The Stranger At The Door

Rev. 3:20

1. Behold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before
2. O lovely attitude,—He stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very friend you need
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out His enemy and thine;
5. Admit Him, ere His anger burn,—His feet, departed, ne'er return;

Has waited long, is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.
O matchless kindness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Calvary.
That soul destroying monster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door reject ed stand.

Chorus

Oh, let the dear Savior come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh, come in,
keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in.

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