Deck Thyself, My Soul, with Gladness

1. Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness, leave the gloomy haunts of sadness. Come into the day-light's splendor; there with joy thy praises render known-eth; Fount, whence all my being flow-eth; visited, be thy love with love re-quit-ed.

2. Sun, who all my life dost brighten; Light, who un-to Christ, whose grace unbounded hath this at thy feet I cry, my Maker, let me From this banquet let me measure, Lord, how wondrous banquet founded. High o'er all the heavens he be a fit partaker Oo this bles-sèd food from vast and deep it's treasure; through the gifts thou here dost reign-eth, yet to dwell with thee he deign-eth. heaven, for our good, thy glory, gi-ven. give me, as thy guest in heaven receive me.