1. Without, a-wait-ing at the thresh-old, Is a stranger pleading in an under-tone.

2. Without, a-wait-ing at the thresh-old, Is a faith-ful Friend you’ve slight-ed o’er and o’er;

3. With-out, a-wait-ing at the thresh-old, With His mant-le damp-en-ed by the fall-ing dew—

At noon-day and the si-lent mid-night slum-b’ring, At break of day and in the twi-light gloom.
With pier-ced hands and thorn-marks on His fore-head, The hu-man heart could ask for noth-ing more.
An-oth-er friend long since would have de-part-ed— In pa-tient love He lin-gers still for you.

When hope is bright, or dark’ning clouds are low-’ring; Wait-ing since thy child-hood’s ear-ly dawn,
His vis-age, marred by Cal-vry’s cru-el an-guish, Tells of love thy bos-om hath not known;
He bore our grief and car-ried all our sor-rows; Let Him wait no long-er there a-lone;

The Price of peace, the Fa-ther’s on-ly Son, Wills to make thy heart His ro-yal throne.
The well-be-loved, the Fa-ther’s cho-sen One— Wait-ing still to claim thee for His own.
In pen-i-tence re-quire the Guest un-known; Bid Him come, thy heart to make His throne.

Refrain after last verse

Sin-ner, will you let Him in? Turn, oh, turn Him not a-way.
Sin-ner, will you let Him in? Oh, sin-ner, will you let Him in? Turn Him not,