

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

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Infant holy, infant lowly
For His bed a cattle stall
Oxen lowing, little knowing
Christ, the babe, is Lord of all
Swift are winging angels singing
Noels ringing, tidings bringing
Christ the babe is Lord of all!
Christ the babe is Lord of all!

Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping
Vigil till the morning new
Saw the glory, heard the story
Tidings of the 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
Christ the babe was born for you

