Knocking, knocking, who is there?

Gospel — Persuasion



- 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?