

## Soul, Adorn Thyself with Gladness

SCHMÜCKE DICH (L.M.D.)

Johann Crüger, 1649

Johann Franck, 1649

tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858; alt.

1. Soul, a - dorn thy-self with glad - ness, Leave be - hind all gloom and sad - ness;  
 2. Has - ten as a bride to meet Him And with lov - ing rev - 'rence greet Him;  
 3. He who craves a pre - cious treas - ure Nei - ther cost nor pain will meas - ure;  
 4. Ah, how hun - gers all my spir - it For the love I do not mer - it!

Come in - to the day - light's splen - dor, There with joy thy prais - es ren - der  
 For with words of life im - mor - tal Now He knock - eth at thy por - tal.  
 But the price - less gifts of heav - en God to us hath free - ly giv - en.  
 Oft have I, with sighs fast throng - ing, Thought up - on this food with long - ing,

Un - to Him whose grace un - bound - ed Hath this won - drous Sup - per found - ed.  
 Haste to ope the gates be - fore Him, Say - ing, while thou dost a - dore Him,  
 Tho' the wealth of earth were prof - ered, Naught would buy the gifts here of - fered:  
 In the bat - tle well - nigh worst - ed, For this cup of life have thirst - ed,

High o'er all the heav'ns He reign - eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth.  
 Suf - fer, Lord, that I re - ceive Thee, And I nev - er - more will leave Thee.  
 Christ's true bod - y, for thee riv - en, And His blood, for thee once giv - en.  
 For the Friend who here in - vites us And to God Him - self u - nites us.

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5. In my heart I find as-cend-ing Ho-ly awe, with rap-ture blend-ing,  
 6. Je-sus, Sun of Life, my Splen-dor, Je-sus, Thou my Friend most ten-der,  
 7. Lord, by love and mer-cy driv-en, Thou hast left Thy throne in heav-en,  
 8. Je-sus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee, Let me glad-ly here o-bey Thee.

As this mys-te-ry I pon-der, Fill-ing all my soul with won-der,  
 Je-sus, Joy of my de-sir-ing, Fount of Life, my soul in-spir-ing—  
 On the cross for me to lan-guish And to die in bit-ter an-guish,  
 By Thy love I am in-vit-ed, Be Thy love with love re-quit-ed;

Bear-ing wit-ness at this hour— Of the great-ness of God's pow-er;  
 At Thy feet I cry, my Mak-er, Let me be a fit par-tak-er  
 To for-go all joy and glad-ness And to shed Thy blood in sad-ness.  
 From this Sup-per let me meas-ure, Lord, how vast and deep love's treas-ure.

Far be-yond all hu-man tell-ing Is the pow'r with-in Him dwell-ing.  
 Of this bless-ed food from heav-en, For our good, Thy glo-ry, giv-en.  
 By this blood re-deemed and liv-ing, Lord, I praise Thee with thanks-giv-ing.  
 Through the gifts Thou here dost give me As Thy guest in heav'n re-ceive me.