

# DECK THYSELF, MY SOUL, WITH GLADNESS

SCHMUEKE DICH - 88. 88. 88. JOHANN CRUEGER  
JOHANN FRANCK

1 Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the  
2 Sun, who all my life dost bright - en; Light, who  
3 Je - sus, Bread of Life, I pray thee, Let me

gloom - y haunts of sad - ness, Come in - to the day - light's  
dost my soul en - light - en; Joy, the sweet - est man e'er  
glad - ly here o - bey thee; Nev - er to my hurt in -

splen - dor, There with joy thy prais - es ren - der  
know - eth; Fount, whence all my be - ing flow - eth:  
vit - ed, Be thy love with love re - quit - ed;

Un - to him whose grace un - bound - ed Hath this won - drous  
At thy feet I cry, my Ma - ker, Let me be a  
From this ban - quet let me meas - ure, Lord, how vast and

ban - quet found - ed; High o'er all the heav'ns lie  
fit par - ta - ker Of this bless - ed food from  
deep its treas - ure; Through the gifts thou here dost

reign - eth, Yet to dwell with thee he deign - eth.  
heav - en, For our good, thy glo - ry, giv - en.  
give me, As thy guest in heav'n re - ceive me.