

# David Phelps, Joy, Joy

Like a drama unfolding, the curtain was opening  
An audience of angels was holding its breath  
A census, a manger, two travel worn strangers  
The stage was finally set.

Angels folded their wings at the throne, worshipping  
As God whispered, I love you, my Son.  
Jesus took off His crown and laying it down  
Said, Father, Thy will be done.

The time had now come for Gods only Son  
To be born as a light in a dark, lonely place.  
So He stepped from Heavens hall to Bethlehems stall  
Where a star lit His newborn face.

Then God called to Gabriel with gladness and tears,  
Play the trumpet, the horns, and the strings.  
Tell the shepherds, and the wise men and all who will hear.  
Command all the angels to sing  
Fill the sky with your voices and sing!

Chorus

Joy, joy to the world  
Praise to the King  
Oh, let it ring.  
Joy, joy to the world  
Worship and sing  
Jesus has come to bring

Repeat Chorus