Deck Thyself, My Soul, with Gladness

1. Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness, leave the gloomy haunts of sadness. Come into the daylight’s splendor; there with joy thy praises render.

2. Sun, who all my life dost brighten; Light, who dost my soul enlighten; Joy, the best that any knowledge; Fount, whence all my being floweth; Visit, be thy love with love requited.

3. Jesus, bread of life, I pray thee, let me gladly here obey thee; never to my hurt in 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

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

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wondrous banquet founded. High o'er all the heavens he
be a fit partaker Oo this bles'ed food from
vast and deep it's treasure; through the gifts thou here dost

reigneth, yet to dwell with thee he deigneth.
heaven, for our good, thy glory, given.
give me, as thy guest in heaven receive me.