

Knocking, Knocking, Who Is There?

*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door,
I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. 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,
Yea, the wound - ed hand still knock - eth, And be - neath the thorn-wreathed 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.

WORDS: Harriet B. Stowe, *pub.*1867; *alt.* *pub.*1874. MUSIC: George F. Root, *pub.*1874. Public Domain.