

Too Late

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William Howard Doane

♩=105



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



Refrain



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



late.

