

O Joy of Earth!  
John Anketell, 1889.  
Ancient Irish melody.

O joy of earth! A Savior's birth  
To fallen man is granted;  
The song of love is sung above,  
And shepherds hear it chanted.

Their wakeful eyes with glad surprise  
See white-robed angels shining;  
The ravished ear a song can hear,  
All melody combining:

"Be glory given in highest Heaven,  
To God through years unending;  
On earth may peace and love increase  
God will to men descending."

In haste they seek that Infant meek,  
Whose cradle is a manger,  
And at His feet with homage meet  
They hail the Heaven-born stranger.

And we with them in Bethlehem  
Will seek the Lord of glory,  
Will sing His praise through endless days  
And tell His wondrous story.

Sweet Babe, so frail! The thorn, the nail  
Shall cause Thee bitter sorrow;  
But soon Thy night shall end in light,  
And bring an Easter morrow.

Thy star divine shall ever shine  
To guide the pilgrim stranger;  
While faith shall own Thy love alone,  
And worship at Thy manger!