

Carol 4: Away In A Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay 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 side until morning is nigh.

Be near me Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay
Close by me for 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.