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:

 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.