

Behold, The Bridegroom Cometh!

G. F. Root

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1 mel. 2 mel. 3 mel. 4

8 mel. 1.) Our lamps are trimm'd and burn- ing, Our robes are white and clean,
2.) Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now,
3.) We see the mar - riage splen - dor With - in the o - pen door;

5 mel. 6 mel. 7 mel. 8 mel. 9

8 mel. We've tar - ried for the Bride - groom, Oh, may we en - ter in?
All light - ed with the glo - ry That's stream - ing from His brow.
We know that those who en - ter Are blest for - ev - er - more!

10 mel. 11 mel. 12 mel. 13 mel. 14

8 mel. We know we've noth - ing worth - y That we can call our own
Ac - cept the in - vi - ta - tion Be - yond de - serv - ing kind;
We see He is more love - ly Than all the sons of men,

15 16 17 18 19 20

The light, the oil, the robes we wear, Are all from Him a-lone.
 Make no de-lay, but take your lamps, And joy e-ter-nal find.
 But still we know the door once shut, Will nev-er ope a-gain.

21 mel. 22 23 24 25

Be-hold, the Bride-groom com-eth! And all may en-ter in,

26 27 28 29 30

Whose lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Whose robes are white and clean.