

## ADORATION

## 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-lect 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.

## 834 Precious Lord, Take My Hand

1 Pre - cious Lord, take my hand; lead me on, help me  
2 When my way grows drear, pre - cious Lord, lin - ger

stand; I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.  
near; when my life is al - most gone,

Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the  
hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I

light; take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.  
fall; take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.

This black gospel song, like much hymnody, sprang out of the author's deep personal loss (the death of his wife and newborn son), yet it has brought solace to many. He thought his fingers were playing new music, but they unlocked a deep memory of a tune almost a century old.

SENDING

# 546 Lord, Dismiss Us with Your Blessing

1 Lord, dis - miss us with your bless - ing; fill our hearts with  
2 Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion for your gos - pel's  
3 Sav - ior, when your love shall call us, from our strug - gling

joy and peace; let us each, your love pos - sess - ing,  
joy - ful sound; may the fruits of your sal - va - tion  
pil - grim way, let no fear of death ap - pall us,

tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. O re - fresh us,  
in our hearts and lives a - bound. Ev - er faith - ful,  
glad your sum - mons to o - bey. May we ev - er,

O re - fresh us, trav - eling through this wil - der - ness.  
ev - er faith - ful to your truth may we be found.  
may we ev - er reign with you in end - less day.

This hymn of corporate benediction is one of several using the same first line. It was written by a Baptist pastor who dedicated his entire ministry to a small church in rural Yorkshire. The tune used here was first transcribed from Sicilian sailors in the late 18th century.