Ode to Joy?

Alan Struck, kinda

Soprano

1. Joyful, joyful we adore Thee, God of glory,
   Thy rays, Thy love is ever blessed,
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
2. All Thy works with joy surround Thee, earth and heav’n respond
   Stars and angels sing around Thee, center of un
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
3. Thou art giving and for-giving, e-ver bless-ing
   Well-spring of the joy of liv-ing, o-cean depth of
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
4. Mortals join the happy cho-rus, which the morn-ing
   Father love is reigning o’er us, Bro-ther love joins
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the

Alto

1. Joyful, joyful we adore Thee, God of glory,
   Thy rays, Thy love is ever blessed,
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
2. All Thy works with joy surround Thee, earth and heav’n respond
   Stars and angels sing around Thee, center of un
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
3. Thou art giving and for-giving, e-ver bless-ing
   Well-spring of the joy of liv-ing, o-cean depth of
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
4. Mortals join the happy cho-rus, which the morn-ing
   Father love is reigning o’er us, Bro-ther love joins
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the

Tenor

1. Joyful, joyful we adore Thee, God of glory,
   Thy rays, Thy love is ever blessed,
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
2. All Thy works with joy surround Thee, earth and heav’n respond
   Stars and angels sing around Thee, center of un
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
3. Thou art giving and for-giving, e-ver bless-ing
   Well-spring of the joy of liv-ing, o-cean depth of
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
4. Mortals join the happy cho-rus, which the morn-ing
   Father love is reigning o’er us, Bro-ther love joins
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the

Bass

1. Joyful, joyful we adore Thee, God of glory,
   Thy rays, Thy love is ever blessed,
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
2. All Thy works with joy surround Thee, earth and heav’n respond
   Stars and angels sing around Thee, center of un
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
3. Thou art giving and for-giving, e-ver bless-ing
   Well-spring of the joy of liv-ing, o-cean depth of
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
4. Mortals join the happy cho-rus, which the morn-ing
   Father love is reigning o’er us, Bro-ther love joins
   Lord of love; Hearts unfold like flow’rs before Thee, op’ning to the
Ode to Joy?

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
happy rest! Thou our Fa ther, Christ our Bro ther, all who live in
man to man. E ver sing ing, march we on ward, vic tors in the

sun a bove. Melt the clouds of sin and sad ness; drive the dark of
bro ken praise. Field the for est, vale and moun tain, flow ry mea dow,
Ode to Joy?

light joyce of day!
joy in Thée.
song of vine.

light joyce of day!
joy in Thée.
song of vine.

light joyce of day!
joy in Thée.
song of vine.