

Knocking, Knocking, Who Is There  
Harriet Stowe(1812-1896)  
George Root(1820-1895)

Knocking, knocking, who is there?  
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!  
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,  
Never such was seen before,  
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder,  
Wilt thou not undo the door?

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 twine.

Knocking, knockingwhat, still there?  
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!  
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,  
And beneath the crowned hair  
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,  
Of thy Savior waiting there.