

Slow, with expression.

1. Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,
 2. Day is de-clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shad - ows length-en,
 3. The brid - al hall is fill - ing for the feast: Pass in, pass in, and
 4. It fills, it fills, that hall of ju - bi - lee! Make haste, make haste: 'tis

REFRAIN *p* *mf*
 beck - ons thee a - long; Room, room, still room! Oh, en-ter, en - ter now!
 light makes haste to go.
 be the Bridegroom's guest. (*Verse 8 only*)
 not too full for thee. *No room! no room! Oh, woe-ful cry - "No room!"*

Yet There Is Room

- 5** Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate is love; it is not yet too late.
- 6** Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee:
That cup of everlasting love is free.
- 7** Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call:
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall.
- 8** Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry, "No room! no room!"