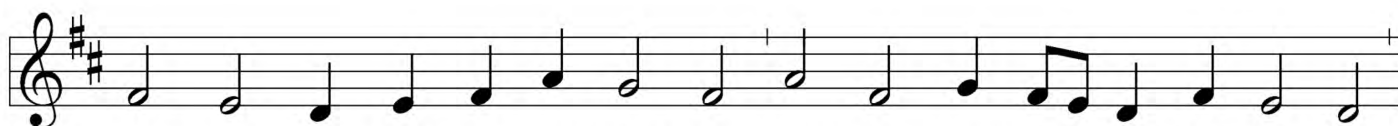
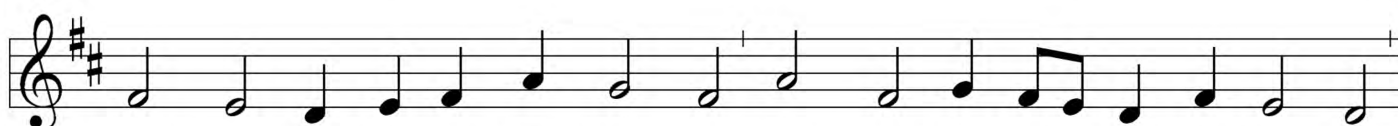


## Soul, Adorn Yourself with Gladness



- 1 Soul, a - dorn your-self with glad-ness, leave the gloom-y haunts of sad-ness,
- 2 Has - ten as a bride to meet him, ea - ger - ly and glad - ly greet him.
- 3 Now in faith I hum-bly pon - der o - ver this sur-pass - ing won - der
- 4 Je - sus, source of last-ing plea-sure, tru - est friend, and dear-est trea-sure,



come in - to the day-light's splen-dor, there with joy your prais-es ren - der.  
There he stands al-read - y knock-ing; quick - ly, now, your gate un-lock - ing,  
that the bread of life is bound-less though the souls it feeds are count-less;  
peace be - yond all un - der - stand - ing, joy in - to all life ex - pand - ing:



Bless the one whose grace un-bound-ed this a - maz - ing ban-quet found-ed;  
o - pen wide the fast-closed por - tal, say - ing to the Lord im-mor - tal:  
with the choic-est wine of heav - en Christ's own blood to us is giv - en.  
hum-bly now, I bow be - fore you, love in - car - nate, I a - dore you;



he, though heav'n-ly, high, and ho - ly, deigns to dwell with you most low - ly.  
"Come, and leave your loved one nev - er; dwell with-in my heart for - ev - er."  
Oh, most glo - rious con - so - la - tion, pledge and seal of my sal - va - tion.  
wor - thi - ly let me re - ceive you, and, so fa - vored, nev - er leave you.

Text: Johann Franck, 1618–1677; tr. *Lutheran Book of Worship*, 1978  
Music: SCHMÜCKE DICH, Johann Crüger, 1598–1662

Text © 1978 *Lutheran Book of Worship*, admin. Augsburg Fortress

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

# Thine Is the Glory



1 Thine is the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring Son; end - less is the  
2 Lo, Je - sus meets thee, ris - en from the tomb! Lov - ing - ly he  
3 No more we doubt thee, glo - rious Prince of life; life is naught with-



vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won! An - gels in bright rai - ment  
greets thee, scat - ters fear and gloom; let his church with glad - ness  
out thee; aid us in our strife; make us more than con-qu'rors,



rolled the stone a - way, kept the fold - ed grave - clothes  
hymns of tri - umph sing, for the Lord now liv - eth;  
through thy death - less love; bring us safe through Jor - dan

## *Refrain*



where thy bod - y lay.  
death hath lost its sting! Thine is the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring  
to thy home a - bove.



Son; end - less is the vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won!

Text: Edmond Budry, 1854–1932; tr. R. Birch Hoyle, 1875–1939  
Music: JUDAS MACCABAEUS, George Frideric Handel, 1685–1759