Deck Thyself, My Soul, with Gladness

1. Deck thy self, my soul, with glad ness, leave the gloom
   my haunts of sadness. Come into the day-light's splendor;
   there with joy thy praises render;
   un to Christ, whose grace un bounded hath this
   wondrous banquet founded. High o'er
   all the heavens he reigneth, yet to dwell with thee
   guest in heaven receiv en, for our good, thy glory, give me.
   thy feet I cry, my Maker, let me
   thy love with love re quited.
   my being floweth;
   thy feet I cry, my Maker, let me
   thy love with love re quited.
   un to Christ, whose grace un bounded hath this
   wondrous banquet founded. High o'er
   all the heavens he reigneth, yet to dwell with thee
   guest in heaven receiv en, for our good, thy glory, give me.

2. Sun, who all my life dost bright ten; Light, who knoweth; Fount, whence all my being floweth;
   un to Christ, whose grace un bounded hath this
   wondrous banquet founded. High o'er
   all the heavens he reigneth, yet to dwell with thee
   guest in heaven receiv en, for our good, thy glory, give me.

3. Je sus, bread of life, I pray thee, let me vi ted, be thy love with love re quited.
   un to Christ, whose grace un bounded hath this
   wondrous banquet founded. High o'er
   all the heavens he reigneth, yet to dwell with thee
   guest in heaven receiv en, for our good, thy glory, give me.

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