way in a manger, no crib for a bed. The

lit - tle Lord, Je - sus lay down his sweet head. The

stars in the hea - vens look 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.

Love thee Lord Jesus; look down from the sky, and

Stay by my side until morning is nigh.
Lit - tle one, sleep. Dream - ing so deep.

An - gels are near their vi - gil to keep.

Stars up on high, light up the sky.
Mother sings a sweet lullaby.

Little one sleep. Jesus, I Dreaming so deep.

Angels are near, their vigil to keep. Bless
Stars up on high, in light up the sky.
mothers fit us for heaven to live with thee there. Bless
all the dear children in thy tender care, and
fit us for heaven to live

with thee there.