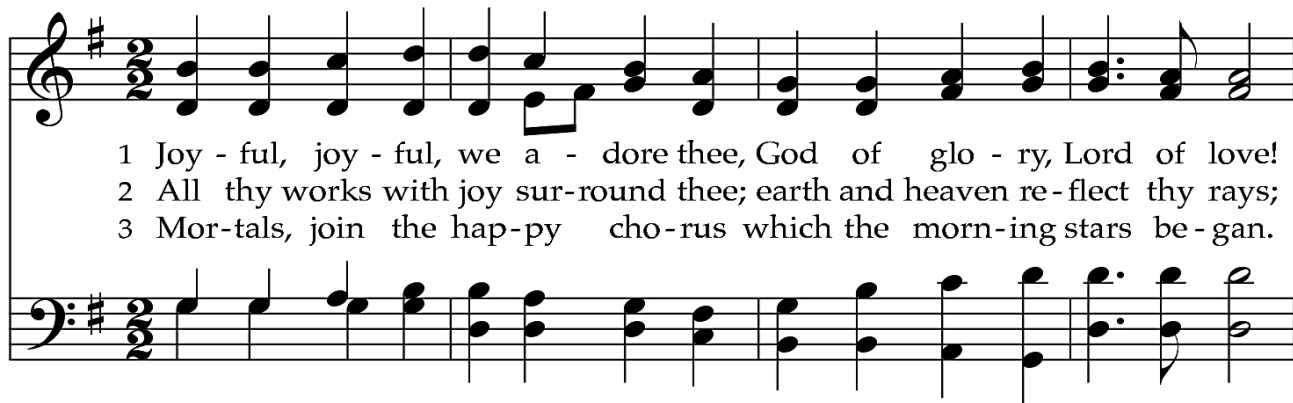
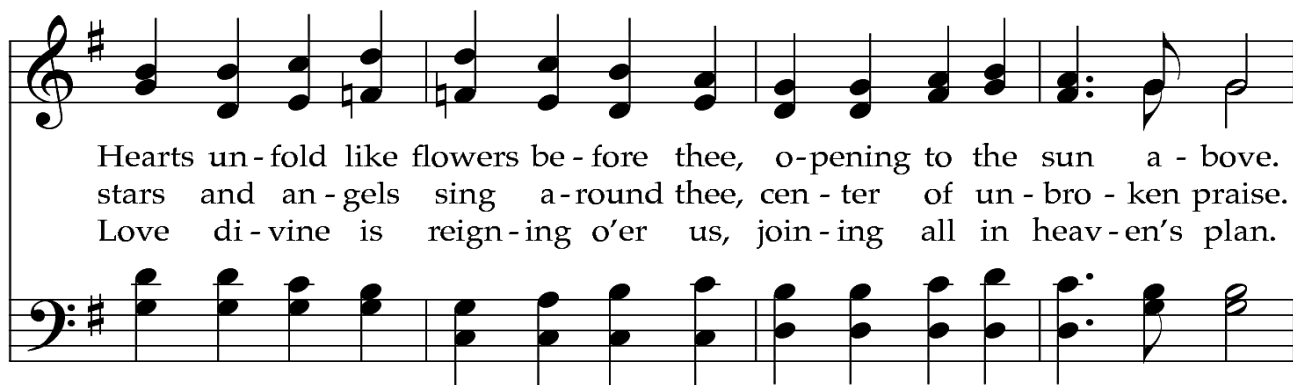


# 611 Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee



1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love!  
2 All thy works with joy sur-round thee; earth and heaven re-lect thy rays;  
3 Mor-tals, join the hap-py cho-rus which the morn-ing stars be-gan.



Hearts un-fold like flowers be-fore thee, o-pening to the sun a - bove.  
stars and an-gels sing a-round thee, cen-ter of un-bro-ken praise.  
Love di-vine is reign-ing o'er us, join-ing all in heav-en's plan.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad-ness; drive the dark of doubt a - way.  
Field and for-est, vale and moun-tain, flower-y mead-ow, flash - ing sea,  
Ev - er sing-ing, march we on-ward, vic - tors in the midst of strife.



Giv - er of im - mor-tal glad-ness, fill us with the light of day.  
chant - ing bird and flow-ing foun-tain, call us to re - joice in thee.  
Joy - ful mu - sic leads us sun-ward in the tri-umph song of life.

This well-known melody was created to provide a choral setting for J. C. F. von Schiller's poem, "An die Freude" (To Joy), as the final movement of the composer's *Ninth Symphony*. The author, a prominent Presbyterian pastor and author, wrote the words with this tune in mind.