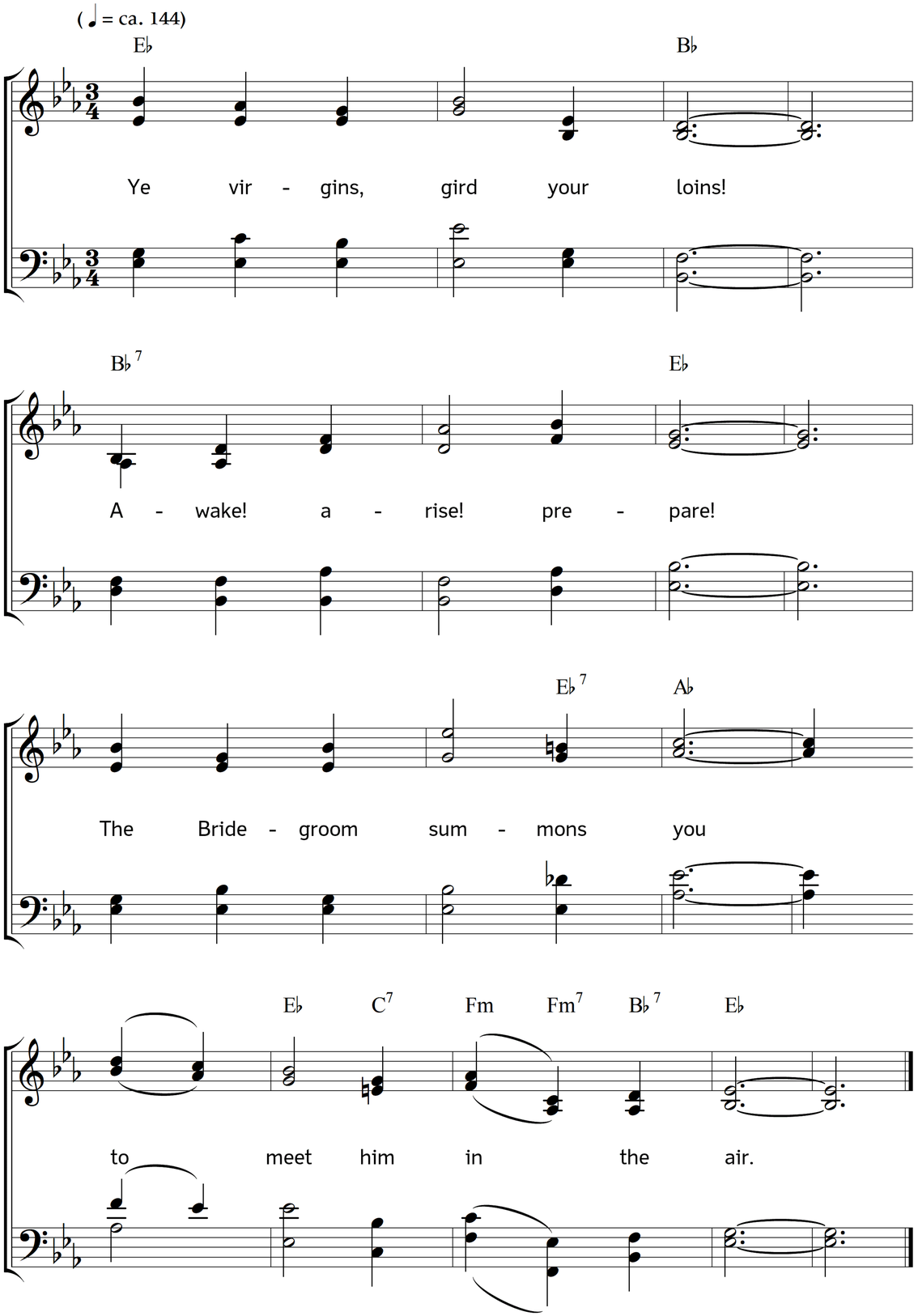
"BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH"



2. Ye virgins, trim your lamps;
it is the midnight cry!
Behold, the Bridegroom comes;
he whom ye love so nigh.

3. Ye virgins, take your harps;
tune every golden string:
he tarries now no more;
he comes, your Bridegroom King!

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.

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