AWAY IN A MANGER

E A E
Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
B7 A E
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head;
A E
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,
B7 E F#m B7 E
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 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.