

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
    lay down his sweet head.  
The stars in the sky  
    looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on 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, till 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 take us to heaven,  
    to Live with Thee there.