



Away In a Manger

Away in a manger, No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head
The stars in the bright sky, Looked down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus Asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing The Baby awakes
But little Lord Jesus No crying He makes
I love You, Lord Jesus Look down from the sky
And stay by my side Until morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus I ask You to stay
Close by me forever And love me I pray
Bless all the dear children In Your tender care
And fit us for heaven To live with You there



We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we traverse afar,
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

*O star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
gold I bring to crown him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign.

Glorious now behold him arise;
King and God and sacrifice:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
sounds through the earth and skies.