

Too Late

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1877. Music: Howard Doane.

Too late? Ah, no, the pulse of life still throbs within thy breast;
And while that blessed spark remains, thy soul may find a rest.
The Lord in mercy spares thee yet, His love to thee is great;
But do not tempt that love too far, or it may be too late.

Refrain

Too late, too late,
Soon 'twill be too late;
Too late, too late,
Soon 'twill be too late.

He stands, He knocks, He calls, He waits, He tarries at thy heart;
Canst thou reject His gracious call? And wilt thou say depart?
O, think on what a slender thread this moment hangs thy fate;
Arise admit thy heav'nly Guest, or it may be too late.

Refrain

Behold His hands, His bleeding side, His crown of thorns behold!
And let His arms, extended wide, Thy trembling form enfold.
His mercy lengthens out thy days, His love to thee is great;
O, do not tempt that love too far, or it may be too late.

Refrain