Waiting at the Door

Katherine M. Reasoner, 1881  Tullius Clinton O’Kane

1. I am waiting for the Master, Who will bid me rise and come To the glory of His presence, To the gladness of His home.
2. Many a weary path I’ve traveled, In the darkest storm and strife, Bearing many a heavy burden, Often struggling for my life. They are
3. Many friends that traveled with me, Reached that portal long ago; One by one they left me battling With the dark and crafty foe. They are
4. Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter, And their triumph sooner They are only waiting on me coming, All the loved ones gone before.

Refrain

watching at the portal, They are waiting at the door; Waiting on only for my coming, All the loved ones gone before.

Watch-ing, they are watch-ing at the por-tal, They are wait-ing, they are wait-ing at the door; Wait-ing watch-ing, they are watch-ing at the por-tal, They are 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, all the loved ones gone be-fore.

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