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 sinner, sinner, hear! Open the door! 'tis Jesus knocking there.

2. Patient and yet so lovingly He stands, Pierced are the bleeding feet and mangled hands, While from His side a crimson flood I see, Flowing, O sinner; flowing still for Thee.

3. Thorny the crown upon His head divine; Sinner, He wore it for your sins and mine! Has ten and open wide the bolted door, Jesus can save you, save for evermore.