

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

Reed

1. 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,
bells are ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the child is Lord of all,
Christ the child is Lord of all.
2. 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 child is born for you,
Christ the child is born for you.

Inspiration: "W żłobie leży"; traditional Polish carol.
Lyrics: 87.87.88.77; Edith Margaret Gellibrand Reed, 1885-1933, in 1921.