



1. What means this ea - ger, anx - ious throng, Which moves with bus - y haste a - long,
2. Je - sus! 'tis He who once be - low Man's path - way trod, mid pain and woe;
3. Ho! all ye heav - y la - den, come! Here's par - don, com - fort, rest and home.
4. But if you still His call re - fuse, And all His won - drous love a - buse,



These won - drous gath - rings day by day? What means this strange com - mo - tion, pray?
 And bur - dened ones, wher - e'er He came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
 Ye wand - rers from a Fa - ther's face, Re - turn, ac - cept His proffered grace.
 Soon will He sad - ly from you turn, Your bit - ter prayer for par - don spurn.



In ac - cents hushed the throng re - ply,	"Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."
The blind re - joiced to hear the cry,	"Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."
Ye tempt - ed ones, there's ref - uge nigh:	"Je - sus of Naz - areth pass - eth by."
"Too late, too late" will be the cry—	"Je - sus of Naz - areth has passed by."



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