Away In A Manger

Blaine Larsen

Away in a manger, no crib for his 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 baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle 'til morning is neigh.

Believe me, Lord Jesus, I asked thee to stay
Close by me forever and love me I pray
Bless all of the dear children in thy tender care
And take us to heaven to live with thee there...

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