**Stranger, standing at my door**

Stranger, standing at my door,

you disturb me in the night:

you have needs I can't ignore,

you have eyes that speak your plight.

Do I know you, nameless face,

battered woman, detainee,

hungry youth or sickness case,

jobless parent, refugee--

*Do I know you, nameless face?
Do I know you, nameless face?*

You are strange in speech and dress,

you have children at your side,

you are not like one of us--

you have begged away your pride.

If you passed across my screen

I might switch you out of sight,

worlds away you might have been,

yet you stand here in the night.

*Do I know you, nameless face?*

*Do I know you, nameless face?*

I am fearful of your claim,

yet I cannot turn away.

Stranger with the foreign name,

are you angel come to stay?

You are messenger and guest,

you the Christ I can't ignore,

you my own compassion's test,

stranger, standing at my door.

*You, the Christ I can't ignore.
You, the Christ I can't ignore.*

Words: Shirley Erena Murray. © 1997 Hope Publishing Company
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