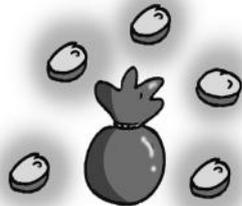


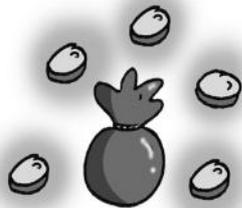


The song of the innkeepers

(Tune: Sing a song of sixpence)



Sing a song of travellers,
There are no empty beds,
Mary and Joseph have nowhere
To lay their weary heads.
When the beds are taken
We all start to sing,
Think of all the lovely cash
That all these travellers bring.



Sing a song of inns full,
Guests are everywhere.
You've arrived too late, mate,
We're full right up to here!
All the space is taken,
The outlook is quite black.
The only place that's empty is—
A stable round the back.

