

# Billy Gilman, Away In A Manger

Written by: M. Luther

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed  
The little Lord Jesus lay 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 take us to heaven  
to live with thee there.