

# **ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY,**

Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

*Come and worship  
Christ, the new-born King.*

*Come and worship  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.*

Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light:

Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:

Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord descending  
In His temple shall appear: