DIX 77.77.77.
Arranged from "TREUER HEILAND"
CONRAD KOCHER

1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the perfect Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise, Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star, in my heart appear.

2. Dark and cheer-less is the morn Un-com-pan-ioned, Lord, by thee;
Joy-less is the day's re-turn, Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they in-ward light im-part, Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3. Vis- it then this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, ra-dian-cy di-vine, Scat-ter all my un-be-lief;
More and more thy-self dis-play, Shin-ing to the per-fect day.