Angels, from the Realms of Glory

1 Angels, from the realms of glory, wing your flight o'er
   all the earth; you who sang creation's story,
   now proclaim Messiah's birth:
   come and worship, worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding, watching o'er your
   flocks by night, God with us is now residing;
   yonder shines the infant light:
   come and worship, worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations, brighter visions
   hope and fear, suddenly the Lord, descending,
   ye have seen the natal star:
   come and worship, worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending, watching long in
   all the earth; you who sang creation's story,
   now proclaim Messiah's birth:
   come and worship, worship Christ, the new-born King.