

Deck Thyself, My Soul, With Gladness

as found in the 1982 Hymnal 339

Words: Johann Franck (1618-1677)

Music: *Schmucke dich*, Johann Cruger (1598-1662)

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness, leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendor, 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.

Sun, who all my life dost brighten; Light, who dost my soul enlighten;
Joy, the best that any knoweth; Fount, whence all my being floweth;
At thy feet I cry, my Maker, let me be a fit partaker of this blessed food
From heaven, for our good, thy glory, given.