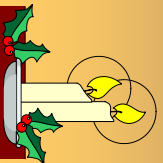


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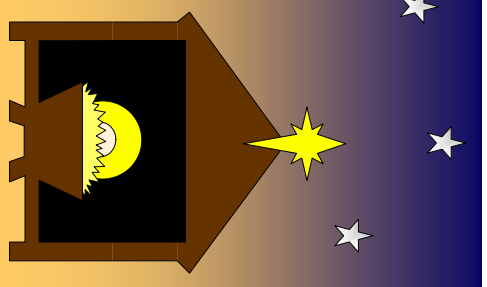
# Away In A Manger



The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
but little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.  
I love you, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky,  
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.



Away in a manger,  
no crib for a bed,  
the little Lord Jesus  
lay down his sweet head.  
The stars in the bright sky  
looked down where he lay,  
the little Lord Jesus  
asleep on the hay.



Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask you to stay  
close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in your tender care,  
and fit us for heaven, to live with you there.



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