

## 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 bright sky  
looked down where he lay,  
the little Lord Jesus  
asleep in 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.

