Federal Street L. M.

1. Behold, a Stranger's at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long—is waiting still: You treat no other friend so ill.

2. O love-ly attitude! He stands with melting heart and laden hands: O match-less kindness! and He shows this match-less kindness to His foes.

3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will; the parted, ne'er return; Admit Him, or the hour's 'tis He, With garments dyed on Calvary.

4. Admit Him, ere His anger burn; His feet, de at hand You'll at His door reject-ed stand. A-men.