Away in a Manger

Chris Rice

Away in a manger
No crib for His bed
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet headThe stars in the bright sky
Looked down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hayThe cattle are lowing
The poor Baby wakes
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makesI love Thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my side
Till morning is nighBe near me, Lord Jesus
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever
And love me I prayBless all the dear children
In Thy tender care
And take us to heaven
To live with Thee there

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