



Too Late, Too Late, Will Be My Cry

Come sing and praise our glorious Lord,
Exalt His mighty name abroad,
Now spread the glories of His name,
Tell to the world His worthy fame.

He'll rule the Earth from sea to sea,
Exalted then His name will be,
Man may despise His glory now
But every knee to Him shall bow.

Now let the pompous boasts of men
Proclaim aloud, blaspheming blend,
With spirit blind they fail to know
The place called Hell to which they go.

That day is coming swiftly fast
When they shall bow their knee at last,
And then proclaim bowed down to Thee,
"Thou art the Christ who died for me".

But I in willful blindness turned,
Rejecting love and mercy spurned,
I cared not for that blessed man,
Despising God's salvation plan.

But then too late will be the cry
For in my sins I dared to die,
And banished now, eternally,
Hell's awful grief for me will be.

I heard that on the cross Christ died,
And Heaven's door He opened wide
To welcome all who enter there,
Eternal bliss with Him to share.

The Lord is risen, He's now on high
And I must face Him, bye and bye,
How very wise would I then be
To trust the Man of Calvary.

To enter His eternal rest,
Sing with the ransomed and the blest,
I'll praise the Christ of Calvary
Who suffered, bled and died for me.

. . . . *Rowan Jennings*