

Joy Fills Our Inmost Hearts To-Day

With motion



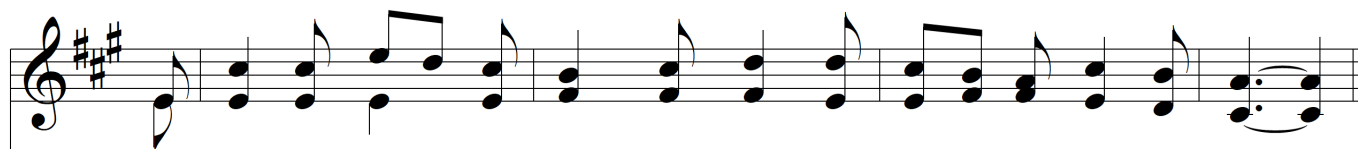
1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day! The roy - al Christ is born;
2. For us the world must lose its charms Be - fore the man - ger shrine,



And an - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His ad - vent keep this morn.
When, fold - ed in Thy moth - er's arms, We see Thee, Babe di - vine.



Low at the cra - dle throne we bend, We won - der and a - dore;
Thou Light of un - cre - at - ed Light, Shine on us, Ho - ly Child;



And feel no bliss can ours tran - scend, No joy was sweet be - fore.
That we may keep Thy birth day bright, With ser - vice un - de - filed.



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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.