

# Christ, Whose Glory Fills The Skies

Charles Wesley

Gesangbuch 1704

D G A<sup>7</sup>/E D A Bm A/C# D



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 G A D D A D A<sup>7</sup>/C# D



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 Bm F#<sup>7</sup> G Em<sup>6</sup> F# Bm G A Bm



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 Em<sup>7</sup> F# Bm A/C# D A D



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.