

Angels, From the Realms Of Glory

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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, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.*

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

*Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.*

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

*Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.*

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

*Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.*

Though an Infant now we view Him,
He shall fill His Father's throne,
Gather all the nations to Him;
Every knee shall then bow down:

*Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.*