

Joy fills our inmost heart to-day

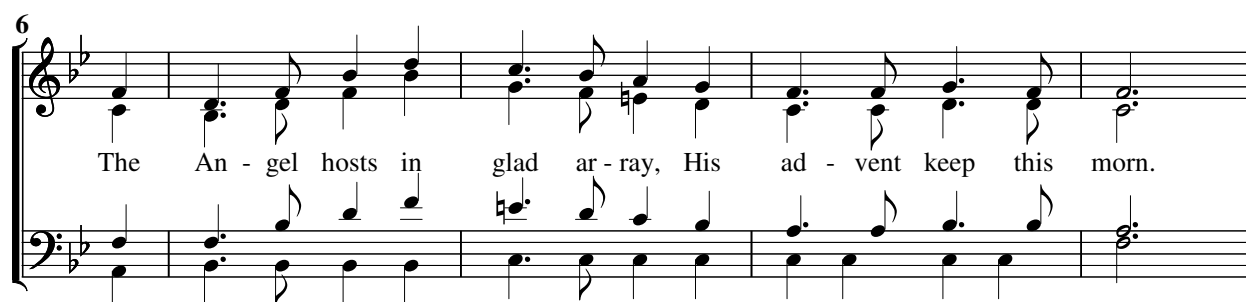
Henry Gadsby (1842 - 1907)

With spirit



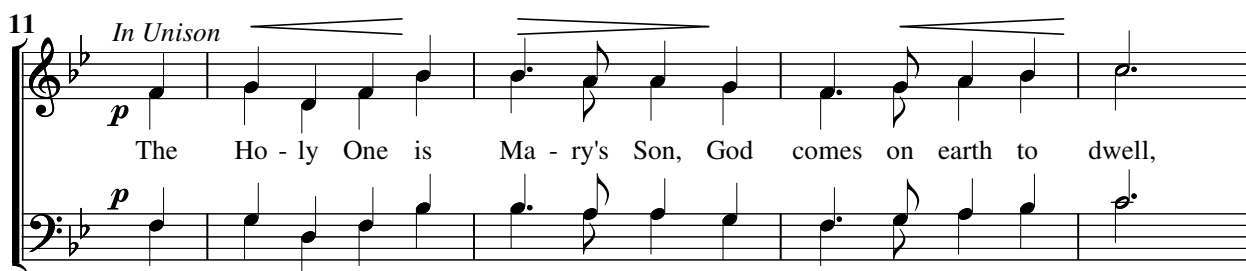
1. Joy fills our in-most heart to-day, The Roy-al Child is born;

6



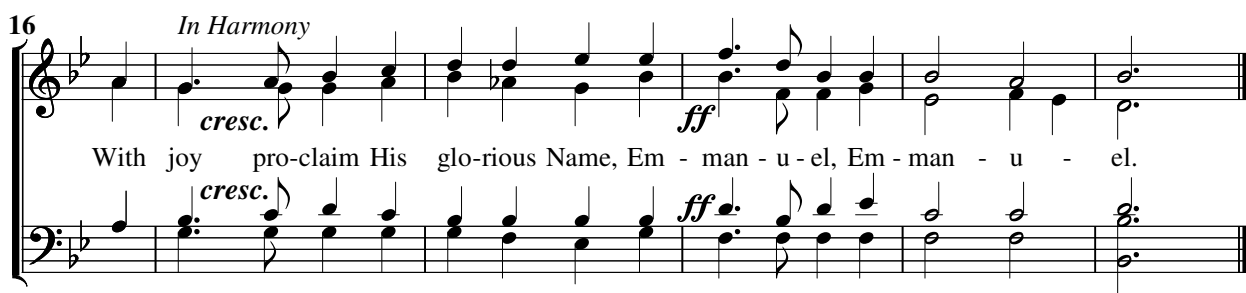
The An-gel hosts in glad ar-ray, His ad-vent keep this morn.

11 *In Unison*



p The Ho-ly One is Ma-ry's Son, God comes on earth to dwell,

16 *In Harmony*



cresc. With joy pro-claim His glo-rious Name, *ff* Em-man-u-el, Em-man-u-el.

2. Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And think no bliss can ours transcend,
No rapture sweet before.
The Holy One, &c.
3. For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger-shrine,
Where folded in Thy Mother's arms,
Thou sleepest, Babe Divine!
The Holy One, &c.
4. Angels are thronging round Thy bed,
Thine infant grace to see;
The stars are paling o'er Thy head,
The Day-spring dawns with Thee.
The Holy One, &c.
5. Thou art the very Light of Light,
Enlighten us, sweet Child,
That we may keep Thy Birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
The Holy One, &c.

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