

## 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.