

# Annie Haslam, Away In A Manger

Away in a manger,  
No crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down His sweet head:  
The stars in the 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 cradle  
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.