Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

Cara Dillon

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,
Noels ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Christ the babe is Lord of all.Flocks are 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.
Stars are gleaming, shepherds dreaming,
Oh, the night was dark and chill;
Angels' story, manger glory:
Shepherds heard it on the hill.
Ah, that singing! hear it ringing,
Earthward winging, praises bringing:
Christ the babe was born for you.
Christ the babe was born for you.
Christ the babe was born for you.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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