

Away in a Manger

[Trisha Yearwood](#)

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed
The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head
The stars in the bright sky, look 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 You Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle, 'til morning is nigh

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