

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 never more.

Words: William Walsham How, 1867  
Music: St. Catherine (Dale),  
Llangloffan, Ottawa, In der Wiegen  
Meter: 76 76 D