

Joyously, joyously, silvery clear

A.C. White

1. Joy - ous - ly, joy - ous - ly, sil - ver - y clear, Christ - mas bells fall on each lis - ting ear,

5 Gai - ly they e - cho o'er land and o'er sea, Mu - si - cal peals full of mu - si - cal glee.

9 *p* E-choes of strain sung by *f* An - gels on high, E-choes re - e-choed be - yond the blue sky,

13 *cresc.* *ff* E-choes of strains sung by An-gels on high, E-choes re - e-choed be - yond the blue sky.
cresc. *ff*

2. Hopefully, hopefully swells out the strain,
Telling of Christ's birth again and again,
Sweetly the harps tuned in Christ's home above
Take up the song and repeat it in love;
Echoes of strains sung by Angels on high,
Echoes re-echoed beyond the blue sky.

3. Tenderly, tenderly die now the chimes,
Passing away as they passed in old times,
Hushed now the music while grateful hearts share
In offerings gladly of song and of prayer;
Silent the bells, but in heart and with voice,
We hail the Lord's birth and for it rejoice.

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