

AWAY IN A MANGER, no crib for a 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.

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.