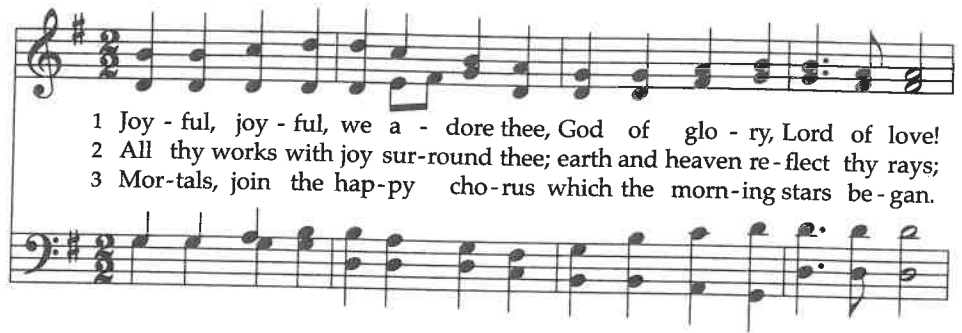
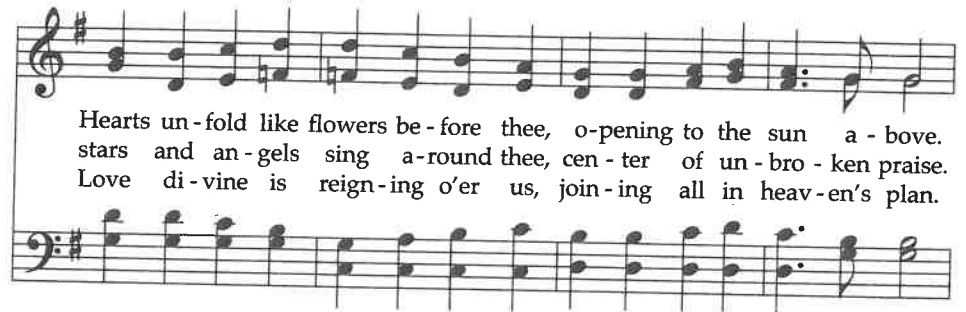


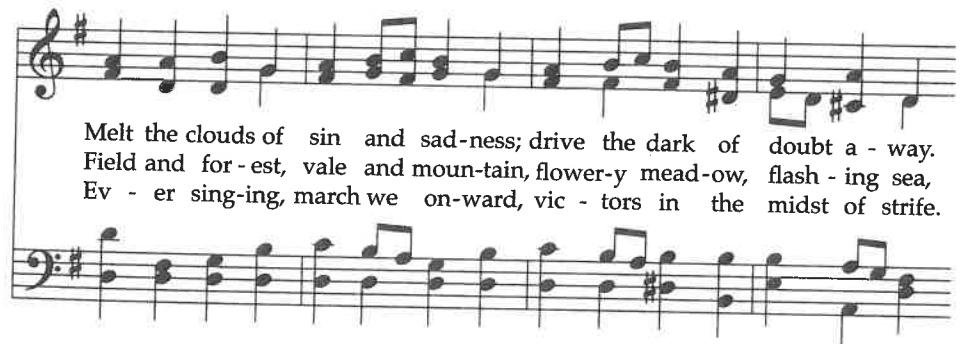
611 Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee



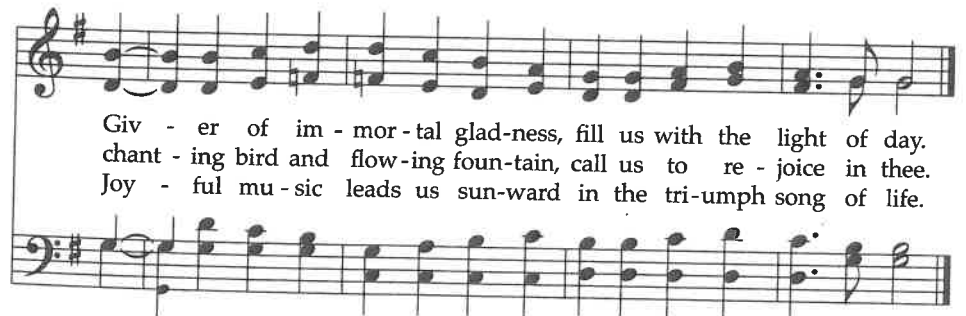
1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love!
2 All thy works with joy sur-round thee; earth and heaven re-flect thy rays;
3 Mor-tals, join the hap-py cho-rus which the morn-ing stars be-gan.



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.
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.

TEXT: Henry van Dyke, 1907, alt.
MUSIC: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824; adapt. Edward Hodges, 1842, alt.

HYMN TO JOY
8.7.8.7.D

700 I'm Gonna Live So God Can Use Me

1 I'm gon-na live so (live so)
 2 I'm gon-na work so (work so) God can use me an - y -
 3 I'm gon-na pray so (pray so)
 4 I'm gon-na sing so (sing so)

where, Lord, an - y - time! (an - y - time!) I'm gon-na
 I'm gon-na
 I'm gon-na
 I'm gon-na

live so (live so)
 work so (work so) God can use me an - y -
 pray so (pray so)
 sing so (sing so)

where, Lord, an - y - time! (an - y - time!)
 (my Lord,)

This African American spiritual has more depth than may at first appear: for people who are bound in slavery to sing about dedicating themselves to God's use shows a profound awareness of God-given self-worth despite circumstances that would deny their human or spiritual value.

1 Take my life and let it be con-se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
 2 Take my hands and let them move at the im - pulse of thy love;
 3 Take my voice and let me sing al-ways, on - ly, for my King;
 4 Take my sil - ver and my gold; not a mite would I with-hold;

take my mo - ments and my days; let them flow in
 take my feet and let them be swift and beau - ti -
 take my lips and let them be filled with mes - sa -
 take my in - tel - lect and use ev - ery power as

cease - less praise; let them flow in cease - less praise.
 ful for thee, swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.
 ges from thee, filled with mes - sa - ges from thee.
 thou shalt choose, ev - ery power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine;
 it shall be no longer mine.
 Take my heart, it is thine own;
 it shall be thy royal throne,
 it shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 at thy feet its treasure store;
 take myself and I will be
 ever, only, all for thee,
 ever, only, all for thee.

This hymn of consecration radiates from the repeated word "take," resulting in a remarkably full survey of a person's attributes and possessions and giving weight to the "all" at the end. The composer of the tune was influential in the renewal of Reformed hymnody in French.

TEXT: Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874
 MUSIC: H. A. César Malan, 1827

HENDON
 7.7.7