The Stranger At The Door

1. Behold! a stranger standing at the door; In tones of sweetness hear His voice implore, Hark! hark! He knocks, oh
2. Patient and yet so lovingly He stands; Pierced are the bleeding feet and mangled hands, While from His side a sinner, sinner, hear! Open the door! 'tis Jesus knocking there.
3. Thorny the crown upon His head divine; Sinner, He wore it for your sins and mine! Has ten and open crimson flood I see, Flowing, O sinner; flowing still for Thee. wide the bolted door, Jesus can save you, save forevermore.