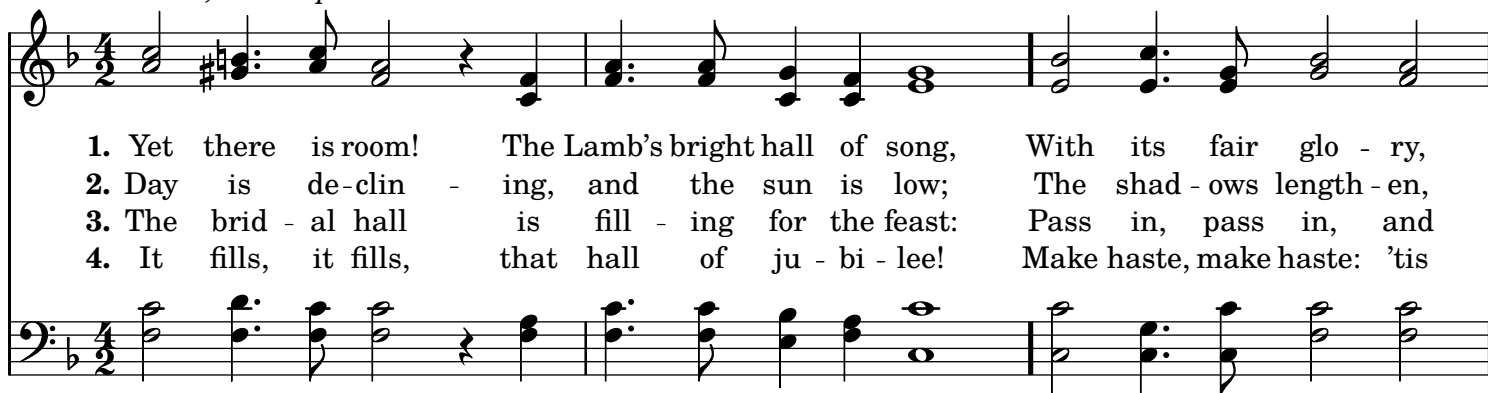
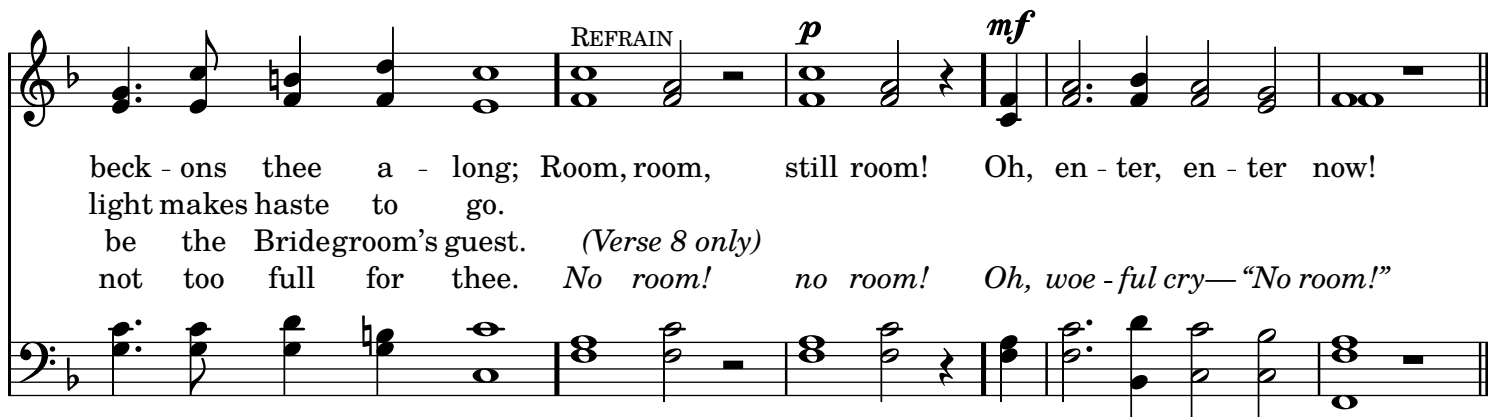


Slow, with expression.


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!"*

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!"