

# Manger Blues

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Away in a manger, no crib for a bed  
The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head  
The stars in the heavens looked down where He lay  
The little Lord Jesus a sleep in the hay.

Can you imagine? Can you imagine?  
Can you imagine, the Son of God, asleep in the hay?

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes  
The little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes  
We love the little baby, come down from above.  
To give us new life, to give us new love.

Shepherds and wise men, came to see where he lay  
The little Lord Jesus, asleep in the hay

Can you imagine? Can you imagine?  
Can you imagine, the Son of God, asleep in the hay?