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.

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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!