

The Slighted Stranger
Charles Gabriel, 1908.

A stranger stands outside the door,
And longs thy guest to be;
He knows thy name, for o'er and o'er
He softly calls to thee!
His hands are pierced, His brow is torn,
His face is sad, but sweet
It is the Lord of Paradise!
Arise, thy Savior greet.

Refrain

He was wounded for thy transgressions;
He was bruised for thy sin;
Yet He stands at thy heart's door pleading,
Why, O why not let Him in?

From lonely, dark Gethsemane,
Thru Pilate's hall of shame,
Up over cruel Calvary,
To thee in love He came!
Despised! Rejected! Crucified!
O love, O grace unknown,
That He should still remember thee,
And claim thee for His own!

Refrain

Yet still He waits and calls to thee,
Although ye scarce can hear
The pleading voice, so often has
It fallen on thine ear:
O soul, arise and let Him in,
Lest from the bolted door
In sorrow He should turn away,
To call for thee no more.

Refrain