

**Away in a manger,
no crib for his bed,
the little Lord
Jesus laid
down his
sweet head;**



**The stars in the heavens
looked down where he
lay, the little Lord Jesus
asleep on the hay.**



Asleep
(Asleep)
Asleep
(Asleep)

**Asleep, the Savior
in a stall!**

Asleep (Asleep)

Asleep (Asleep)

Asleep, the Lord of all.

**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 fit us for heaven, to
live with thee there.

