Infant Holy, Infant lowly

Infant Holy 447.447.44447



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.

Edith M. Reed