

# Michael W. Smith, Away In A Manger/Child In The

Away in a manger  
No crib for a bed  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head  
The stars in the sky looking down where He lay  
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay

Child in the manger, Infant of Mary  
Outcast and stranger, Lord of all  
Child who inherits  
All our transgressions  
All our demerits on Him fall

Once the most holy  
Child of salvation  
Gentle and lowly  
Now as our glorious Mighty Redeemer  
See Him victorious  
O'er each foe

Prophets fortold Him  
Infant of wonder  
Angels behold Him On His throne  
Worthy our Savior  
Of all our praises  
Happy forever  
Are His own