

Away In A Manger

Collin Raye

Away in a manger, no crib for a 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 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 credo 'til mornin' 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 my tender care
And take us to Heaven, to live with Thee there