

Kneeling at the Threshold

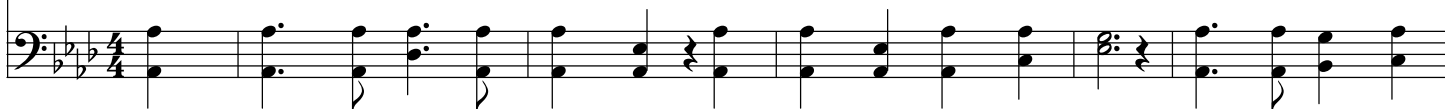
William Lindsay Alexander, 1865, alt.

Charles Crozat Converse, 1870

♩=107



1. I'm kneel - ing at the thresh - old, so wea - ry, faint, and sore, Wait - ing for the
 2. A wea - ry path I've tra - veled, 'mid dark - ness, storm and strife; Bear - ing many a
 3. Me - thinks I hear the voic - es of loved ones as they stand, Sing - ing in the
 4. The friends that start - ed with me have en - tered long a - go; One by one they
 5. With them the bless - ed an - gels, that know no grief or sin, Stand - ing by the



dawn - ing, the op - ening of the door; I'm wait - ing till the Mas - ter shall
 bur - den, and strugg - ling for my life; But now the morn is break - ing, my
 sun - shine, in that fair sin - less land: Oh, would that I were with them, a -
 left me still strugg - ling with the foe; Their pil - grim - age was shor - ter, their
 por - tals, pre - pared to let me in; O Lord, I wait Thy plea - sure— Thy



bid me rise and come To His all glor - ous pre - sence, the glad - ness of His home.
 toil will soon be o'er; I'm kneel - ing at the thresh - old, my hand is on the door.
 - mid their shin - ing throng, And ming - ling in their wor - ship, and join - ing in their song!
 tri - umph sur - er won, How lov - ing - ly they'll hail me, when all my toil is done.
 time and way are best; But I'm all worn and wea - ry; O Fa - ther, bid me rest!



Refrain



Kneel - ing at the thresh - old, wea - ry, faint and sore; Kneel - ing at the thresh - old, my hand is at the door.

