

Glad And praise put to Thee, our trust and in loud Him - ly - sing. lone.

187. Knocking, Knocking

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock..." Rev. 3:20

1. Knock-ing, knock-ing, Who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!
 2. Knock-ing, knock-ing, still He's there, Wait-ing, wait-ing, won-drous fair;
 3. Knock-ing, knock-ing— what! still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair;

'Tis a Pil-grim, strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore;
 But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-vy vine,
 Yes, the pierc-ed hand still knock-eth, And be-neath the crown-ed hair

Ah! my soul, for such a won-der Wilt thou not un-do the door?
 With their dark and cling-ing ten-drils, Ev-er round the hing-es twine.
 Beam the pa-tient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-ior, wait-ing there.