

# Away In A Manger

James R. Murray

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 in the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
Bur little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.  
I love Thee Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle to watch lullaby.