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 bright sky looked
   down where he lay, the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

2 The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes, but the little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes. I love thee, Lord Jesus, look ever, and love me, I pray. Bless all the dear children in
   thy tender care, and fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

3 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

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