THE DROPS OF THE NIGHT



- 2. All heaven is in his earnest voice, all glory on his brow so fair: in sorrowing love he stands without; and who, who keeps him there?
- 3. 'Open to me, beloved one, with me thy heart and dwelling share:' but still at the barred door he stands;

and who, who keeps him there?

4. He hath no place to lay his head, no one a home or roof will spare: no one respondeth when he knocks; and who, who keeps him there?

5. The winds are out, the storm is up, freezing and sharp the midnight air: he dos not leave, but knocketh on; and who, who keeps him there?

6. Our ear is sealed, our heart s cold, and we refuse both hearth and fare: he speaks, we hear not: Ah, 'tis we, yes, we who keep him there.

7. But now no more we shut thee out, O thou, the fairest of the fair: come in, thou blessed One; we will no longer keep thee there.

8. He cometh in, my board I spread, my wine and viands I prepare: the night-drops fall, the night-winds blow; he is no longer there.

9. He sups with me, and I with him, I wipe the night-drops from his hair: I hear no more his knock without; he is no longer there.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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