# Waiting at the Door

Katherine M. Reasoner, 1881

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♩=107

1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will bid me rise and
2. Man-y a wear-y path I've tra-veled, In the dark-est storm and
3. Ma-ny friends that tra-veled with me, Reached that por-tal long a-
4. Yes, their pil-grim-age was short-er, And their tri-umph soon-er

come To the glo-ry of His pre-sence, To the glad-ness of His home.
strife, Bear-ing man-y a heav-y bur-den, Oft-en strug-gling for my life.
-go; One by one they left me bat-tling With the dark and craft-y foe.
won; Oh, how lov-ing-ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.

**Refrain**

They are watch - ing at the por-tal, They are
They are watch-ing, they are watch-ing at the por-tal, They are

wait - ing at the door; Wait-ing on - ly for my com-ing, All the
wait-ing, they are wait-ing at the door; Wait-ing on-ly wait-ing on-ly for me com-ing, All the

loved ones gone be - fore.
loved ones, all the loved ones gone be - fore.