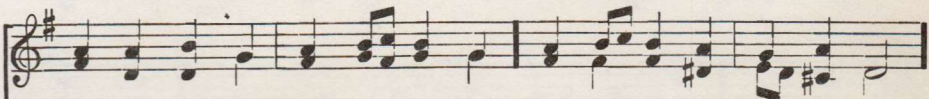
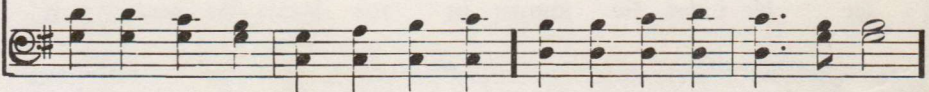


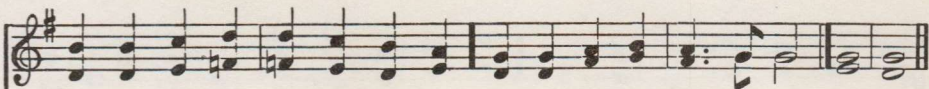
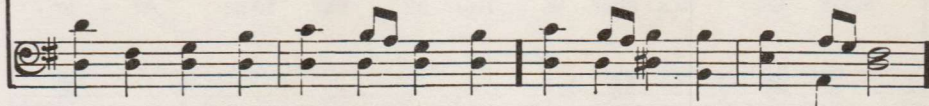
1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
 2. All Thy workswith joy surround Thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect Thy rays,
 3. Mor-tals, join the might - y cho - rus, Which the morn-ing stars be - gan;



Hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore Thee, Hail Thee as the sun a - bove.
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise;
 Fa - ther - love is reign - ing o'er us, Broth - er love binds man to man.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;
 Field and fo - rest, vale and mountain, Blossoming meadow, 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 lifts us sun - ward, In the tri - umph song of life. A - men.

