

November 20, 2020

JOYFUL, JOYFUL, WE ADORE YOU

HYMN TO JOY



1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore you, God of glo - ry,
2. All your works with joy sur - round you, Earth and heav'n re -
3. Al - ways giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing,
4. Mor - tals, join the might - y cho - rus Which the morn - ing



1. Lord of love; Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore you,
2. flect your rays, Stars and an - gels sing a - round you,
3. ev - er blest, Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing,
4. stars be - gan; Love di - vine is reign - ing o'er us,



1. O - p'ning to the sun a - bove. Melt the clouds of
2. Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise; Field and for - est,
3. O - cean depth of hap - py rest! Lov - ing Fa - ther,
4. Bind - ing all with - in its span. Ev - er sing - ing,



1. sin and sad - ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;
2. vale and moun - tain, Flow - 'ry mead - ow, flash - ing sea,
3. Christ our broth - er, Let your light up - on us shine;
4. march we on - ward, Vic - tors in the midst of strife;



1. Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day!
2. Chant - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain, Prais - ing you e - ter - nal - ly!
3. Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the joy di - vine.
4. Joy - ful mu - sic leads us sun - ward, In the tri - umph song of life.

Text: 87 87 D; Henry van Dyke, 1852-1933, alt.

Music: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827; adapt. by Edward Hodges, 1796-1867.

FIRST READING: RV 10:8-11

I, John, heard a voice from heaven speak to me. Then the voice spoke to me and said: "Go, take the scroll that lies open in the hand of the angel who is standing on the sea and on the land." So I went up to the angel and told him to give me the small scroll. He said to me, "Take and swallow it. It will turn your stomach sour, but in your mouth it will taste as sweet as honey." I took the small scroll from the angel's hand and swallowed it. In my mouth it was like sweet honey, but when I had eaten it, my stomach turned sour. Then someone said to me, "You must prophesy again about many peoples, nations, tongues, and kings."

RESPONSORIAL: How sweet to my taste is your promise!

In the way of your decrees I rejoice,
as much as in all riches.

Yes, your decrees are my delight;
they are my counselors.

The law of your mouth is to me more precious
than thousands of gold and silver pieces.

How sweet to my palate are your promises,
sweeter than honey to my mouth!

Your decrees are my inheritance forever;
the joy of my heart they are.

I gasp with open mouth
in my yearning for your commands.

THE HOLY GOSPEL: LK 19:45-48

Jesus entered the temple area and proceeded to drive out those who were selling things, saying to them, "It is written, My house shall be a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." And every day he was teaching in the temple area. The chief priests, the scribes, and the leaders of the people, meanwhile, were seeking to put him to death, but they could find no way to accomplish their purpose because all the people were hanging on his words.

I RECEIVED THE LIVING GOD

LIVING GOD

Refrain



I re-ceived the liv - ing God, and my heart is full of
joy. I re-ceived the liv-ing God, and my heart is full of joy.

Verses



1. Je-sus said: "I am the Bread Knead-ed long to give you life;
2. Je-sus said: "I am the Way, And my Fa - ther longs for you;
3. Je-sus said: "I am the Truth; If you fol - low close to me,
4. Je-sus said: "I am the Life Far from whom no thing can grow,



to Refrain

1. You who will par-take of me Need not ev - er fear to die."
2. So I come to bring you home To be one with him a - new."
3. You will know me in your heart, And my word shall make you free."
4. But re-ceive this liv - ing bread, And my Spir - it you shall know."

FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES/
 PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

OLD HUNDREDTH



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies,
 2. E - ter - nal are your mer - cies, Lord;
 3. Your loft - y themes, all mor - tals, bring;
 4. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song;

Doxology Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow;



1. Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
 2. E - ter - nal truth at - tends your word:
 3. In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
 4. To ev - 'ry land the strains be - long;

Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;



1. Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung,
 2. Your praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 3. The great sal - va - tion loud pro - claim,
 4. In cheer - ful sounds all voic - es raise,

Praise him a - bove, you heav'n - ly host:



1. Through ev - 'ry land by ev - 'ry tongue.
 2. Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 3. And shout for joy the Sav - ior's name.
 4. And fill the world with loud - est praise.

Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

Text: LM; based on Psalm 117; verses 1–2, Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt; verses 3–4, anon., ca. 1781;
 Doxology, Thomas Ken, 1637–1711. Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; attr. to Louis Bourgeois, ca. 1510–1561, alt.