

DECK THYSELF, MY SOUL, WITH GLADNESS

Music: SCHMUEKE DICH, 88.88.88.88.; harm. *The English Hymnal*, 1906

Text: Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele, Johann Franck, 1649; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

1. Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the gloom-y haunts of
2. Sun, who all my life dost bright - en, Light, who dost my soul en -
3. Je - sus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee, Let me glad-ly here o -

sad - ness, Come in - to the day-light's splen-dour, There with
light - en, Joy, the sweet-est man e'er know - eth, Fount, whence
bey Thee, Nev - er to my hurt in - vit - ed, Be Thy

joy thy prais-es rend - er Un - to Him whose grace un -
all my be - ing flow - eth, At Thy feet I cry, my
love with love re - quit - ed; From this ban - quet let me

bound - ed Hath this wond-rous ban-quet found - ed, High o'er
Ma - ker, Let me be a fit par - ta - ker Of this
mea - sure, Lord, how vast and deep its trea - sure; Through the

all the heav'ns he reign-eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth.
bles - sed food from hea - ven, For our good, Thy glo - ry, giv - en.
gifts Thou here dost give me As Thy guest in heav'n re - ceive me.