

# Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh

George Frederick Root (1820-1895)

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

tar - ried for the Bride-groom, Oh, may we en - ter in? We know we've no-thing  
light - ed with the glo - ry That's stream-ing from His brow. Ac - cept the in - vi-  
know that those who en - ter Are blest for-ev - er - more. We see His is more

wor - thy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear, Are  
- ta - tion Be - yond de - serv - ing kind; Make no de - lay, but take your lamps, And  
love - ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door, once shut, Will

*Refrain*

all from Him a - lone.  
joy e - tern - al find. Be - hold the Bride-groom com-eth! And all may en-ter in Whose  
nev-er ope a - gain.

lamps are trimmed and burn-ing Whose robes are white and clean.