Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh

George Frederick Root, 1870

3. We see the marriage splendor With in the open door; We

2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is open now, All

1. Our lamps are trimmed and burning, Our robes are white and clean; We've

Our lamps are trimmed and burning, Our robes are white and clean; We've
tarried for the Bride-groom, Oh, may we enter in? We know we've nothing
know that those who enter Are blest forever more. We see His is more
light ed with the glory That's streaming from His brow. Accept the invi-
wor thy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear, Are
exalta tion Beyond deserving kind; Make no delay, but take your lamps, And
love ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door, once shut, Will

lamps are trimmed and burning Whose robes are white and clean.