Away in a Manger

1 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.

2 The cattle are lowing, the Baby a-wakes, but little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes. I love thee, Lord by me for-ever, and love me, I pray. Bless all the dear children in thy tender care, and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

3 Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask thee to stay close fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.