

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

Infant holy, infant lowly,
For his bed a cradle stall,

Oxen lowing, little knowing,
Christ the babe is Lord of all.

Swift are winging, Angels singing,
Noel's ringing, Tidings bringing,
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 a gospel true.

Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow
Praises voicing, greet the morrow
Christ the babe was born for you.