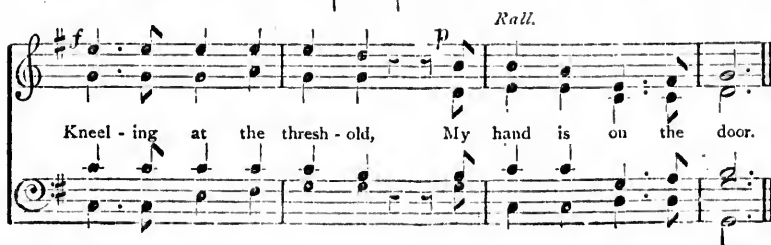


MY HAND IS ON THE DOOR.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS



- 2 A weary path I've travell'd,
Mid darkness, storm, and strife;
Bearing many burdens,
And struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking,
My toil will soon be o'er:
I'm kneeling at the threshold:
My hand is on the door.

Chorus.—Kneeling at the threshold, &c.

- 3 Methinks I hear the voices,
Of loved ones as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine
In that far, sinless land.
Oh, would that I were with them,
Amid their shining throng,
And mingling in their worship,
And joining in their song.

Chorus.—Kneeling at the threshold, &c.

- 4 The friends that started with me
Have enter'd long ago;
One by one they left me,
Still struggling with the foe.
Their pilgrimage was shorter,
Their triumph surer won;
How lovingly they'll hail me
When all my toil is done.

Chorus.—Kneeling at the threshold, &c.

- 5 With them the blessed angels,
That know no grief or sin,
I see them by the portals
Prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure,
Thy time and way are best;
But I'm all worn and weary,
O Father, bid me rest.

Chorus.—Kneeling at the threshold, &c.