

Yet There Is Room

Horatius Bonar, 1872.

Uzziah Burnap, 1895.

"Yet there is room": the Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

Yet there is room: still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

O enter in; that banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting joy is free;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

All Heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last low, long cry, "No room, no room!"
No room, no room! O woeful cry, "No room!"