

There Was No Room for Them in the Inn

Mamie Repplier, 1880

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$\text{♩} = 102$

1. No room for Him, in whose small hand The trou-bled sea and
 2. In vain Thy plead - ing ba - by cry Strikes our deaf souls; we
 3. Fling wide the doors! dear Christ, turn back! The ash - es on my
 4. What bleak - er shel - ter can there be Than my cold heart's te-

migh - ty land Lie cra - dled like a grain of sand; No room, dear Babe, for
 pass Thee by, Un - shel - tered 'neath the win - try sky. No room for God? Shall
 heart lie black— Of light and warmth a to - tal lack. This de - so - la - tion
 - pid - i - ty— Chilled, wind-tossed as the win - ter sea? I shrink from Thy pure

Thee That Christ-mas night; and we E'en dare to shut our sin - ful hearts And
 we Close bar our doors, nor see Our Sav - ior wait - ing just out - side, So
 drear Has filled my heart with fear; How can I bid Thee, Christ, my Lord, Find
 eye: To of - fer— naught have I; Yet, in Thy mer - cy, Lord, I cry, "Pass

Refrain

turn the key.
 turn the key. Fling wide the door, and bid the Lord Come
 en - trance here? Fling wide the door, and bid the Lord come in, Come
 me not by."

in, come in.
 in, come in, come in.