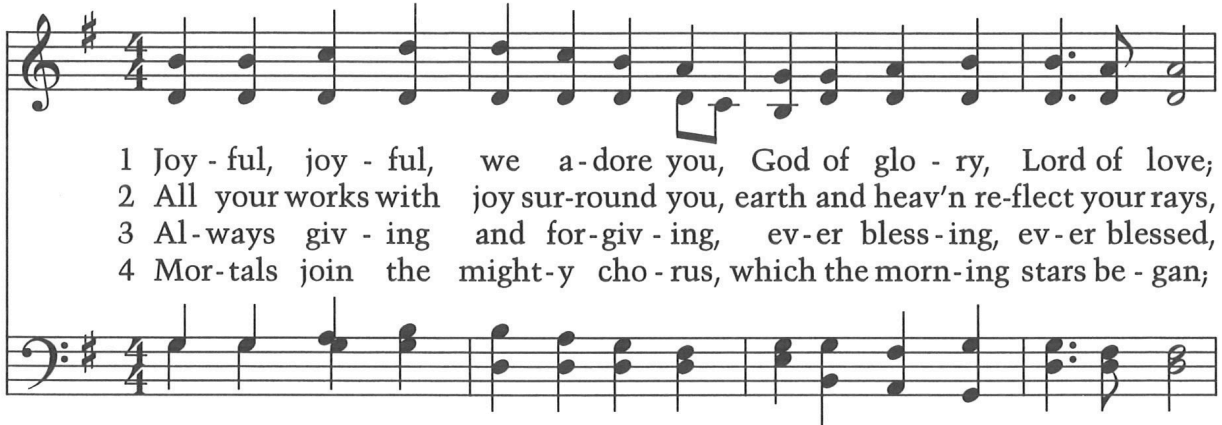
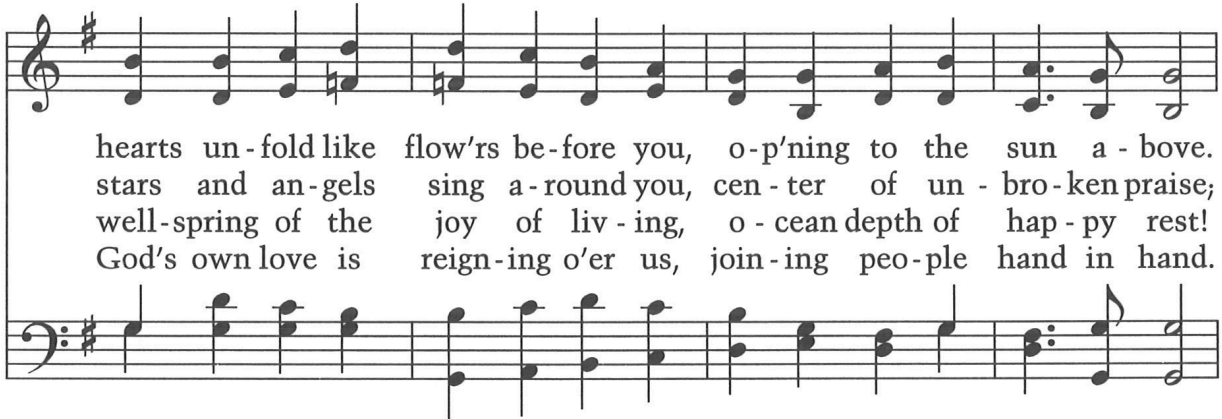


## Joyful, Joyful, We Adore You

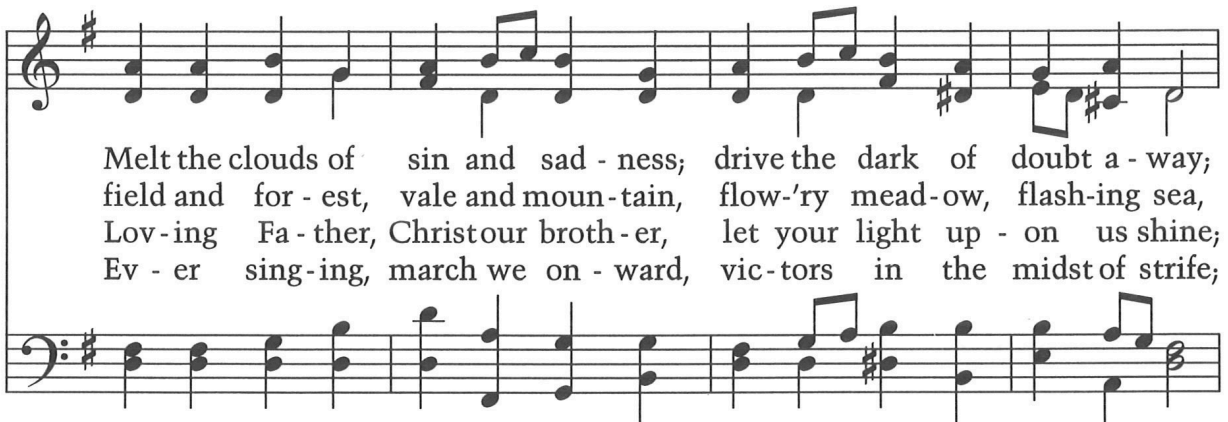
544




1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a-dore you, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;  
 2 All your works with joy sur-round you, earth and heav'n re-lect your rays,  
 3 Al-ways 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 flow'rs be-fore you, o-p'ning 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!  
 God's own love is reign-ing o'er us, join-ing peo-ple hand in hand.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; drive the dark of doubt a - way;  
 field and for - est, vale and moun-tain, flow-ry mead-ow, flash-ing sea,  
 Lov-ing Fa-ther, Christ our broth-er, let your light up - on us shine;  
 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, prais-ing you e - ter-nal-ly!  
 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 Am Jesus' Little Lamb

723

1 I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, ev - er glad at  
 2 Day by day, at home, a - way, Je - sus is my  
 3 Who is hap - py as I am, e - ven now the

heart I am, for my Shep - herd gent - ly guides me,  
 staff and stay. When I hun - ger, Je - sus feeds me,  
 Shep - herd's lamb? And when my short life is end - ed,

knows my need and well pro - vides me, loves me ev - 'ry  
 in - to pleas - ant pas - tures leads me, when I thirst, he  
 by his an - gel host at - tend - ed, he shall fold me

day the same, e - ven calls me by my name.  
 bids me go where the qui - et wa - ters flow.  
 to his breast, there with - in his arms to rest.

TEXT: Henriette Louise von Hayn (1776). Tr. anonymous  
 TUNE: Herrnhut (c. 1740); C. Gregor Choralbuch (1784)

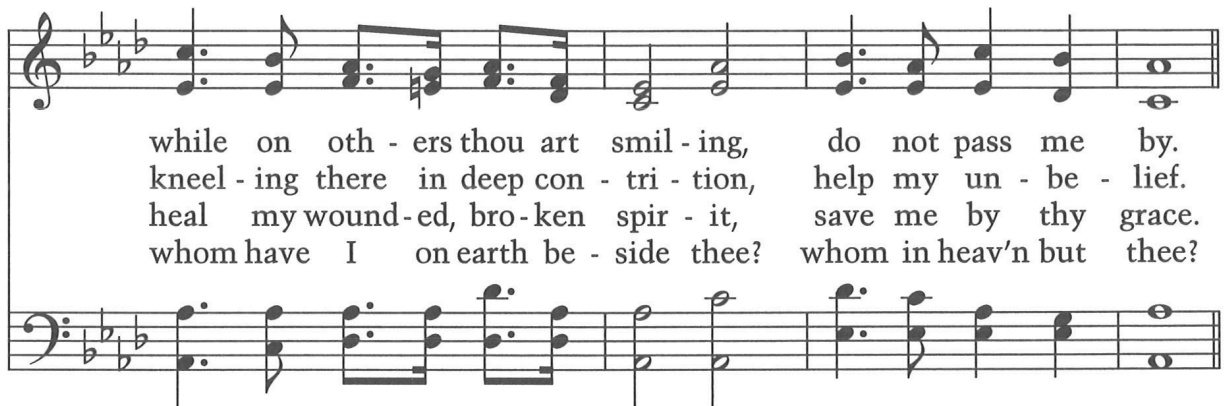
*Alternate translation, hymn 662*  
 7.7.8.8.7.7.  
 WEIL ICH JESU SCHÄFLEIN BIN (82 E)

## Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

772

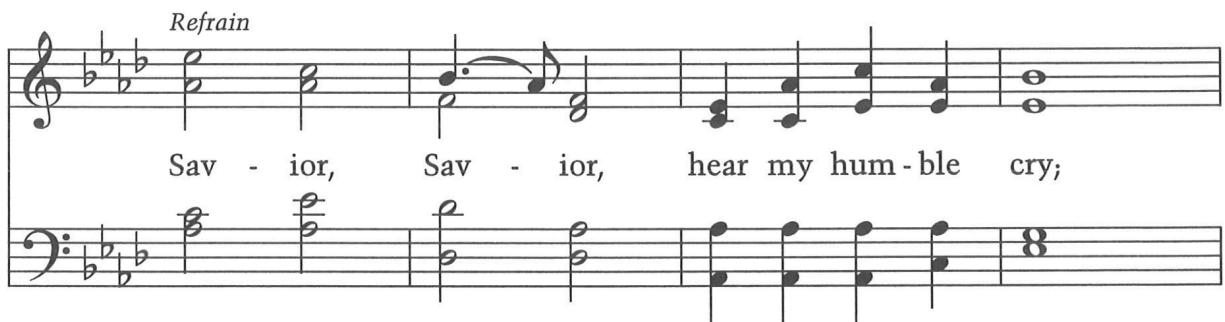


1 Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, hear my hum - ble cry;  
 2 Let me at thy throne of mer - cy find a sweet re - lief;  
 3 Trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - it, would I seek thy face;  
 4 Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, more than life to me,

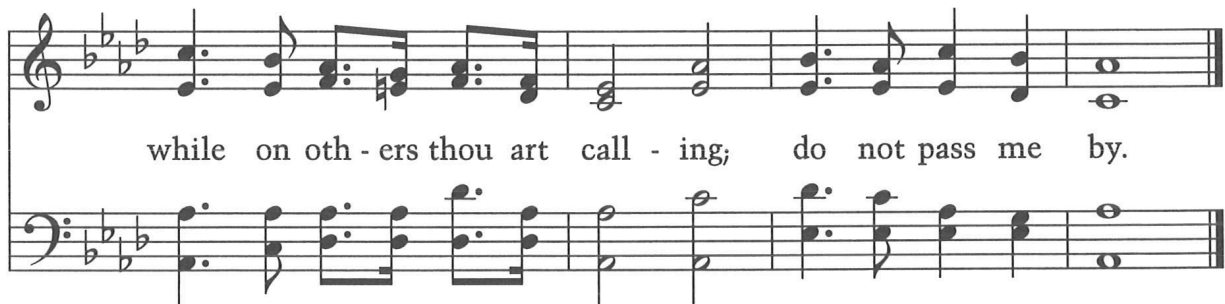


while on oth - ers thou art smil - ing, do not pass me by.  
 kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, help my un - be - lief.  
 heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, save me by thy grace.  
 whom have I on earth be - side thee? whom in heav'n but thee?

*Refrain*



Sav - ior, Sav - ior, hear my hum - ble cry;



while on oth - ers thou art call - ing; do not pass me by.

TEXT: Fanny J. Crosby (1868)  
 TUNE: W. Howard Doane (1870)

8.5.8.5. with Refrain  
 PASS ME NOT



# 817 Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

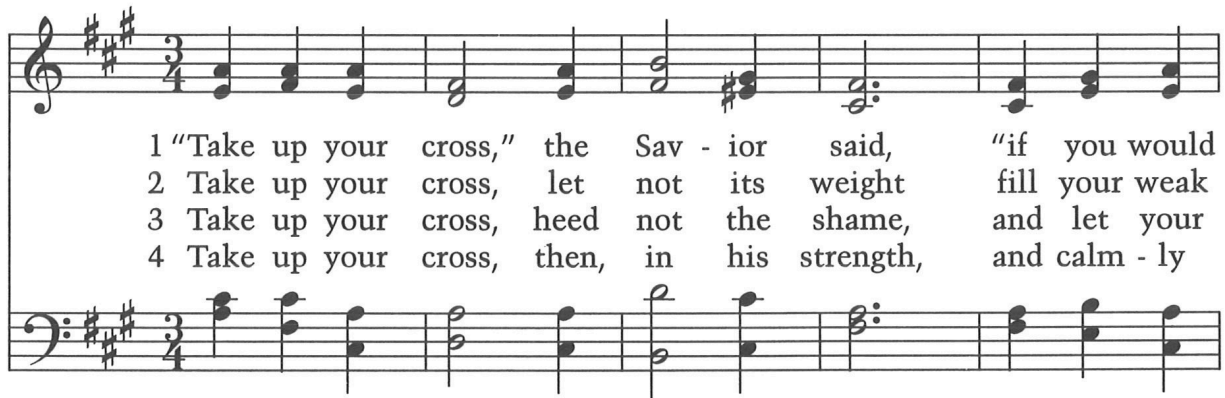
The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The lyrics are: 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise him, all creatures here below; praise him above, ye heav'n - ly host; praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost! A - men.' The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence at the end of the third system.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; praise  
him, all crea - tures here be - low; praise him a - bove, ye  
heav'n - ly host; praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost! A - men.

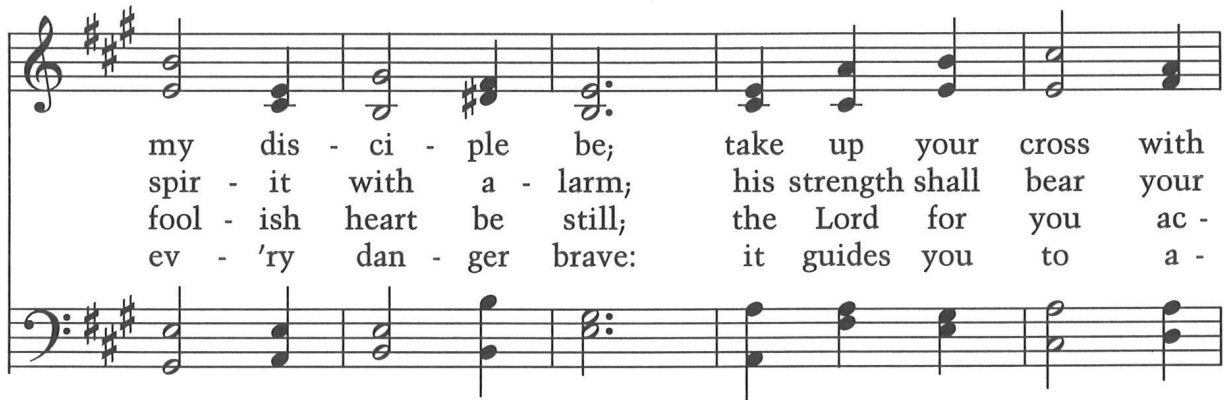
TEXT: Thomas Ken (1695), alt. (1709)  
TUNE: Genevan Psalter (1551), original form

L.M.  
OLD HUNDREDTH (22 E)

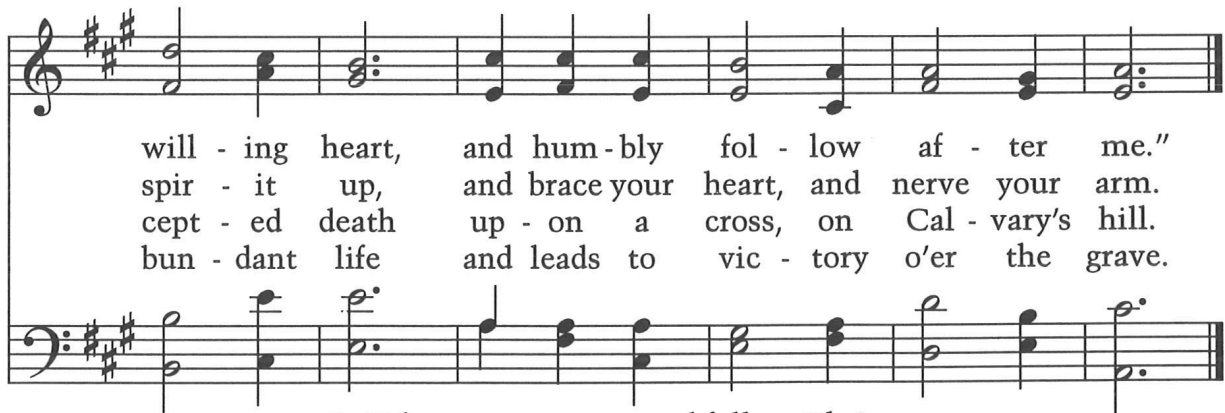
# “Take Up Your Cross,” the Savior Said 758



1 “Take up your cross,” the Sav - ior said, “if you would  
 2 Take up your cross, let not its weight fill your weak  
 3 Take up your cross, heed not the shame, and let your  
 4 Take up your cross, then, in his strength, and calm - ly



my dis - ci - ple be; take up your cross with  
 spir - it with a - larm; his strength shall bear your  
 fool - ish heart be still; the Lord for you ac -  
 ev - 'ry dan - ger brave: it guides you to a -



will - ing heart, and hum - bly fol - low af - ter me.”  
 spir - it up, and brace your heart, and nerve your arm.  
 cept - ed death up - on a cross, on Cal - vary's hill.  
 bun - dant life and leads to vic - tory o'er the grave.

5 Take up your cross, and follow Christ,  
 nor think till death to lay it down;  
 for only those who bear the cross  
 may hope to wear the glorious crown.

TEXT: Charles W. Everest (1833), alt.  
 TUNE: *As Hymnodus sacer*, Leipzig (1625), alt.

L.M.  
 BRESLAU