

# 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 all the heavens he  
be a fit par - ta - ker Oo this bles - sed 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.