

Keeper Of The Door

Twila Paris

I dreamed I saw my name in lights
And spoke Your word for all to hear
I dreamed my name was recognized
By people far and people near

But I have come to understand
Like David long ago
That humble service in Your house
Is still the greatest dream a heart can hold

Oh, let me be a servant, a keeper of the door
My heart is only longing to see forever more
The glory of Your presence the dwelling of the Lord
Oh, let me be a servant, a keeper of the door

The One who was no less than God
Took on the flesh of lowly men
And came to wash the feet of clay
Because it was Your holy plan

And I, no greater than my King
Would ever seek a place
Of humble service in Your house
To gaze into the light that is Your face

Oh, let me be a servant, a keeper of the door
My heart is only longing to see forever more
The glory of Your presence the dwelling of the Lord
Oh, let me be a servant, a keeper of the door