

Away In a Manger

[Brad Paisley](#)

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
The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes
I love thee, Lord Jesus look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle until 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
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