

Away in a Manger

J.R. Murray

A-way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed, the lit-tle Lord
The cat-tle are low-ing, the Ba-by a-wakes, But lit-tle Lord
Be near me, Lord Je-sus; I ask Thee to stay close by me for -

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Je-sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the sky looked
Je-sus, no cry-ing He makes. I love all Thee, Lord Je-sus; look
ev-er and love me I pray. Bless all the dear chil-dren in

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down where He lay. The lit-tle Lord Je-sus, a-sleep on the hay.
down from the sky and stay by my cra-dle till morn-ing is nigh.
Thy ten-der care, and take us to heav-en to live with Thee there.