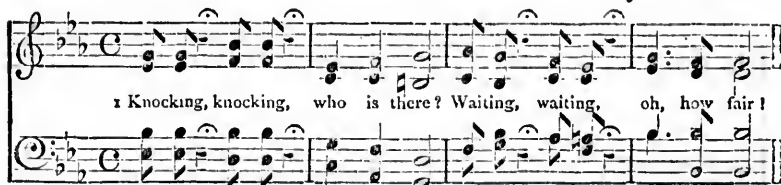
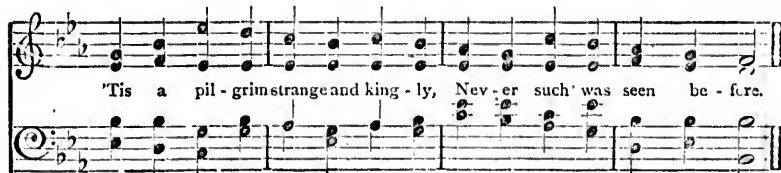


"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR."

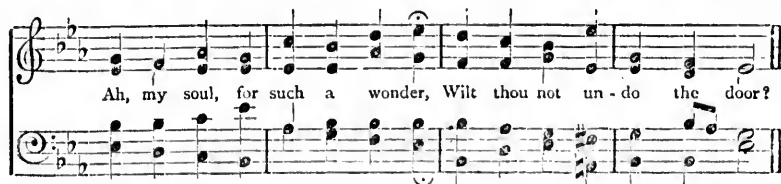
J. C. GUEST.



1 Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!



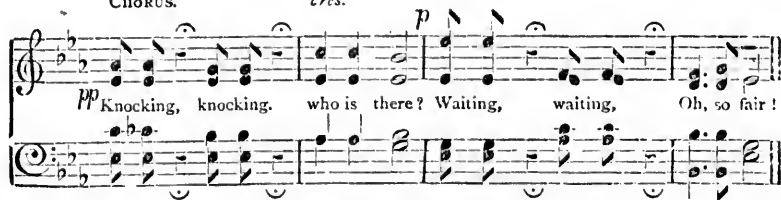
'Tis a pil-grim strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore.



Ah, my soul, for such a wonder, Wilt thou not un-do the door?

CHORUS.

cres.



pp Knocking, knocking. who is there? Waiting, waiting, Oh, so fair!

cres.



pp Knocking, knocking—what, still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!

- 2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.
- 3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,

And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

- 4 Knocking! knocking! what, still there?
Wait not longer, grand and fair!
My poor heart is longing for Thee,
Beateth quick,—flings wide the door.
Come, my Saviour, whisper to me
Thy forgiveness evermore.