Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

He hath a name written: KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. Revelation 19:16

1. Infant holy, Infant lowly, For His bed—a cattle stall;
   Flocks were sleeping; shepherds keeping vigil till the morning new.

2. Oxen lowing, little knowing Christ, the Babe, is Lord of all.
   Saw the glory, heard the story—Tidings of a gospel true.

Swift are winging angels singing, Noels ringing, tidings bringing:
   Thus rejoice, free from sorrow, Praises voicing greet the morn-row.

Christ, the Babe, is Lord of all! Christ, the Babe, is Lord of all!
   Christ, the Babe, was born for you! Christ, the Babe, was born for you!

TEXT: Polish carol; paraphrase by Edith E. M. Reed
MUSIC: Traditional Polish melody

W ZLOBIE LEZY
8.7.8.7.8.7.