

Hymn No. 173

Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

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

- 2 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.

- 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.

‘Tis Good, Lord, to Be Here
(11 o’clock service ONLY)

- 1 ‘Tis good, Lord, to be here!
Your glory fills the night;
your face and garments, like the sun,
shine with unborrowed light.

- 2 ‘Tis good, Lord, to be here,
your beauty to behold,
where Moses and Elijah stand,
your messengers of old.

- 3 Fulfiller of the past!
Promise of things to be!
We hail your body glorified,
and our redemption see.

- 4 ‘Tis good, Lord, to be here!
Yet we may not remain;
but since you bid us leave the mount,
come with us to the plain.

Hymn No. 568

Christ for the World We Sing

- 1 Christ for the world we sing,
the world to Christ we bring,
with loving zeal;
the poor, and them that mourn,
the faint and overborne,
sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
whom Christ doth heal.
- 2 Christ for the world we sing,
the world to Christ we bring,
with fervent prayer;
the wayward and the lost
by restless passions tossed,
redeemed at countless cost,
from dark despair.
- 3 Christ for the world we sing,
the world to Christ we bring,
with one accord;
with us the work to share,
with us reproach to dare,
with us the cross to bear,
for Christ our Lord.
- 4 Christ for the world we sing,
the world to Christ we bring,
with joyful song;
the newborn souls, whose days,
reclaimed from error's ways,
inspired with hope and praise,
to Christ belong.