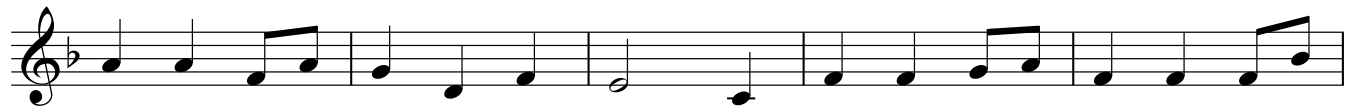


# Flute



A - way in a\_\_ mang-er, no\_ crib for a bed, The lit-tle Lord

8



Je - sus la - id down his sweet head. The stars in the\_\_ bright sky looked

13



down where he lay, The lit - tle Lord Jes - us, a\_\_ sleep on the hay.