Deck Thyself, My Soul, with Gladness

1 Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the gloom - y haunts of sad - ness, Come in - to the day-light's 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;

2 Sun, who all my life dost bright - en; Light, who glad - ly here o - bey thee; Nev - er to my hurt in - unto 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
banquet founded; High o'er all the heav'n's he
fit partaker Of this blessed food from
deep its 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 heav'n receive me.