

98 Degrees, Away In A Manager (Traditional)

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweetheart.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep in 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 bedside 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 lift us for heaven, to live with thee there.