



**Soul, Adorn Thyself  
with Gladness**

setting by J.S. Bach



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# Soul, Adorn Thyself with Gladness

Text: Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele; Johann Franck (1647); tr. Catherine Winkworth (1858), alt.

Tune: Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele; Johann Crüger (1647)

Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach (1724); BWV 180:7

S.  
A.

1. Soul, a - dorn thy - self with glad - ness, Leave be -  
2. Hast - en as a bride to meet Him And with  
3. He who craves a pre - cious trea - sure Nei - ther

T.  
B.

4

hind all gloom and sad - ness; Come in - to the  
lov - ing rev' - rence greet Him, For with words of  
cost nor pain will mea - sure; But the price - less

7

day - light's splen - dor, There with joy thy prais - es  
life - im - mor - tal Now He knock - eth at thy  
gifts of heav - en God to us hath free - ly

14

Let me be a fit par - tak - er  
And to shed Thy blood in sad - ness.  
Lord, how vast and deep love's treas - ure.

16

Of this bless - ed food from heav - en,  
By this blood re - deemed and liv - ing,  
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me

18

For our good, Thy glo - ry, giv - en.  
Lord, I praise Thee with thanks - giv - ing.  
As Thy guest in heav'n re - ceive me.

S.  
A.

7. Je - sus, Sun of Life, my Splen - dor, Je - sus,  
8. Lord, by love and mer - cy dri - ven Thou hast  
9. Je - sus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee, Let me

T.  
B.

4

Thou my\_ Friend most ten - der, Je - sus, Joy of  
left Thy\_ throne in heav - en On the cross for  
glad - ly\_ here\_ o - bey Thee. By Thy love I

7

my\_ de - sir - ing, Fount of life, my\_ soul in - spir - ing\_ -  
me\_ to lan - guish And to die in\_ bit - ter an - guish,  
am\_ in - vit - ed, Be Thy love with love re - quit - ed;

11

At Thy\_ feet I cry, my\_ Mak - er,  
To fore - go all joy\_ and\_ glad - ness  
From this\_ Sup - per let\_ me\_ meas - ure,

10

ren - der Un - to\_ Him whose grace un - bound - ed  
por - tal. Haste to\_ ope the gates\_ be - fore Him,  
giv en. Though the\_ wealth of earth were\_ prof - fered,

14

Hath this\_ won - drous Sup - per\_ found - ed.  
Say - ing, while thou dost\_ a - dore Him:  
Naught could buy the gifts\_ here of - fered:

16

High o'er all the heav'ns\_ He\_ reign - eth,  
Suf - fer, Lord, that I\_ re - ceive Thee,  
Christ's true bod - y, for\_ thee\_ ri - ven

18

Yet to dwell with Thee He deign - eth.  
And I ne - ver - more will leave Thee.  
And His blood, for\_ thee\_ once giv - en.

S.  
A.

4. Ah, how hun - gers all my spir - it For the  
5. In my heart I find as - cend - ing Ho - ly  
6. Hu - man rea - son, though it pon - der, Can - not

T.  
B.

4

love I do not mer - it! Oft have I, with  
awe, with rap - ture blend - ing, As this mys - ter -  
fa - thom this great won - der That Christ's bod - y

7

sighs fast throng - ing, Thought up - on this food with  
y I pon - der, Fill - ing all my soul with  
e'er re - main - eth Though it count - less sould su -

10

long - ing, In the bat - tle well - nigh worst - ed,  
won - der, Bear - ing wit - ness at this hour  
stain - eth And that He His blood is giv - ing

14

For this cup of life have thirst - ed,  
Of the great - ness of God's pow - er;  
With the wine we are re - ceiv - ing.

16

For the Friend who here in - vites us  
Far be - yond all hu - man tell - ing  
These great mys - ter - ies un - sound - ed

18

And to God Him - self u - nites us.  
I the pow'r with - in Him dwell - ing.  
Are by God a - lone ex - pound - ed.