

# Behold a Stranger at the Door

Robert H. Earnshaw, 1856-1929

Arizona  
L.M.

F Dmin C C7 F 5 B<sup>b</sup> F C7 Fsus4 F

Gmin Dmin C F A7 10 Dmin F7 B<sup>b</sup> D7 Gmin

C Dmin7 C7 F B<sup>b</sup>maj7 15 Csus4 F C7 F

Behold, a Stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still:  
You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a Friend indeed?  
He will; the very Friend you need;  
The Friend of sinners-yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.

O lovely attitude! He stands  
With melting heart and laden hands;  
O matchless kindness! and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine;  
Turn out His enemy and thine,  
That soul destroying monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Admit Him, for the human breast  
Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest;  
No mortal tongue their joys can tell  
With whom He condescends to dwell.

Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,  
O may Thy gentle reign increase:  
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;  
And be His empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg