

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.

Let Us Break Bread Together 525

1 Let us break bread to - geth - er on our knees; (on our knees)
 2 Let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees; (on our knees)
 3 Let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees; (on our knees)

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 let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees. (on our knees)
 let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees. (on our knees)

Refrain

When I fall on my knees, with my face to the ris - ing sun,

O Lord, have mer - cy on me. (on me)

This African American spiritual quite possibly reflects the circumstances of slaves attending early morning communion services in colonial Anglican churches, but its combination of hope ("rising sun") and supplication ("Lord, have mercy") speaks to many worshipers' experience.

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.