

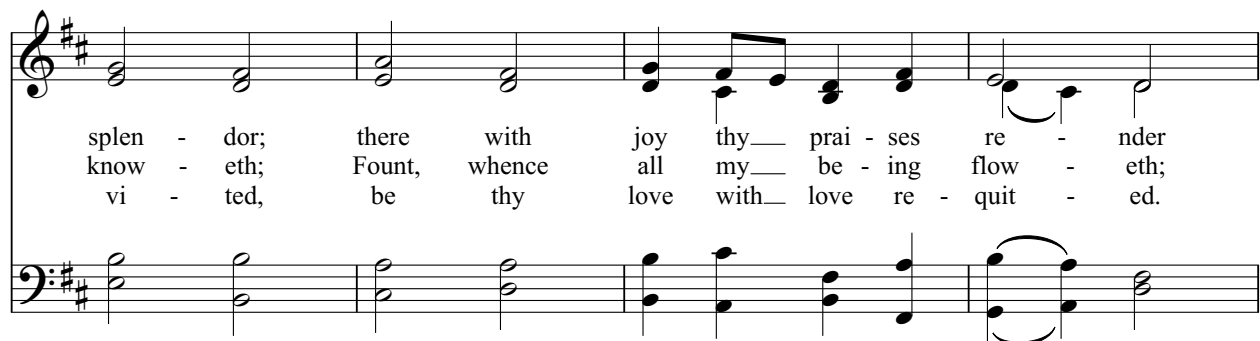
Deck Thyself, My Soul, with Gladness



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

Text: Johann Franck, 1649;
trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1863
Tune: Johann Crüger, 1653



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SCHMÜCKE DICH
www.hymnary.org/text/deck_thyself_my_soul_with_gladness_leave

won - drous ban - quet foun - ded. High o'er all the heavens he
 be a fit par - ta - ker Oo this bles - sèd food from
 vast and deep it's trea - sure; through the gifts thou here dost

reign - eth, yet to dwell with thee he deign - eth.
 hea - ven, for our good, thy glo - ry, gi - ven.
 give me, as thy guest in heaven re - ceive me.