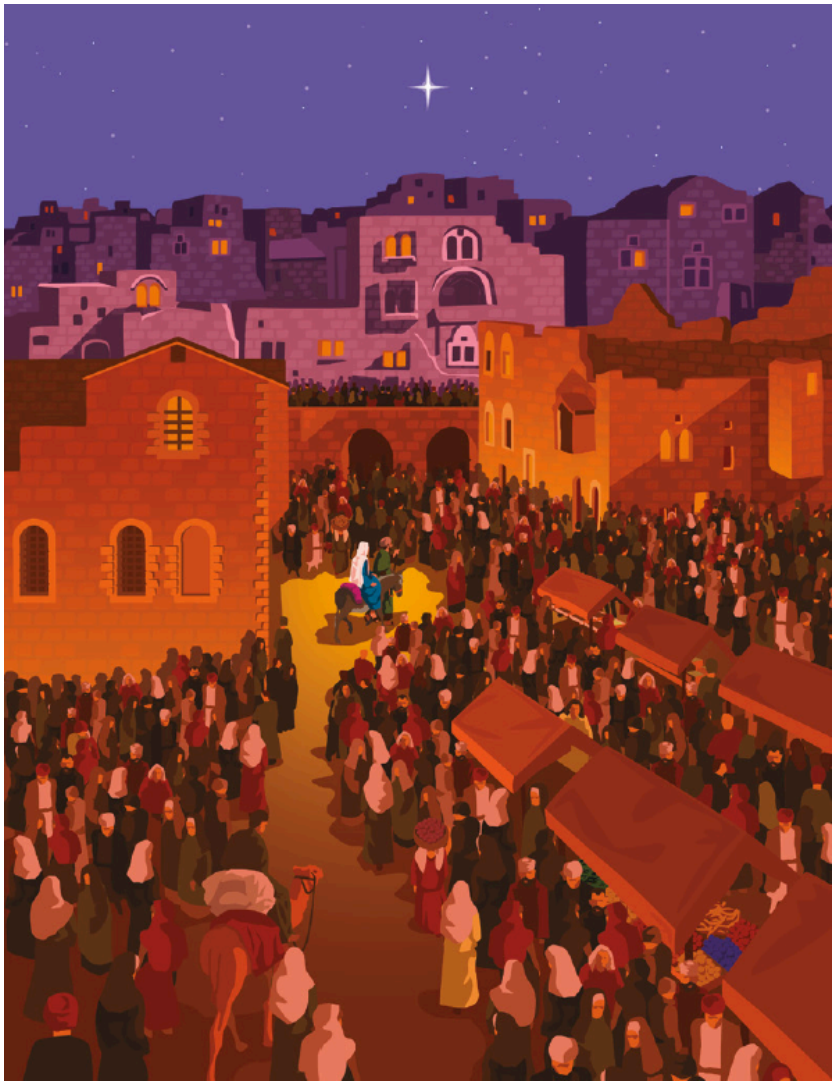
When Baby Jesus came to earth



So many years ago

The inn was full, no room to spare



Poor Mary found no
safe place there
For our dear
Savior's birth



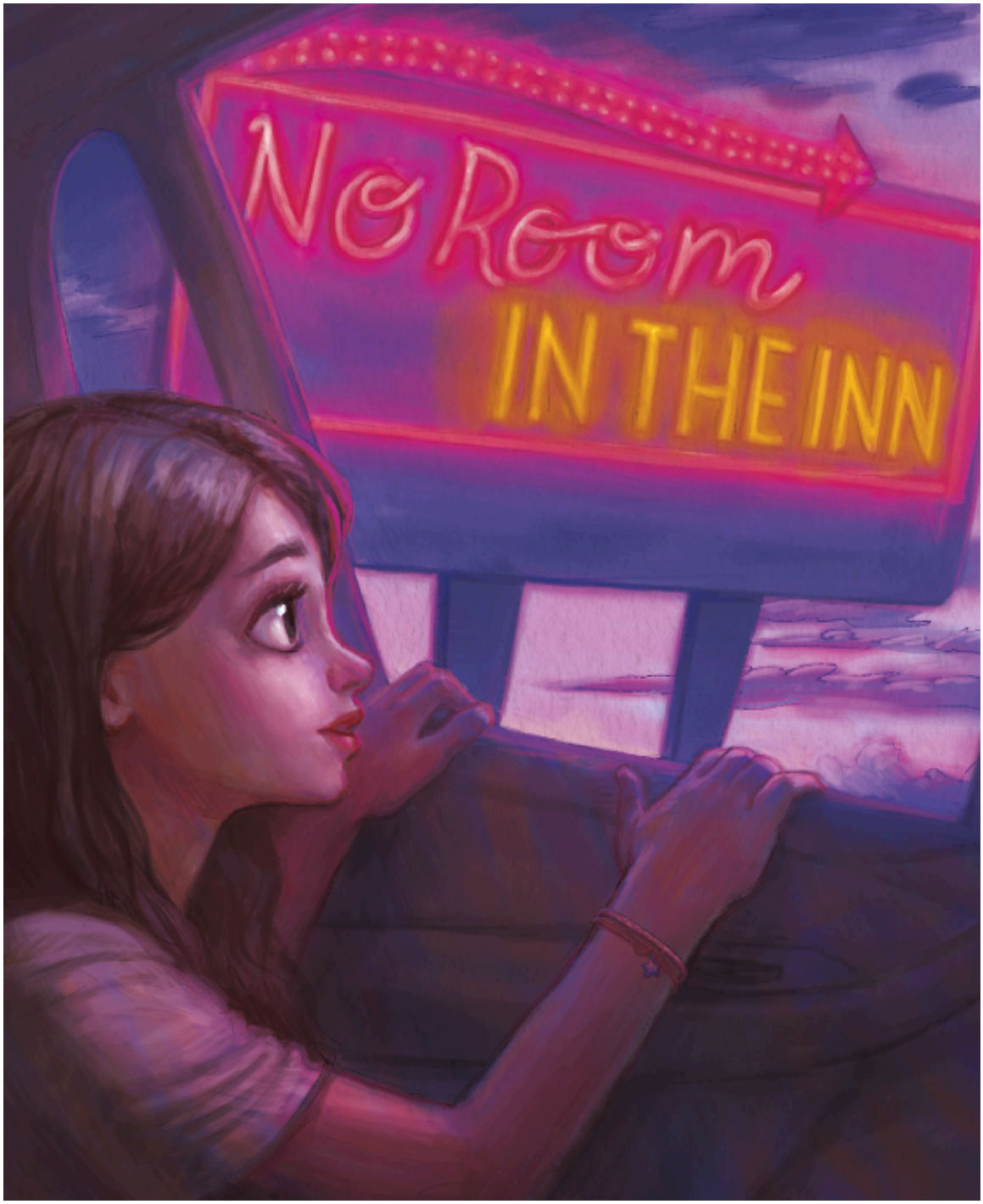
Just like the inn of Bethlehem



Our lives can be so full
Of all the busy things we do



That sometimes without meaning to We don't leave room for Him



We can't go back to Bethlehem



To let the Dear Child in But we can open our heart's door



To young and old
to rich and poor
And share Christ's
love with them

