

Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a 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 baby awakes,

But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.

I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky

And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.