

KNOCKING.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knocking?
Who is there?

'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before;—
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder
Undo the door.

No; that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
Bid Him go.
Wherefore, with that knocking dreary
Scare the sleep from one so weary!
Say Him,—no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
What! Still there?
Oh, sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crowned hair;
And those eyes, so strange and tender,
Waiting there;
Open! open! once behold Him,—
Him so fair.