A Way in a manger…

A way in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
The stars in the bright sky look'd down where he lay,
The little lord Jesus a sleep in 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 side 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 fit us for heaven to live with thee there.