# Soul, Adorn Thyself with Gladness

SCHMÜCKE DICH (8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.)
Johann Crüger, 1649

Johann Wolfgang Franck, 1649
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858



1. Soul, a - dorn thy - self with glad - ness; Leave be - hind all gloom and sad - ness.
2. Has - ten as a bride to meet Him, And with lov - ing rev - 'rence greet Him;
3. He who craves a pre - cious treas - ure Nei - ther cost nor pain will meas - ure,
4. Ah, how hun - gers all my spir - it For the love I do not mer - it!

Come in - to the day - light's splen - dor; There with joy thy prais - es ren - der
For with words of life im - mor - tal Now He knock - eth at thy por - tal.
But the price - less gifts of Hea - ven God to us hath free - ly giv - en.
Oft have I, with sighs fast throng - ing, Thought up - on this food with long - ing,

Un - to Him whose grace un - bound - ed Hath this won - drous sup - per found - ed.
O - pen wide the gates be - fore Him, Say - ing, while thou dost a - dore Him:
Though the wealth of earth were prof - fered, Naught would buy the gifts here of - fered:
In the bat - tle well - nigh worst - ed, For this cup of life have thirst - ed,

High o'er all the heav'ns He reign - eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth.
"Suf - fer, Lord, that I re - ceive Thee, And I nev - er - more will leave Thee."
Christ's true bod - y, for thee riv - en, And His blood, for thee once giv - en.
For the friend who here in - vites us And to God Him - self u - nites us.

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Cont'd



5. In my heart I find as - cend - ing Ho - ly awe, with rap - ture blend - ing,
6. Je - sus, Sun of life, my Splen - dor, Je - sus, Thou my Friend most ten - der,
7. Lord, by love and mer - cy driv - en, Thou hast left Thy throne in Heav - en
8. Je - sus, Bread of life, I pray Thee, Let me glad - ly here o - bey Thee.

As this mys - ter - y I pon - der, Fill - ing all my life with won - der,
Je - sus, Joy of my de - sir - ing, Fount of life, my soul in - spir - ing—
On the cross for me to lan - guish And to die in bit - ter an - guish,
By Thy love I am in - vit - ed; Be Thy love with love re - quit - ed.

Bear - ing wit - ness at this hour_____ Of the great - ness of God's pow - er;
At Thy feet I cry, my Mak - er, Let me be a fit par - tak - er
To for - go all joy and glad - ness And to shed Thy blood in sad - ness.
By this sup - per let me meas - ure, Lord, how vast and deep love's treas - ure.

Far be - yond all hu - man tell - ing Is the pow'r with - in Him dwell - ing.
Of this bless - ed food from Heav - en, For our good, Thy glo - ry, giv - en.
By this blood, re - deemed and liv - ing, Lord, I praise Thee with thanks - giv - ing.
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me As Thy guest in Heav'n re - ceive me.