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.
   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 man-ger shrine,
   When, fold-ed in Thy moth-er's arms, We see Thee, Babe divine.
   Thou Light of un-cre-ated Light, Shine on us, Ho-ly Child;
   That we may keep Thy birth day bright, With service un-de-filed.

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
carth to dwell; No sweet-er sound than this is heard,

slower

Em-man-u-el, Em-man-u-el! A-men.