Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

1 Infant holy, infant lowly, for his bed a cattle stall;
   oxen lowing, little knowing 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.

3 Swiftly winging angels singing, bells are ringing, tidings bringing:
   Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow, praises voicing, greet the morn:

4 Christ the child is Lord of all! Christ the child is Lord of all!
   Christ the child was born for you! Christ the child was born for you!

Text: Polish; tr. Edith M. G. Reed, 1921
Tune: Polish; harm. Psalter Hymnal, 1987

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