

Away In a Manger

Billy Gilman

Written by: m. luther
Away in a manger, no crib for his bed

The little lord jesus lay down his sweet head

The stars in the sky looked down where he lay

The little lord jesus

Asleep on 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
Be near me, lord jesus, I ask thee to stay

Close by 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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