

13 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, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
 2. All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect Thy rays,
 3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless-ing, ev - er blest,

Hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore Thee, Op-'ning to the sun a - bove.
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
 Well-spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean-depth of hap - py rest!

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;
 Field and for - est, vale and moun-tain, Flow-'ry mead-ow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Broth-er— All who live in love are Thine;

Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad-ness, Fill us with the light of day!
 Sing - ing bird and flow - ing foun-tain Call us to re - joice in Thee!
 Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the joy di - vine!

WORDS: Henry van Dyke

MUSIC: Ludwig van Beethoven; Last stanza setting by Don Marsh

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HYMN TO JOY

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