Deck Thyself, My Soul, With Gladness

Text: J Franck (1618 - 77) Trans: Catherine Winkworth

An easy piece for Sops, as they don't hold a line alone.

V1. Deck thy self, my soul, with glad ness
V2. Now I sink be fore thee low ly,
V4. Je sus, Bread of Life, I pray thee,

Leave the gloom y haunts of sad ness,
Fill'd with joy most deep and ho ly,
Let me glad ly here o bey thee;

Come in to the day light's splen dour,
As with trem bling awe and won der,
Nev er to my hurt in vi ted,

There with joy thy prais es ren der
On thy migh ty works I pon der;
Be thy love with love re quit ed:

Un to him whose grace un bound ed Hath this
How, by my ste ry sur roun ded, Depths no
From this ban quet let me mea sure, Lord, how
wondrous banquet founded, this wondrous
man hath ever soun ded, no man hath
vast and deep its treasure, how vast and

banquet founded: High o'er all the
ever soun ded, None may dare to
deep its treasure; Through the gifts thou

heavens he reign eth, he reign eth,
pierce un bid den, un bid den,
here dost give me, dost give me,

Yet to dwell with thee he deign eth, he
Sec rents that with thee are hid den, are
As thy guest in heaven receive me, re -

Third Time  To Coda

Third Time  To Coda
Light, who dost my soul enlighten:

brilliant;

Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth;

all my being floweth:

At thy feet I

At thy feet I cry, my Maker, Let me cry, my maker, Let me be a fit partaker

be a fit partaker Of this blessed

taker

For our good, thy glory, given, thy food from heaven,

glory given. P PP Amen, amen.