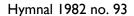
Angels, from the realms of glory





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 new-born King.

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

Words: James Montgomery (1771-1854)

Music: Henry Smart (1813-1879)