

## Away in a Manger

Ray Conniff

Away in a manger,  
No crib for His bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down His sweet head;  
The stars in the heavens  
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 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 fit us for Heaven  
To live with Thee there.

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