Away In a Manger

Martina McBride

Away in a manger no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head
The stars in the sky look down where lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on 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 till morning is nighAway in a manger no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head
The stars in the Heavens look down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hayAway in a manger no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head
I love thee Lord Jesus look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh
Stay by my cradle till morning is nigh

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