

## The Inns were Full

John McCulloch

The Inns were full in Bethlehem that bitter winter night,  
And many slept on frosty ground with just the stars for light;  
But Mary's labour pains began far sooner than they'd known;  
The maiden moaned and cried aloud until the babe was born.

She nursed him to her tender breast and tried to keep him warm;  
A hay-filled manger in a cave to keep him safe from harm.  
A vivid star shone over-head and gave a little light;  
Some shepherds from the fields nearby came by to see the sight.

They had no baby clothes with them, so tore up Mary's gown  
To make some bands of swaddling cloth, for clothes to keep him warm.  
No pomp and show this son of God, a humble King was he,  
To show the people of our world just how a king could be.

To-wards this lowly birthing place came wise men from the East;  
Perhaps expecting they would find a palace and a feast.  
They found a thing more precious far: a gift of perfect love,  
Incarnate in a manger bed, to us from God above.

Our God from heav'n to Earth came down upon that wondrous day,  
To save us all from sin and death, and keep us safe for aye.  
To make the world a better place, he showed us how to start;  
But if we are to follow him, we each must play our part.