

## **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.  
Nowells 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!