Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

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 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.

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