

Reba McEntire, Away In The Manger

Away in the manger no crib for his bed.
The little lord jesus
Laid 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 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 cradle,
Till morning is night.