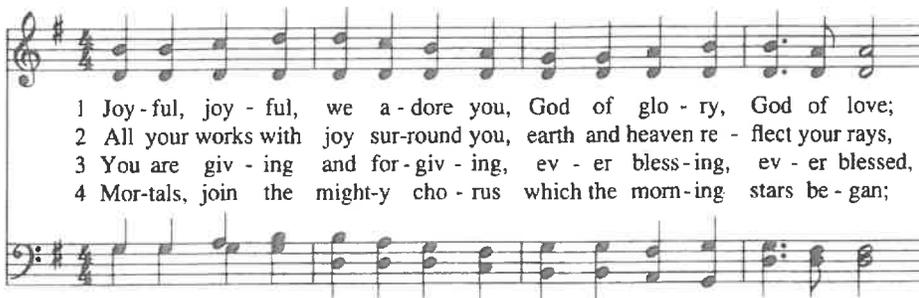
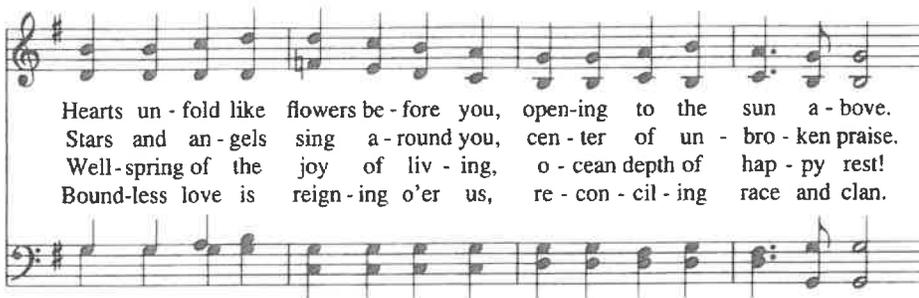


## 4

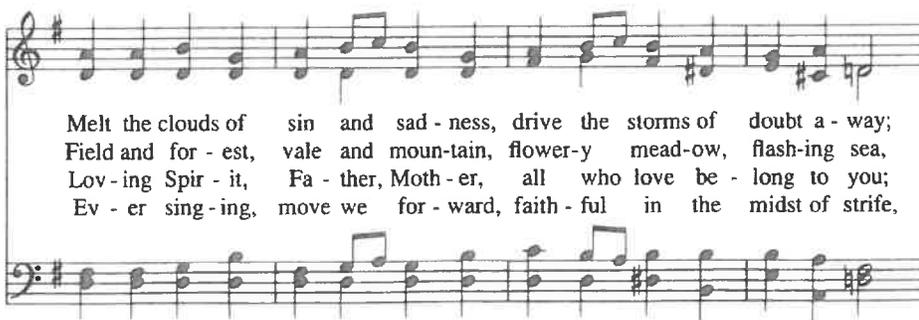
## Joyful, Joyful, We Adore You

*Ps. 145:10; Isa. 49:13**Henry van Dyke, 1907; alt.*


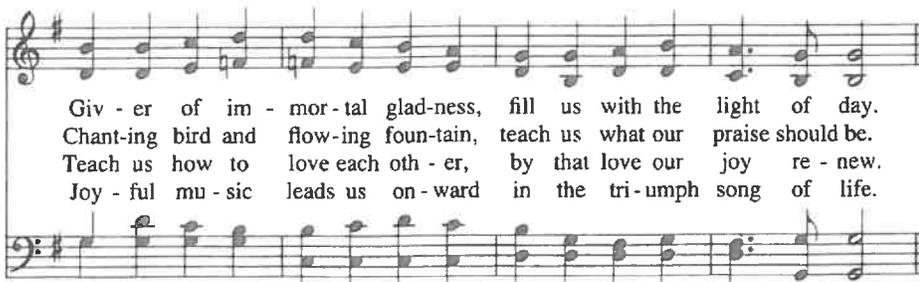
1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore you, God of glo - ry, God of love;  
 2 All your works with joy sur - round you, earth and heaven re - flect your rays,  
 3 You are giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blessed,  
 4 Mor - tals, join the might - y cho - rus which the morn -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

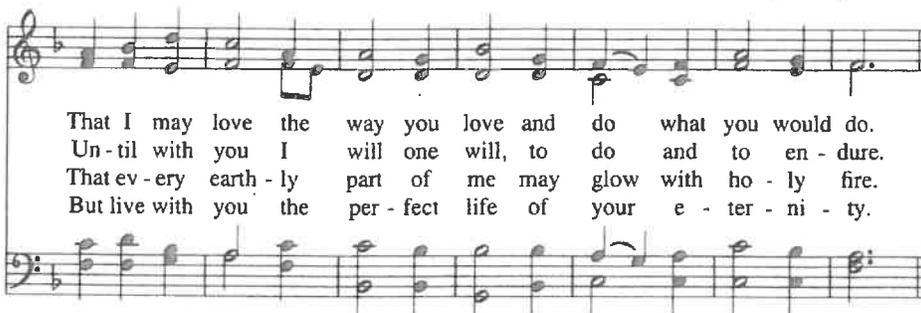
# Breathe on Me, Breath of God

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*Edwin Hatch, 1886; alt.*



1 Breathe on me, Breath of God, fill me with life a - new  
2 Breathe on me, Breath of God, un - til my heart is pure,  
3 Breathe on me, Breath of God, stir in me one de - sire:  
4 Breathe on me, Breath of God, so shall I nev - er die,



That I may love the way you love and do what you would do.  
Un - til with you I will one will, to do and to en - dure.  
That ev - ery earth - ly part of me may glow with ho - ly fire.  
But live with you the per - fect life of your e - ter - ni - ty.

*Between parish assignments in London, Edwin Hatch taught classics at Trinity College, Quebec, and lectured at Oxford. This hymn appeared in a leaflet, "Between Doubt and Prayer" (1878). Other hymns were published posthumously in Towards Fields of Light, London (1890).*

Tune: TRENTHAM S.M.  
Robert Jackson, 1894

Katherine Hankey, 1866; alt.

1 I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove.  
 2 I love to tell the sto - ry; more won - der - ful it seems  
 3 I love to tell the sto - ry; it's pleas - ant to re - peat  
 4 I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best

Of Je - sus' ra - diant glo - ry, of Je - sus' end - less love.  
 than all the gold - en vi - sions of all our gold - en dreams.  
 what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet.  
 seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know it's true;  
 I love to tell the sto - ry, I tell it now to you  
 I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard  
 And when I sing in glo - ry, I know the new, new song

it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else can do.  
 be - cause I want to share it, be - cause I know it's true.  
 the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly Word.  
 will be the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

*Refrain*

I love to tell the sto - ry; and when I am in glo - ry

I'll tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus' end - less love.