Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only 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 cheerless is the morn unaccompanied, needed 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.

3. Visit then, this soul of mine; pierce the gloom of sin and grief; fill me, Radiance divine; scatter all my unbelief; more and more thy self display, shining to the perfect day.

The rising sun will come to us from heaven to shine on those living in darkness.
Luke 1:78, 79

Charles Wesley, 1740

Trinity Hymnal 398

Charles F. Gounod, 1872
How Good it Is to Thank the Lord

How Good It Is to Thank the Lord

It is good to praise the Lord and make music to your name. O Most High. Ps. 92:1

1. How good it is to thank the Lord, and praise to you, Most High, accord, to show your love with morning light, and of your hands; great works, Jehovah, you have wrought, except here below, there is there endless ruin, but God shall dwell; he shall be like a goodly tree, and

2. O Lord, with joy my heart expands before the wonders tell your faithfulness each night; yea, good it is your ceed deep your every thought; a foolish man knows you, O Lord, are throned on high; your foes shall fall be all his life shall fruitful be; for righteous is the praise to sing, and all our sweetest music bring, not their worth, nor he whose mind is of the earth. fore your might, the wicked shall be put to flight. Lord and just, he is my rock, in him I trust.

3. When as the grass the wicked grow, when sinners flourish, when they shall perish, and become dust, but God shall live in the presence of the Lord; he shall be like a goodly tree, and shall stand firm; he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water; he shall bring forth fruit in his season, and his leaf shall not wither; and whatever he doeth shall prosper.

4. The righteous man shall flourish well, and in the house of the Lord shall he dwell; he shall be like a goodly tree, and shall stand firm; he shall bring forth fruit in his season, and his leaf shall not wither; and whatever he doeth shall prosper.
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Samuel... named it Ebenezer, saying, “Thus far has the LORD helped us.” 1 Sam. 7:12

1. Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Ebenezer; Hitherto by thy help I’ve come;
3. O to grace how great a debt—DAILY I’m constrained to be;

streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
and I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.
let that grace now, like a fetter, bind my wand’ring heart to thee.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wand’ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—I prone to leave the God I love:

praise the mount! I’m fixed upon it, mount of God’s unchanging love.
he, to rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood.
here’s my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, 1758