

Behold the Bridegroom Cometh

I

Behold the Bridegroom cometh
At the hour of midnight drear,
And blest be he who watcheth
When his Master shall appear,
But woe betide the careless one
Asleep when He is near!

II

O soul of mine, bestir thee
Lest thou sink in slumber quite,
And the Bridegroom find thee sleeping
When He cometh in His might.
Awake, awake to praises,
For He cometh in the night.

III

That fearful day approacheth,
Then live, O soul, aright,
And watch the hour, and trim thy lamp
And keep it burning bright,
Lest the voice be heard, 'He cometh!
In the middle of the night.

IV

Beware when slumber binds thee,
Lest the Bridegroom pass thee by,
And thou knock without in darkness,
And for grief and anguish cry;
Take thy lamp, with oil, and trim it,
For the hour is drawing nigh.