

Collin Raye, 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 poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my credo 'til 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 my tender care,
And take us to Heaven, to live with thee there