

89 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. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv-ing, ev - er bless-ing, ev - er blest,
4. Mor-tals, join the might-y cho - rus which the morn-ing stars be-gan;



hearts un - fold like flowers be-fore thee, open-ing to the sun a-bove.
 stars and an - gels sing a-round thee, cen - ter of un - bro-ken praise.
 well-spring of the joy of liv-ing, o - cean depth of hap - py rest!
 love di - vine is reign-ing o'er us, bind-ing all with - in its span.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad-ness; drive the dark of doubt a-way.
 Field and for - est, vale and moun-tain, flow-ery mead-ow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa-ther, Christ our broth-er, all who live in love are thine;
 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.
 teach us how to love each oth-er, lift us to the joy di-vine.
 joy - ful mu - sic leads us sun-ward, in the tri-umph song of life.



I Love to Tell the Story

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

bove, of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his
 seems than all the gold - en fan - cies of all our gold - en
 peat what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly
 best seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it like the

love. I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know 'tis
 dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, it did so much for
 sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er
 rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new

true; it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else can do.
 me; and that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
 heard the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly Word.
 song, 'twill be the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

Refrain
 I love to tell the sto - ry, 'twill be my theme in glo - ry,

to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.

My Hope Is Built

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1. My hope is built on noth - ing less than
 2. When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I
 3. His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sup -
 4. When he shall come with trum - pet sound, O

Je - sus' blood and righ - teous - ness. I dare not trust the
 rest on his un - chang - ing grace. In ev - ery high and
 port me in the whelm - ing flood. When all a - round my
 may I then in him be found! Dressed in his righ - teous -

sweet - est frame, but whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 storm - y gale, my an - chor holds with - in the veil.
 soul gives way, he then is all my hope and stay.
 ness a - lone, fault - less to stand be - fore the throne!

Refrain

On Christ the sol - id rock I stand, all oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand; all oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.