

ODE TO JOY

Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)

1. Hail to Joy, from heav'n de-scend-ing; Hail Joy, all ye here be-low.
 2. We, with whom kind for-tune fa-vors Lov-ing friend in-stead of foe,
 3. Hail to Joy, from heav'n de-scend-ing; Bring-ing heav'n on earth to you!

At her shrine we now are bend-ing; Let the world our glad-ness know.
 We should be for-e'er re-joic-ing, For through him we heav-en know.
 Broth-ers, in yon might-y spac-es Dwells our God whose love is true.

Though by cus-tom's law di-vid-ed, Now we meet on com-mon ground. We—
 They who scorn the pledge of friend-ship On-ly for them-selves do live, They—
 O ye mil-lions, bow be-fore Him; Seek Him, He is ev-er nigh! We—

rall.
 — are broth-ers, all u-nit-ed When joy in our hearts is found.
 — are doomed to walk for-got-ten Who re-fuse their hearts to give.
 — are broth-ers, all u-nit-ed, Fa-ther'd by one God on high.