

Bright Eyes, Away In A Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head
The stars in the sky look 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 the Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle, till morning is night