

Away in a Manger

Jon McLaughlin

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
Come and save my soul

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

Come and save my soul

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