1 O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
Whose name and sign we bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marr'd:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat me so?"

\textbf{Lux Mundi} (7.6.7 6.D.)

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O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.