

Verse 1

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 best that an - y
 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
 at thy feet I cry, my Ma - ker, let me
 from this ban - quet let me mea - sure, Lord, how

won - drous ban - quet found - ed; high o'er all the heavens he
 be a fit par - ta - ker of this bless - ed food from
 vast and deep its trea - sure; through the gifts thou here dost

reign - eth, yet to dwell with thee he deign - eth.
 hea - ven, for our good, thy glo - ry, giv - en.
 give me, as thy guest in heaven re - ceive me.

Words: Johann Franck (1618-1677); tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), alt.
 Music: *Schmücke dich*, melody Johann Cruger (1598-1662); harm. *The English Hymnal*, 1906

$\text{♩} = 48$
 LMD

vv. 1, 5

1 The Church's one foun - da - tion is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2 E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, yet one o'er all the earth,
 3 Though with a scorn - ful won - der men see her sore op - pressed,
 4 Mid toil and tri - bu - la - tion, and tu - mult of her war
 5 Yet she on earth hath un - ion with God, the Three in One,

1 she is his new cre - a - tion by wa - ter and the word:
 2 her char - ter of sal - va - tion, one Lord, one faith, one birth;
 3 by schi - sms rent a - sun - der, by her - e - sies dis - tressed;
 4 she waits the con - sum - ma - tion of peace for ev - er - more;
 5 and mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion with those whose rest is won.

1 from heaven he came and sought her to be his ho - ly bride;
 2 one ho - ly Name she bless - es, par - takes one ho - ly food,
 3 yet saints their watch are keep - ing, their cry goes up, "How long?"
 4 till with the vi - sion glo - rious her long - ing eyes are blessed,
 5 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we

1 with his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.
2 and to one hope she press - es, with ev - ery grace en - dued.
3 and soon the night of weep - ing shall be the morn of song.
4 and the great Church vic - to - rious shall be the Church at rest.
5 like them, the meek and low - ly, on high may dwell with thee.

Words: Samuel John Stone (1839-1900)

Music: Aurelia, Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)

$\text{♩} = 50$

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