

Behold the Bridegroom Cometh  
George Root, 19th Century.

Our lamps are trimmed and burning,  
Our robes are white and clean;  
We've tarried for the Bridegroom,  
Oh, may we enter in?  
We know we've nothing worthy  
That we can call our own  
The light, the oil, the robes we wear,  
Are all from Him alone.

Refrain

Behold the Bridegroom cometh!  
And all may enter in  
Whose lamps are trimmed and burning  
Whose robes are white and clean.

Go forth, go forth to meet Him,  
The way is open now,  
All lighted with the glory  
That's streaming from His brow.  
Accept the invitation  
Beyond deserving kind;  
Make no delay, but take your lamps,  
And joy eternal find.

Refrain

We see the marriage splendor  
Within the open door;  
We know that those who enter  
Are blest forevermore.  
We see His is more lovely  
Than all the sons of men,  
But still we know the door, once shut,  
Will never ope again.

Refrain