O Jesus, Thou art standing







O Jesus, Thou art standing, outside the fast closed door, In lowly patience waiting to pass the threshold o'er: Shame on us, Christian brothers, His Name and sign who bear, O shame, thrice shame upon us, to keep Him standing there!

O Jesus, Thou art knocking; and lo, that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy brow encircle, and tears Thy face have marred: O love that passeth knowledge, so patiently to wait! O sin that hath no equal, so fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, Thou art pleading in accents meek and low, "I died for you, My children, and will you treat Me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow we open now the door; Dear Savior, enter, enter, and leave us nevermore.

William W. How