Infant Holy, Infant Lowly
*) W żlobie leży, kotł pobieży
Polish Carol

Tradycyjna
opr. Ks. Wojciech Kalamarz CM
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1. Infant holy, infant lowly, For his bed a cattle stall;
2. Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping Vig-il till the morning new.
3. As we journey to the stable Like the wise-men long a-go.
4. Wake our spirits from their slumber, Send the darkness on its way.
Ox-en low-ing, lit-tle know-ing
Saw the glo-ry, heard the sto-ry,
We are hop-ing to dis-cov-er
Fill our hearts with joy and won-der

Christ the babe is Lord of all
tid-ings of a gos-pel true.
What these pil-grims came to know.
On this bless-ed Christ-mas day.

Ox-en low-ing, lit-tle know-ing
Saw the glo-ry, heard the sto-ry,
We are hop-ing to dis-cov-er
Fill our hearts with joy and won-der

Christ the babe is Lord of all
tid-ings of a gos-pel true.
What these pil-grims came to know.
On this bless-ed Christ-mas day.
Swift are wing-ing, an-gels sing-ing,
Thus re-joic-ing, free from sor-row,
All are wel-come at this man-ger,
Songs of an-gels all a-round us;

No-el-s ring-ing,
Prais-es voic-ing,
King and shep-herd,
Grace and bless-ing.
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Christ the babe was born for you.
Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Christ be with us as we go.

Christ the babe is Lord of all.
Christ the babe was born for you.
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