

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.