

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 bright 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 side until morning is nigh.