

MY HAND IS ON THE DOOR.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS

Kneel - ing at the thresh - old, Wea - ry, faint, and sore;

Kneel - ing at the thresh - old, My hand is on the door.

- 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.