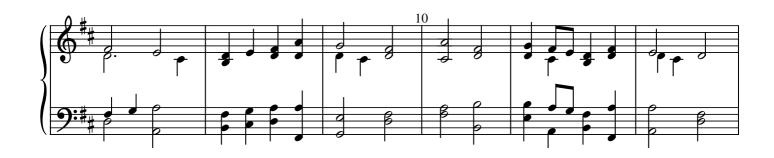
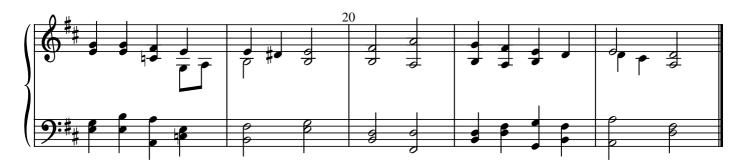
Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness











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 Christ Whose grace unbounded Hath this wondrous banquet founded. Higher o'er all the heav'ns 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 bless'd food from heaven, For our good, Thy glory, given. Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee, Let me gladly here obey Thee. By Thy love I am invited, Be Thy love with love requited; From this supper let me measure, Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure. Through the gifts Thou here dost give me As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

Johann Franck