

Away in a Manger & Child in the Manger

Michael W. Smith

Away in a manger
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head
The stars in the sky looking down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay

Child in the manger, Infant of Mary
Outcast and stranger, Lord of all
Child who inherits
All our transgressions
All our demerits on Him fall

Once the most holy
Child of salvation
Gentle and lowly
Now as our glorious Mighty Redeemer
See Him victorious
O'er each foe

Prophets fortold Him
Infant of wonder
Angels behold Him On His throne
Worthy our Savior
Of all our praises
Happy forever
Are His own