

# No. 3 - Song

Moderately ♩ 120

Voice

Piano

There's no room here at the inn, Ma-ry, And it's  
not must so be bad in this straw, Ma-ry, It's  
way, Ma-ry, There's

no good say - ing there is. We're full right up to the  
better than out in the street. You're out of the cut of the  
some-thing that tells me he should. So don't be down in the

roof, dea-rie, We're in a pro - per old tiz. They're  
wind, dea-rie, And I'll fetch you in some-thing to eat. You're  
dumps, dea-rie, It'll all turn out for the good. And the

eat - ing us out of house and home, All through this or - der that's  
hun - gry and home - less the world turns a - way Will we've got some cat - tle that's  
ask him for shel - ter,

come up from Rome, And I'm cer - tain ly tel - ling you true, Ma - ry, The  
cal - ving as well So though it's ter - ri - ble night, Ma - ry, You  
here in the hay, And I'll tell you straight from the start, Ma - ry, They'll

sta - ble's the best we can do, Yes, the sta - ble's the best we can  
won't be a - lone in your plight, No, you won't be a - lone in your  
al - ways find room in his heart, Yes, they'll al - ways find room in his

1. 2.

do.  
plight.  
heart.

It's  
He

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