

## Away in a Manger

Celtic Thunder

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed  
The little Lord Jesus lay His sweet head  
The stars in the bright 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 side until 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 fill us forever to live with thee there