

# Away In a Manger

[Susan Boyle](#)

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed  
The little Lord Jesus lays down his sweet head  
The stars in the bright 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 side 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 fit us for heaven to live with thee there  
To live with thee there

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