

1) I'm only the innkeeper's daughter, No one notices me here at all.

My job is the bringing of wa-ter, Though the basin I carry is small,

But at night when the stars whisper songs to the sky,

I lift up my eyes & my soul wants to fly

To hear the sweet words – Should I answer the call, When the basin I have is so small?

2) Last night came such crowds to the city, We turned patrons away by the score.

One last couple – the wife was so pret-ty - And they stood in despair by the door.

The man begged just for shelter – I slipped them away

To the stable & brought them some clean-scented hay.

No one noticed me taking them water at all, 'Cause the basin I carry is small.

3) With the noise and commotion of serving, And the camels tied up by the wall,

Though the light of the Star was unswerving, No one noticed that baby at all!

Till some shepherds came speaking "Good news of great joy",

Which was somehow tied up with the birth of that Boy

And with angels! – no matter what else might befall, I was never such thing as too small!

I'm only the innkeeper's daughter – no one notices me here at all.