

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)