Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

Polish Carol   *Melody*

Infant holy, Infant lowly,
For His bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, Little knowing
Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
Angels winging, Praises singing,
Noels 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.

Bible Verse: And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped Him in swaddling cloths and laid Him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn. Luke 2:7 ESV