

Away in a Manger

Celtic Thunder

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus lay His sweet head
The stars in the bright 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 side until 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 fill us forever to live with thee there