

# Chris Rice, Away in a Manger

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 on the hay  
The 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 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 take us to heaven  
To live with Thee there