1. Too late, 'twill be for you to cry, When mercy's day has passed you by! When solemn night of dark despair. Shall come upon you halting there! more! Rejected, there thy soul will be Shut out, thro' all eternity! bey? And be prepared to enter there, A pure and spotless robe to wear? cide! Come out where Christ can touch thy soul, And at this moment be made whole!

Too late, too late, poor trembling soul! O will this be your fate?

Too late, too late to be made whole! Too late, too late, too late!