


# Angels from the realms of glory

Words by  
J. Montgomery

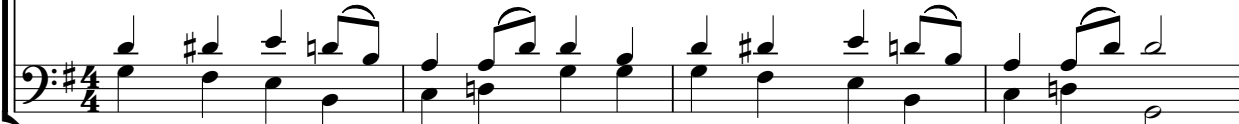
Old French tune  
arranged by Francis Melville

SOPRANO  
ALTO



1. An - gels, from the\_ realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er\_ all the earth;  
2. Shep - herds in the\_ field a - bi - ding, Watch - ing\_ o'er your flocks by night,

TENOR  
BASS



5



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:  
God with man is\_ now re - si - ding; Yon - der\_ shines the\_ in - fant light:



9

Glo - - - - -



Glo - - - - -


Glo - - - - -



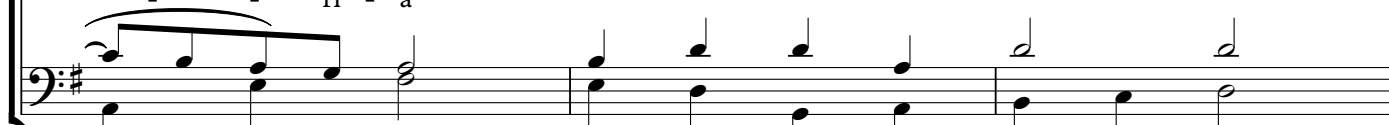
Glo - - - - -

12

- - ri - a



- - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o,



- - ri - a

2

15

Glo - - - - -

Glo - - - - -

Glo - - - - -

Glo - - - - -

18

ri - a

ri - a

in ex - cel - sis De - - - o.

ri - a

ri - a

3. Sages, leave your contemplations;  
 Brighter visions beam afar;  
 Seek the gream desire of nations;  
 Ye have seen his natal star:  
*Gloria in excelsis Deo*

4. Saints before the altar bending,  
 Watching long in hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
 In his temple shall appear:  
*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

5. 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:  
*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*