

Joy fills our inmost hearts today

William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)

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 loose its charms Be - fore the man - ger shrine,
4. Thou Light of un - cre - a - ted Light, Shine on us, Ho - ly Child;

6
And An - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn.
And feel no bliss can ours trans - cend, No joy was sweet be - fore.
When, fold - ed in Thy mo - ther's arms, We see Thee, Babe di - vine.
That we may keep Thy birth - day bright, With ser - vice un - de - filed.

11 *After each verse*
Re - joice, re - joice! Th'In - car - nate word Has come on earth to dwell;

18
No sweet - er sound than this is heard Em - man - u - el! A - men.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)