

A manger so far from home

Oooo, in a manger so far from home.

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

Away, away, away from the heavens.
Away, away from His glorious throne.
To the joy of a mother and angel song,
in a manger so far from home.

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 You there

Away, away, away from the heavens.
Away, away from His glorious throne.
To the joy of a mother and angel song,
in a manger so far from home.

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed.
in a manger so far from home.

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