

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 rings, 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!