Away In a Manger

The Roches

Away in a manger, no crib for His 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 hayThe cattle are lowing, the poor Baby wakes
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle, 'til morning is nighBe near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay
Beside me forever and love me I pray
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care
And take us to Heaven, to live with Thee there

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