No room in the inn

Henry John Gauntlett (1805 - 1876)

Slowly and sustained

1. No room in the inn for the tra - vel - lers wea - ry, Through hun - gry and
2. No place but the sta - ble for Jo - seph and Ma - ry, Al - through they are

cresc.

thirs - ty and foot - sore they be; The chil - dren of Da - vid, in
own'd of the true roy - al line; They turn from the inn, from its

dim. *p*   *p*

Da - vid's own ci - ty, They come to en - rol at the Cae - sar's de - cree.
warmth and its plenty, To rest for the night with the ass - es and kine.

3. Oh, had the host known, though the inn was o'er crowded,
   Who sought in his hostel for shelter and rest,
   The fairest guest chamber had been for the strangers,
   And he had provided for them of his best!

4. For in the rude stable, where stars were all shining,
   The Lord of the Angels took up His abode,
   The babe in the manger so calmly reposing,
   Was Israel's Messiah, the dear Son of God.

5. We join with the Angels in giving God glory;
   From Christmas to Christmas the story repeat
   How Jesus was laid a fair Babe in the manger,
   And hasten with sheperds to kneel at His Fest.

6. All glory, all glory to God in the highest!
   All glory to Jesus for His lowly birth!
   With hearts full of joy we re-echo with gladness,
   Good will be to men, and sweet peace upon earth.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)