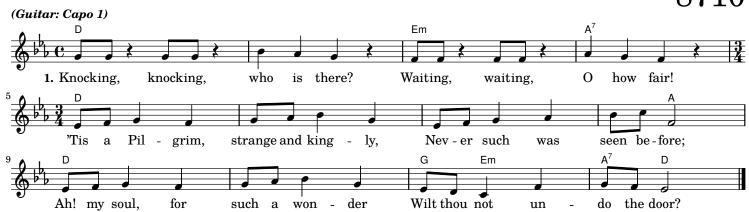
## Knocking, knocking, who is there?

Gospel — Persuasion

8710



- 2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
  Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
  But the door is hard to open,
  For the weeds and ivy vine
  With their dark and clinging tendrils
  Ever round the hinges twice,
  Ever round the hinges twice.
- 3. Knocking, knocking what! still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair; Yea, the wounded hand still knocketh, And beneath the thorn-wreath'd hair Beam the patient eyes, so tender, Of thy Savior waiting there; Wilt thou keep him waiting there?