

**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.

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.