

Service Lyrics February 6, 2022

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Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only light, Sun of Righteousness, arise, triumph o'er the shades of night; Dayspring from on high, be near; Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn unaccompanied by thee; joyless is the day's return, till thy mercy's beams I see; till they inward light impart, cheer my eyes and warm my heart.

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.

Forth in Thy Name, O Lord

Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go, my daily labor to pursue; thee, only thee, resolved to know in all I think or speak or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned, O let me cheerfully fulfill; in all my works thy presence find, and prove thy good and perfect will. Thee may I set at my right hand, whose eyes mine inmost substance see, and labor on at thy command, and offer all my works to thee.

For thee delightfully employ what e'er thy bounteous grace hath given; and run my course with even joy, and closely walk with thee to heaven.