

## Away in a Manger

The Roches

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head  
The stars in the bright sky, looked down where He lay  
The little Lord Jesus asleep in 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 cradle, 'til morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay  
Beside me forever and love me I pray  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care  
And take us to Heaven, to live with Thee there