

YOU ARE THE INNKEEPER

The traffic was heavy as families flocked in,
Camels and donkeys, commotion and din;
When Joseph and Mary stopped late on that day.
I, the innkeeper, I turned them away.

The merchants with bags of silver and gold,
You couldn't expect them to stay out in the cold.
But Joseph and Mary had not much to pay.
So I, the innkeeper, I turned them away.

Wise rabbis came too, very solemn of face;
For such honored ones I must sure find a place.
But Joseph and Mary had little to say
When I, the innkeeper, I turned them away.

There were officers also, haughty and bold,
Their uniforms glittered with scarlet and gold.
Joseph and Mary wore homespun of gray
And I, the innkeeper, I turned them away.

The scenes of that day I would like to erase.
The divine Son of God—I gave Him no place.
I welcomed the rich but the humble that day
I, the innkeeper, I turned them away.

O, if you are here and have made Christ no room,
The One who died for you and rose from the tomb,
When He's gently knocking, receive Him today,
YOU ARE THE INNKEEPER, don't turn Him
away.