

Angels From The Realms Of Glory

Steven Curtis Chapman

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 us is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light

Come and worship, come and worship,
Come and worship, Christ the newborn king.
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Come and worship, Christ the newborn king.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains

Come and worship, come and worship,
Come and worship, Christ the newborn king.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Come and 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:

All creation, join in praising
God, the Father, Spirit, Son,
Evermore your voices raising
To th'eternal Three in One.

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Come and worship, Christ the newborn king.
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