Angels from the Realms of Glory

Soprano Descant

1. Angels from the realms of glory, wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Shepherds in the fields a-biding, watching o'er your flocks by night,
3. Sages, leave your contemplations, brighter visions beam afar;
4. Saints, before the altar bending, watching long in hope and fear;

ye who sang creation's story now proclaim Messiah's birth:
God with us is now residing; yonder shines the infant light:
seek the great Desire of nations; ye have seen his natal star:
suddenly the Lord, descending, in his temple shall appear:

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

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