

Behold the Bridegroom Cometh (Root)
Words and Music: George Root, 1870.

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