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-flect 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. di-vine is reign-ing o'er us, join-ing all in heav-en's plan. doubt a - way. Melt the clouds of sin and sad-ness; drive the dark of 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.