

Away in a Manger ¹⁷⁶

Vs 1 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.

Vs 2 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 'til morning is nigh.

Vs 3 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.

Verse 3 by John Thomas McFarland 1892; music by James R Murray 1887 – Public Domain

O Little Town of Bethlehem ¹⁶⁹

Vs 1 O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.

Vs 2 For Christ is born of Mary; and gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God, the King, and peace to men on earth.

Vs 3 How silently, how silently the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming; but in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still, the dear Christ enters in.

Vs 4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem, descend on us, we pray.
Cast out our sin, and enter in; be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tidings tell.
O come to us; abide with us, our Lord, Emmanuel.

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