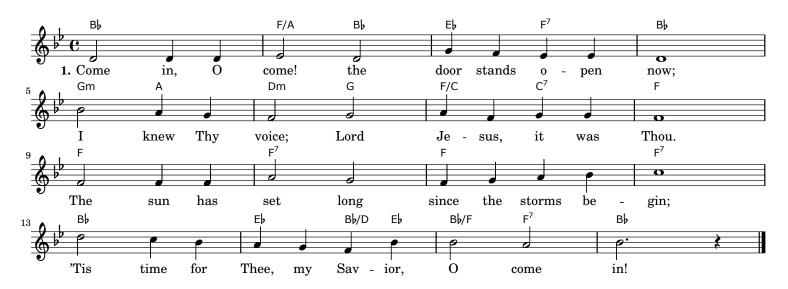
## Come in, O come! the door stands open now

Longings — For Christ

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- 2. Alas, ill-ordered shows the dreary room;
  The household stuff lies heaped amidst the gloom,
  The table empty stands, the couch undressed;
  Ah, what a welcome for th' Eternal Guest!
- 3. Yet welcome, and tonight; this doleful scene
  Is e'en itself my cause to hail Thee in;
  This dark confusion e'en at once demands
  Thine own bright presence, Lord, and ord'ring hands.
- 4. I seek no more to alter things, or mend, Before the coming of so great a Friend; All were at best unseemly; and 'twere ill Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.
- 5. Come, not to find, but make this troubled heart A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art; To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin: Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in!