Joy Fills Our Inmost Hearts To-Day

1. Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day! The royal Christ is born;
   And angel hosts in glad array His advent keep this morn.
   Low at the cradle throne we bend, We wonder and adore;
   And feel no bliss can ours transcend, No joy was sweet before.

2. For us the world must lose its charms Before the manger shrine,
   When, folded in Thy mother's arms, We see Thee, Babe divine.
   Thou Light of uncreated Light, Shine on us, Holy Child;
   That we may keep Thy birthday bright, With service unfiled.

Words by William C. Dix
Music by Jay Deaveraux
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Chorus (Two measures to equal one of the preceding movement)
With accent.

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

slower

Em - ma - nu - el, Em - ma - nu - el! A - men.