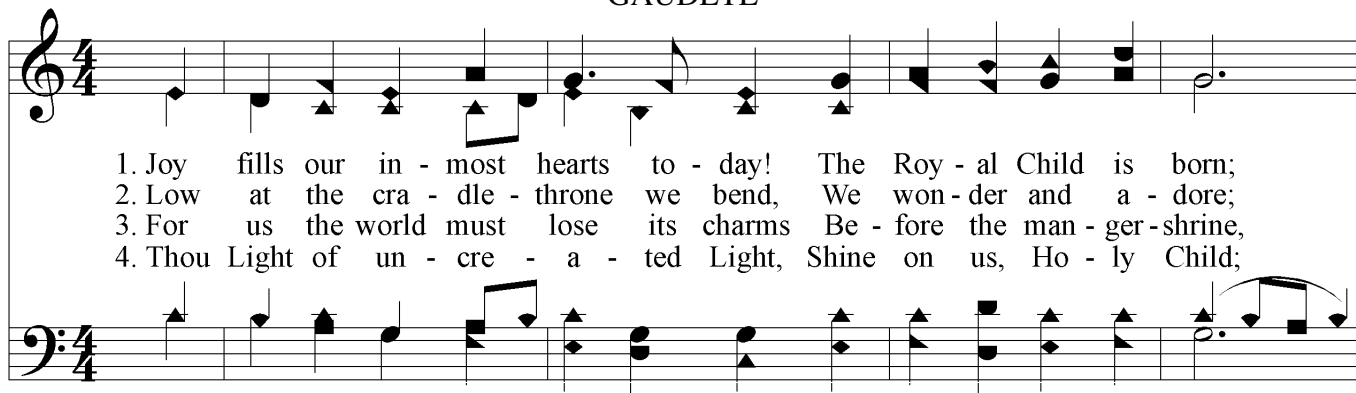
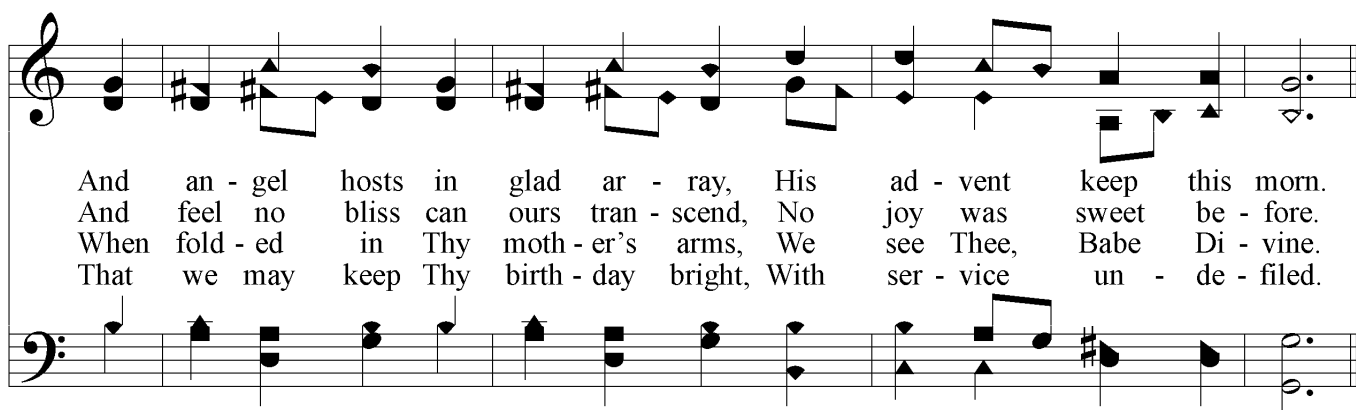


Joy Fills Our Inmost Hearts To-Day

GAUDETE




1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day! The Roy - al Child is born;
2. Low at the cra - dle - throne we bend, We won - der and a - dore;
3. For us the world must lose its charms Be - fore the man - ger - shrine,
4. Thou Light of un - cre - a - ted Light, Shine on us, Ho - ly Child;

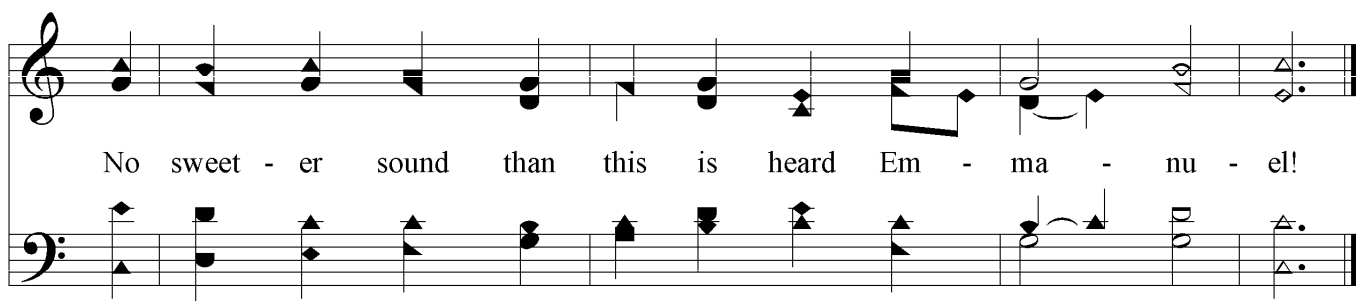


And an - gel hosts in glad ar - ray, His ad - vent keep this morn.
And feel no bliss can ours tran - scend, No joy was sweet be - fore.
When fold - ed in Thy moth - er's arms, We see Thee, Babe Di - vine.
That we may keep Thy birth - day bright, With ser - vice un - de - filed.

Chorus



Re-joyce, re-joyce! Th'in-car - nate Word Has come on earth to dwell;
Re-joyce, Th'in-car-nate



No sweet - er sound than this is heard Em - ma - nu - el!