

## **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,  
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!

*Polish traditional carol, tr Edith M.G. Reed (1885-1933)*