

Too Late

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William Howard Doane

1. Too late? Ah, no, the pulse of life still throbs with - in thy breast; And
 2. He stands, He knocks, He calls, He waits, He tar - ries at thy heart; Canst
 3. Be - hold His hands, His bleed - ing side, His crown of thorns be - hold! And

while that bless - ed spark re - mains, thy soul may find a rest. The Lord in mer - cy
 thou re - ject His gra - cious call? And wilt thou say de - part? O, think on what a
 let His arms, ex - tend - ed wide, Thy tremb - ling form en - fold. His mer - cy length - ens

sparcs thee yet, His love to thee is great; But do not tempt that love too far, or it may be too
 slen - der thread this mo - ment hangs thy fate; A - rise— a - dmit thy heav' n - ly Guest, or it may be too
 out thy days, His love to thee is great; O, do not tempt that love too far, or it may be too

Refrain

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