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:

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,

3 Saints, leave your contemplations, brighten visions, hope and fear, suddenly the Lord, descending, ye have seen the natal star: Come and worship,

4 Saints before the altar bending, watching long in now proclaim Messiah's birth: in his temple shall appear: come and worship, worship Christ, the new-born King.