No Room at the Inn

By Nancy McCallion

*A Christmas song for 2016 dedicated to the refugees that our new President Elect, Donald Trump, would have us turn away out of fear and bigotry.*

No room at the inn, no room at the inn

For all your weary travelers your kith and your kin

There’s no room at the inn

We’re barring the door, we’re barring the door

To all your huddled masses, your tired and poor

We are barring the door

On a cold winter’s night, on a cold winter’s night

The mother of exiles is dousing her light

On a cold winter’s night

No room at the inn, no room at the in

For the least of our brothers who die for our sins

There’s no room at the inn

No room at the inn, no room at the inn

For all your weary travelers your kith and your kin

There’s no room at the inn