



Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed.
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay.
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes.
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky.
And stay by my cradle 'til morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever and love me I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for Heaven to live with Thee there.