

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 wondrous gath'ring's day by day? What means this strange com - motion, pray?
 And bur - dened ones, wher - e'er He came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
 Ye wand'ers 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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