesley

Gesangbuch 1704

C F G<sup>7</sup>/D C G Am G/B C

Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the  
Dark and cheer-less is the morn Un - ac - com - pa -  
Vis - it, then, this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of

4 F G C C G C G<sup>7</sup>/B C

on - ly light, Sun of righ - teous - ness, a - rise,  
nied by Thee; Joy - less is the day's re - turn,  
sin and grief; Fill me, Ra - dian - cy di - vine,

7 Am E<sup>7</sup> F Dm<sup>6</sup> E Am F G Am

Tri - umph o'er the shads of night; Day-spring from on  
Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see, Till they in - ward  
Scat - ter all my un - be - lief; More and more Thy -

10 Dm<sup>7</sup> E Am G/B C G C

high, be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.  
light im - part, Glad my eyes and warm my heart.  
self dis - play, Shin - ing to the per - fect day.