

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.