

# Deck Thyself, My Soul, with Gladness

1. Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, leave the  
2. Sun, who all my life dost brigh - ten; Light, who  
3. Je - sus, bread of life, I pray thee, let me

gloo my\_haunts of sad - ness. Come in - to the day-light's  
dost my\_soul en - ligh - ten; Joy, the best that a - ny  
glad-ly\_\_here o - bey thee; ne - ver to my hurt in -

splen - dor; there with joy thy\_prai-ses re - nder  
know - eth; Fount, whence all my\_be-ing flow - eth;  
vi - ted, be thy love with love re - quit - ed.

un - to Christ, whose grace un - boun - ded hath this  
at thy feet I cry, my Ma - ker, let me  
From this ban - quet let me mea - sure, Lord, how

won - drous ban - quet foun - ded. High o'er  
be a fit par - ta - ker Oo this  
vast and deep it's trea - sure; through the

all the heavens he reign - eth, yet to  
bles - sed food from hea - ven, for our  
gifts thou here dost give\_\_ me, as thy

dwel with thee he deign - eth.  
good, thy glo - ry, gi - ven.  
guest in heaven re - ceive me.