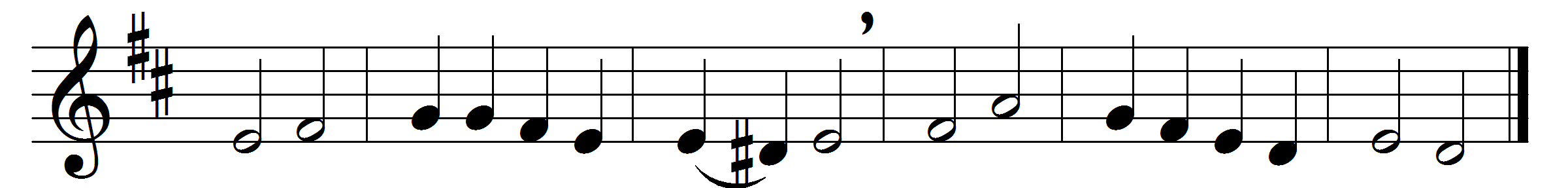
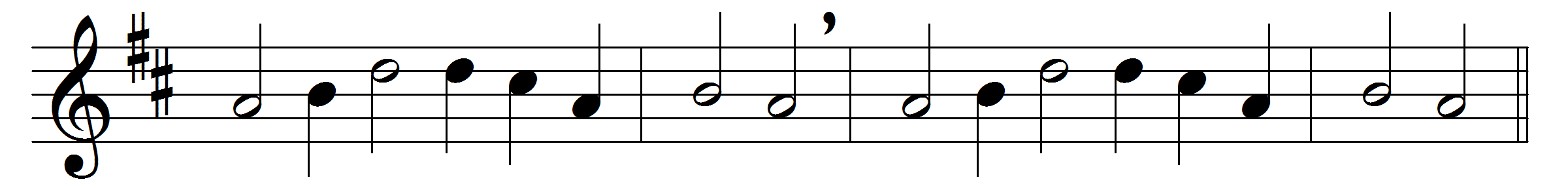
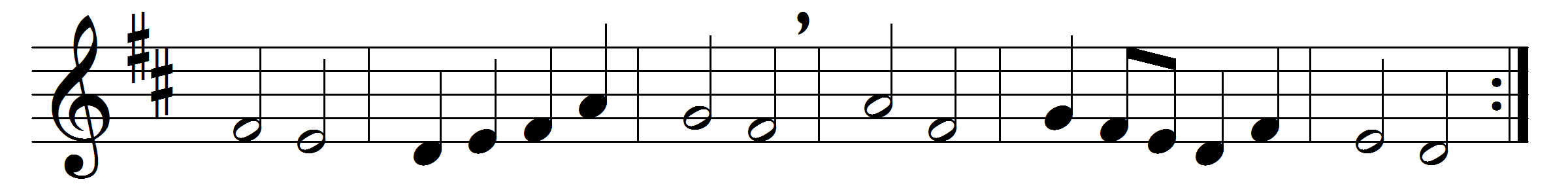
Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness AMNS 257 Melody: Schmücke dich 8 8. 8 8. D.



Part 1

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,  
leave the gloomy haunts of sadness;  
come into the daylight’s splendour,  
there with joy thy praises render  
unto him whose grace unbounded  
hath this wondrous banquet founded:  
high o’er all the heavens he reigneth,  
yet to dwell with thee he deigneth.

Now I sink before thee lowly,  
filled with joy most deep and holy,  
as with trembling awe and wonder  
on thy mighty works I ponder:  
how, by mystery surrounded,  
depth no man hath ever sounded,  
none may dare to pierce unbidden  
secrets that with thee are hidden.

Part 2

Sun, who all my life dost brighten,  
Light, who dost my soul enlighten,  
Joy, the sweetest man e’er knoweth,

Fount, whence all my being floweth,  
at thy feet I cry, my Maker,  
let me be a fit partaker  
of this blessèd food from heaven,  
for our good, thy glory, given.

Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray thee,  
let me gladly here obey thee;  
never to my hurt invited,  
be thy love with love requited:  
from this banquet let me measure,  
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;  
through the gifts thou here dost give me,  
as thy guest in heaven receive me.

Words: Johann Franck (1618-1677), translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

Music: Melody by Johann Crüger (1598-1662)