Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

1. Infant holy, Infant lowly,
For His bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, little knowing
Christ, the babe, is Lord of all.
Swift are winging angles singing,
Noels ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ, the Babe, is Lord of all!
Christ, the Babe, is Lord of all!

2. Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping
Vigil till the morning new;
Saw the glory, heard the story,
Tidings of a Gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow,
Praises voicing, greet the morrow,
Christ, the Babe, was born for you!
Christ, the Babe, was born for you!

Author: Polish carol; paraphrase by Edith E.M. Reed *Copyright: Public Domain*