90 Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

My lips will shout for joy when I sing praise to You. Psalm 71:23 1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, a - dore Thee, God of glo-ry, we Lord of love; 2. All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect Thy rays. and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless-ing, 3. Thou art giv - ing ev - er blest, 4. Mor - tals, join the might - y cho - rus Which the morn-ing stars be-gan; Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, Open-ing a - bove. to the sun Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, Cen - ter of un bro - ken praise. Well - spring of liv - ing, O - cean depth of the joy of hap - py rest! di - vine is reign - ing o'er us, Lead - ing us with mer - cy's hand. Melt the clouds of sin and sad-ness; Drive the dark of doubt way. Field and for - est, vale and moun-tain, Flow-ery mead-ow, flash - ing sea, Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Broth - er - All who live in love are Thine. sing-ing, march we on-ward, Vic - tors strife. Ev - er in the midst of im - mor - tal glad-ness, Fill us with the light of day! of flow-ing foun-tain Call us in Thee! Chant-ing bird and re - joice to Teach us how to love each oth - er; Lift di-vine! us the joy to Ioy - ful mu - sic leads us sun-ward In the tri-umph song of life!

TEXT: Henry van Dyke

MUSIC: Ludwig van Beethoven; melody from Ninth Symphony;

HYMN TO JOY 8.7.8.7.D.

