

The Salvation Army

"The Stable Door"

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Open wide the stable door,
Monarchs rich and shepherds poor
Wait to tread the holy floor
Where lies the Son of God.

See, they bring Him gifts of gold,
Tender lambs from Judah's fold,
As with awe their eyes behold
The infant Son of God.

I am not a wealthy King,

Naught have I for offering.
E'en a lamb I cannot bring
To give Thee, Son of God.

Yet I would be at Thy side
And the door is open wide!
What can empty hands provide,
Oh, what, Thou Son of God?

Not without can I remain,
Not my heart's deep urge restrain,
Trembling 'neath my love and pain,
I come, dear Son of God.

Now I bow me at Thy stall,
Giftless, yet I give Thee all;
Thou art the Lord, and I am thrall
To Thee, O Son of God!

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