JOY FILLS OUR INMOST HEARTS TO-DAY

1. Joy fills our in-most hearts to-day! The royal Christ is born; And angel hosts in glad array His advent keep this morn.
2. For us the world must lose its charms Before the manger shrine, When, fold-ed in Thy mother's arms, We see Thee, Babe divine.

Low at the cradle throne we bend, We wonder and adore; Thou Light of un-created Light, Shine on us, Holy Child;

And feel no bliss can ours transcend, No joy was sweet before. That we may keep Thy birthday bright, With service un-de-filed.
Chorus (Two measures to equal one of the preceding movement)

With accent.

Re-joice, re-joice! Th’incarnate Word Has come on earth to dwell; No sweet-er sound than this is heard,

Em-manuel, Em-manuel! Amen.

Joyo

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