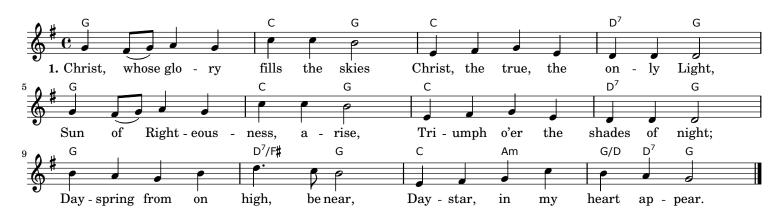
Christ, whose glory fills the skies

Longings — For Christ as Light

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- 2. Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by Thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
 Till Thou inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3. Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, Radiancy divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.