Angels ascending and descending

Carrying vessels every one

Preparing and laying all the tables

The feast of the ages has begun

Did you receive your invitation?

Did you respond right away?

Or did you find yourself too busy?

The cares of the world in the way

Do you have your garment ready?

Are you now waiting and prepared?

Have you fresh oil in your lamp now?

Or do you find yourself ensnared?

It's not too late

It's not too late

Awaken now and choose

Put on your spotless garment

There is no time to lose

Angels ascending and descending

All of the tables nearly done

Putting the place-names at each table

I wonder, my friend, will you have one?

Guests are arriving at the door now

Angels are checking they are known

Leading them all to different tables

The appointed seat of each is shown

It's not too late

It's not too late

Awaken now and choose

Put on your spotless garment

There is no time to lose

Find your place

Find your place

Find the measure

Of His grace appointed you

At your seat you will meet

The good works

He's prepared for you

To walk out in the kingdom

Of the Son

The measured portion of His glory

The hope to which you're called

Press on to lay hold of that

For which you have been born

It's not too late

It's not too late

Awaken now and choose

Put on your spotless garment

There is no time to lose

All of creation has been waiting

Groaning, travailing everywhere

What God's been working on in secret

His wisdom now openly is shown

It's not too late

It's not too late

Awaken now and choose

Put on your spotless garment

There is no time to lose

Find your place

Find your place

Find the measure

Of His grace appointed you

At your seat you will meet

The good works He's prepared for you

To walk out in the kingdom

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The measured portion of His glory

The hope to which you're called

Press on to lay hold of that

For which you have been born

Christ in a many membered body

Every joint and limb supplies

A cry goes out now from Mount Zion

Let all the lost come now and dine

It's not too late

It's not too late

Awaken now and choose

Put on your spotless garment

There is no time to lose

All of creation has been waiting

Groaning, travailing everywhere

Things far beyond what we can dream of

My friend, are you sure you will be there?

Leave all the things that held you captive

Hear now the call of the Son

It sounds in the highways and the byways

Answer the call, my friend, and come

Find your place

Find your place

Find the measure

Of His grace appointed you

At your seat you will meet

The good works He's prepared for you

To walk out in the kingdom

Of the Son

The measured portion

Of His glory

The hope to which you're called

Press on to lay hold of that

For which you have been

It's not too late

It's not too late

Awaken now and choose

Put on your spotless garment

There is no time to lose

Answer the call, my friend

The call, my friend

And come

Answer the call

Answer the call

And come