

Gilman Billy

"Away In A Manager"

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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 mornight 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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