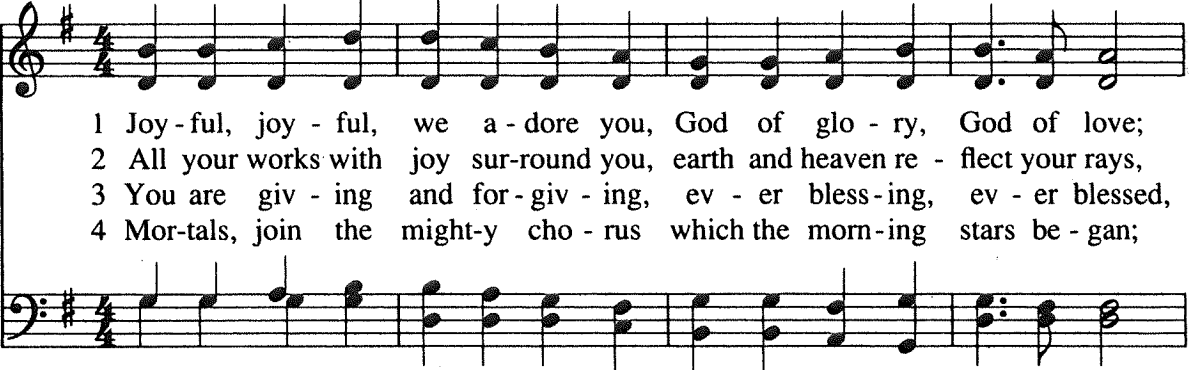


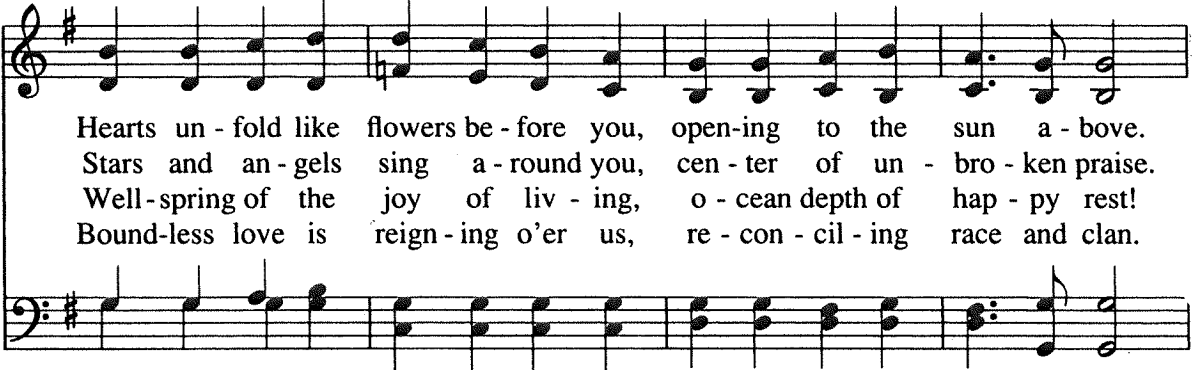
Joyful, Joyful, We Adore You

Ps. 145:10; Isa. 49:13

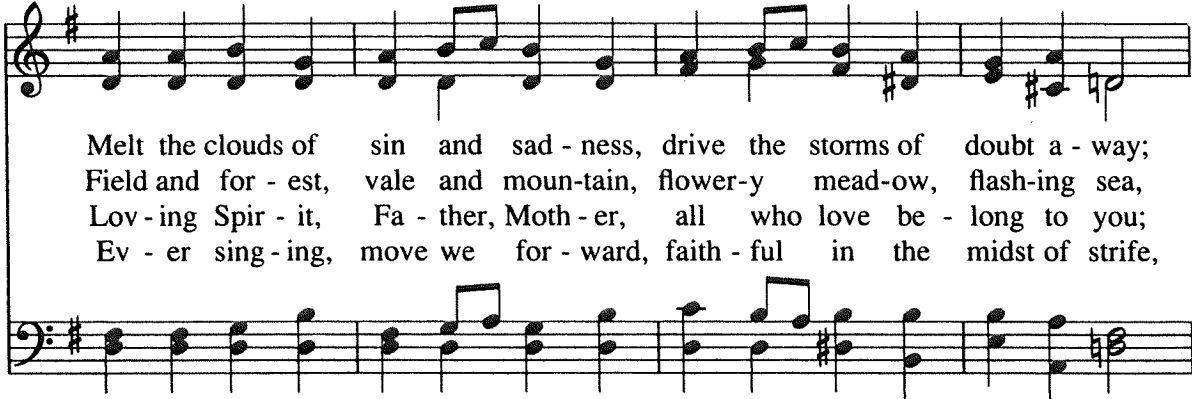
Henry van Dyke, 1907; alt



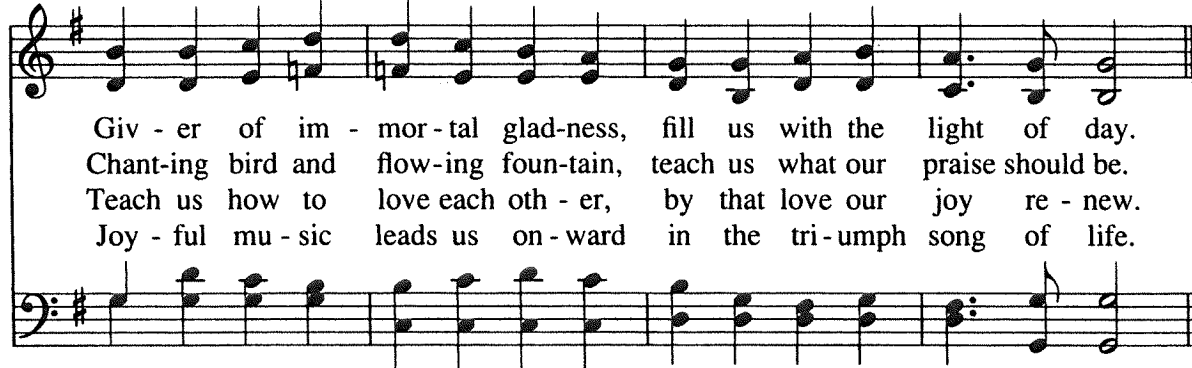
1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore you, God of glo - ry, God of love;
 2 All your works with joy sur-round you, earth and heaven re - flect your rays,
 3 You are giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blessed,
 4 Mor - tals, join the might - y cho - rus which the morn - ing stars be - gan;



Hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore you, open - ing to the sun a - bove.
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round you, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
 Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean depth of hap - py rest!
 Bound - less love is reign - ing o'er us, re - con - cil - ing race and clan.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, drive the storms of doubt a - way;
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, flower - y mead - ow, flash - ing sea,
 Lov - ing Spir - it, Fa - ther, Moth - er, all who love be - long to you;
 Ev - er sing - ing, move we for - ward, faith - ful in the midst of strife,

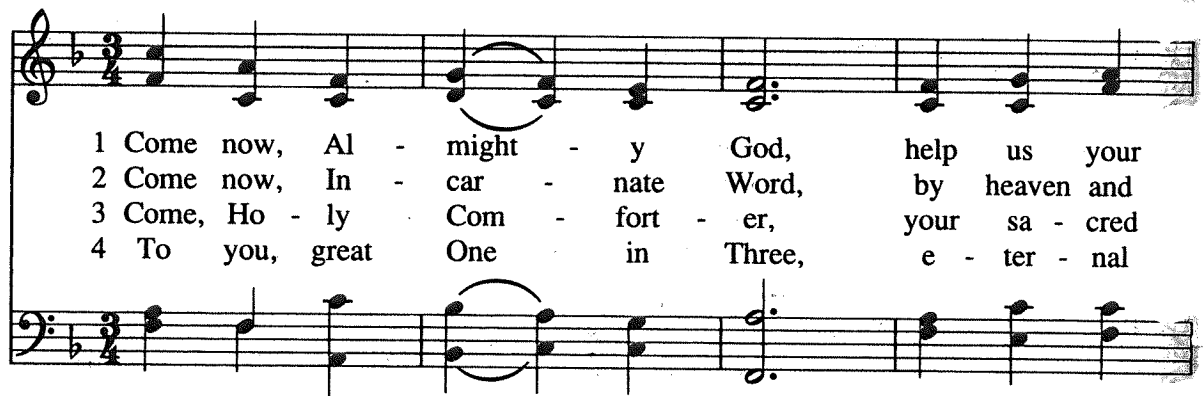


Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day.
 Chant - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain, teach us what our praise should be.
 Teach us how to love each oth - er, by that love our joy re - new.
 Joy - ful mu - sic leads us on - ward in the tri - umph song of life.

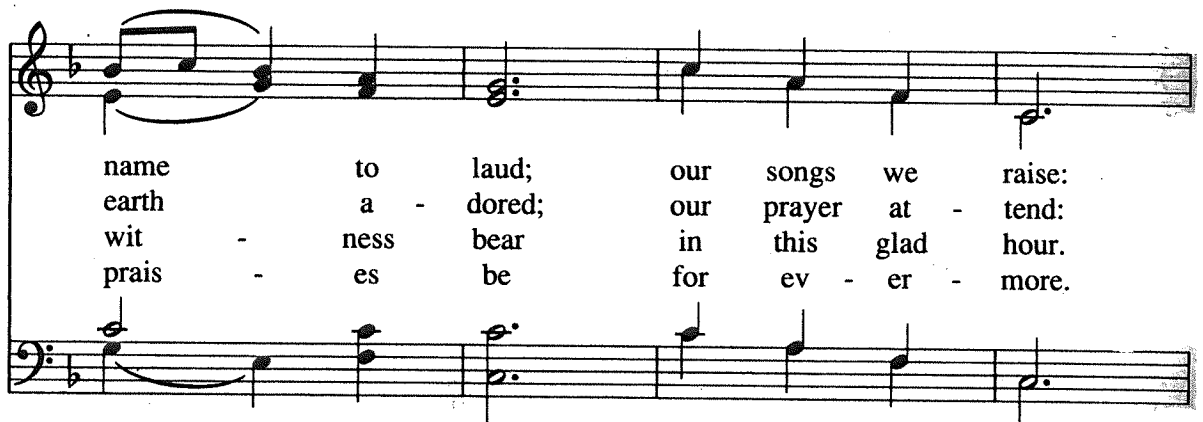
Henry van Dyke was a noted church leader, U.S. ambassador, Navy chaplain, and prolific writer. Many people associate this hymn with Beethoven's ninth symphony, but few are aware of the original poem by the German classicist F. Schiller (1759-1805) that inspired Beethoven.

Tune: HYMN TO JOY 8.7.8.7.D.
 Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824
 Adapt. and harm. Edward Hodges, 1846

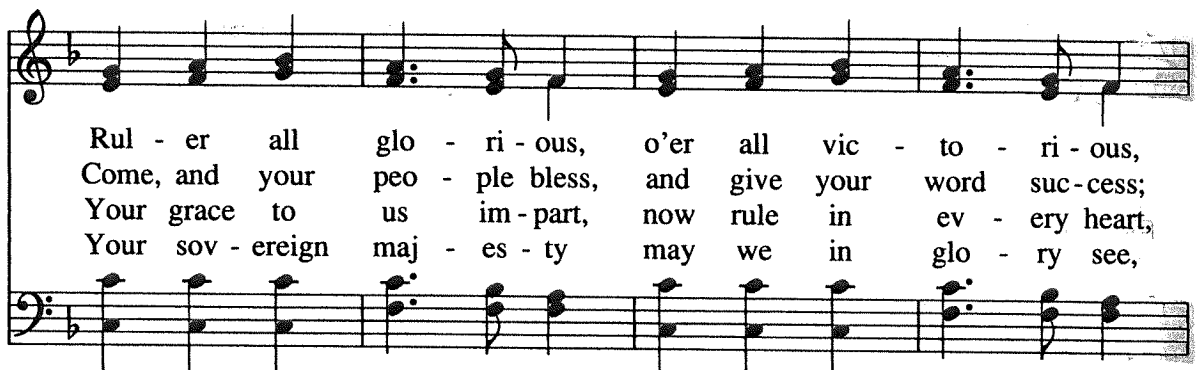
Come Now, Almighty God

Anon., English, c. 1757; alt.


1 Come now, Al - might - y God, help us your
 2 Come now, In - car - nate Word, by heaven and
 3 Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, your sa - cred
 4 To you, great One in Three, e - ter - nal



name to laud; our songs we raise:
 earth a - dored; our prayer at - tend:
 wit - ness bear in this glad hour.
 prais - es be for ev - er - more.



Rul - er all glo - ri - ous, o'er all vic - to - ri - ous,
 Come, and your peo - ple bless, and give your word suc - cess;
 Your grace to us im - part, now rule in ev - ery heart,
 Your sov - ereign maj - es - ty may we in glo - ry see,



come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 grant us your ho - li - ness, Sav - ior and Friend!
 nev - er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
 and to e - ter - ni - ty love and a - dore.

This anonymous English hymn to the Trinity was first published in George Whitefield's Collection, 1757. This tune was composed especially for this text by Giardini, who was a brilliant violinist.

Tune: ITALIAN HYMN 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Felice de Giardini, 1769

Acts 17:30-31; Rev. 7:9-14

Fanny Crosby, 1873; alt.



1 Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a
 2 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light! Vi - sions of
 3 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my



fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of
 rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sav - ior am hap - py and blessed; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a -



God, born of the Spir - it, washed in Christ's blood.
 bove ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 bove, filled with God's good - ness, lost in Christ's love.



Refrain



This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long;



This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

