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Ludwig van Beethoven's Ode to Joy was composed in 1824, in the last movement of his last symphony, and arguably the most famous, Symphony No. 9. The first took place in Vienna on May 7, 1824, and despite its non-practical and under-repeated presentation, the audience was ecstatic. It was the first time Beethoven had appeared on stage in 12 years. At the end of the performance (although some sources said it might have been after the 2nd movement), it was said that Beethoven continued to conduct even though the music had ended. One of the soloists stopped him and returned him to accept his applause. The audience was well aware of Beethoven's health and hearing loss, so in addition to applauding, they threw their hats and scarves in the air so he could see their overwhelming approval. This symphony is considered by many leading musicologists to be one of the greatest works of Western music. What makes it so special is Beethoven's use of the human voice; he was the first major composer to include it in a symphony. That's why you'll often see Symphony No. 9 called the choral symphony. Beethoven's 9th Symphony, with an orchestra larger than any other at the time and a playing time of more than an hour (longer than any other symphonic work), was a major turning point for classical music; it was a catapult into the romantic period, where composers began to break the rules of composition and explore the use of large ensembles, extreme emotion, and unconventional orchestration. Beethoven's Ode to Joy was written by the German poet Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller in the summer of 1785. It was a celebratory poem about the unity of all humanity. O Freunde, nicht diese Tene! Sondern lat' uns angenehmere anstimmen, und freudenvollere. Freude! Freude! schoner G-terfunkentochter aus Elysium, Wir betreten feuertrunken, Himmelsche, dein Heiligtum! Deine Zauber binden wieder! Was die Mode streng geteilt; Alle Menschen werden Breder, Wo dein sanfter Flägel weit, Wem der groe Wurf gelungen. Eines Freundes Freund zu sein; Wer ein holdes Weib errungen, Mische seinen Jubel ein! Ja, wer auch nur eine SeeleSein nennt auf dem Erdenrund! Und wer's nie gekonnt, der stehle Weinen sich aus diesem Bund! Freude trinken alle WesenAn den Bresten der Natur; Alle Guten, alle BäsenFolgen ihrer Rosenspur. Kässe gab sie uns und Reben, Einen Freund, gepr-ft im Tod; Wollust ward dem Wurm gegeben. Und der Cherub steht vor Gott. Froh, wie seine Sonnen fliegenDurch des Himmels precht'gen Plan. Laufet, Breder, eure Bahn, Freudig, wie ein Held zum Siegen. Seid umschlungen, Millionen! Diesen Kue der ganzen Welt! Breder, ber'm SternenzeltMue ein lieber Vater. You fall down, millions?
Do you imitate the Creator, World? Tel' him over'm star tent! He must live above stars. O amis, amis, more of these sounds! Let's be happier, more songs full of joy! Joy! Joy! Joy, bright spark of divinity, Daughter of Elysium, inspiration fire we walkWithin your sanctuary. Your magical power reunites this custom has been divided, all men become brothers, under the sway of your sweet wings. Whoever created A lasting friendship, Or won A true and loving wife, All who can call at least one soul to them, Join our song of praise. But those who cannot must slip into tears away from our circle. All creatures drink joyAtures breast. Just and unfairHow similar to his gift; She gave us kisses and fruit from the vine, a friend tried at the end. Even the worm can feel satisfied, and the cherub stands before God! Fortunately, like the celestial bodies he sent on their course through the splendour of the firmament; So, brothers, you should run your race, as a hero goes to victory! You, millions, I kiss you. This kiss is for everyone! Brothers, above the starry canopyDo you must live a loving father. World, do you know your creator? Look for him in the heavens; Above the stars should he live. In 1972, the Council of Europe made Beethoven's Ode to Joy its official anthem. Years later, in 1985, the European Union did the same. Although Schiller's text is not sung in the anthem, music conveys the same ideas of freedom, peace and unity. During World War I, German prisoners held captive by Japan presented their captors with Beethoven's 9th Symphony. Years later, Japanese orchestras began to perform it. Then, after the devastating events of World War II, many Japanese orchestras began performing it at the end of the year, hoping to attract enough members of the public to help fund reconstruction efforts. Since then, it has become a Japanese tradition to perform Beethoven's 9th Symphony at the end of the year. In many English churches, the anthem Joyful, Joyful, We Love thee written in 1907 by the American author Henry van Dyke is defined and sung to Beethoven's melody Ode to Joy. Perhaps the most popular modern recording of the anthem can be heard in the 1993 film, Sister Act 2, sung by Lauren Hill and the cast. Freude, Schuner G-terfunkentochter aus Elysium, Wir betreten feuer-trunken, Himmelsche, dein Heiligtum! Deine Zauber binden wieder. Was die Mode streng geteilt; Alle Menschen werden Breder, Wo dein sanfter Flägel weit, Wem der big Wurf gelungen. Eines Freundes Freund zu sein, Wer ein holdes Weib errungen, Mische seinen Al Yes, who ever calls even a soul being on the earth round! And who never skilfully, the stehle weeping himself from this covenant! Joy drink all beings at the breasts of nature; All the good guys, all the bad ones, their rose spur. She gave kisses to us and vines, A friend, tested in death; Lust was given to the worm, and the cherub stands before God. Happy as his Fly Through the Sky Honored, Runners, Brothers, Your Trajectory, Joyful, Like a Hero to Victory. You're surrounded, millions! That kiss from all over the world! Brothers above the star-studded tent must live a good father. Are you collapsing, millions? Do you have the creator, the world? Find him above the star-studded tent. He must live above the stars. Joy! A spark of fire from heaven, Daughter from Elysium, Drunk with fire we dare to enter, Holy One, inside your shrine. Your magic power binds together, What we by custom wrench apart, All men will emerge as brothers, where you rest your gentle wings. If you've mastered that great challenge: Giving friendship to a friend, if you've earned a steadfast woman, Celebrate your joy with us! Join if the whole wide world there's Just one soul to call your own! He who's failed must steal away, shedding tears as he departs. All creation drinks with pleasure, Drinks a Mother Nature's breast; All the just, and all the evil, follow down her rosy path. Kisses she bestowed, and grape wine, Friendship true, proved e'en in death. Every worm knows nature's pleasure, Every cherub meets his God. Gladly, like the planets flying True to heaven's mighty plan, Brothers, run your race now, Happy as a knight in victory. Be kissed, all you millions, Share this kiss with all the world! Way above the stars, brothers, There must live a loving father. You're defating, you've got millions? Are you seeing your maker, world? Search for Him above the stars, Above the stars he must be living. O friends, not those sounds! But let's sing in a nicer and more joyful way. It's joy! It's joy! Joy, beautiful divine sparks, daughter of the Elysium, We enter drunk with fire, Celeste, your Sainthum! Re-binding your spells What fashion is strictly shared; All men become brothers, Where is your soft wing. Who the big throw managed to be friend of a friend: Whoever got a valiant woman, mixes his cheers! Yes, the one who calls to be a soul on earth! And the one who has never been able to, weeps away from this covenant! Joy drinks all beings in the wombs of nature; All the good guys, all the bad episodes of his rose trail. Embraced, she gave us and branches, A friend, experienced in death; The lust was given to the worm, and the cherub stands before God. Blessed is that his suns fly through the sky, walk, brothers, your trajectory, like a hero for victory. That kiss from all over the world! Brothers, above the star-studded tent must live a good father. Are you collapsing, millions? Do you have the creator, the world? Find him above the star-studded tent. He must live above the stars. You're surrounded, millions! That kiss from all over the world! Brothers, above the star-studded tent must live a good father. That kiss from all over the world! Joy, beautiful spark of gods Daughter of Elysium, joy, divine spark

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