

Tomorrow
A. C. Cidenton, 1907.
Allan Sankey.

Dost thou know, O trifling mortal,
Where tomorrow will be spent?
Hast thou hope beyond death's portal
Should swift call for thee be sent?

Refrain

One more hour to seek the Savior,
His once offered love to grasp;
What were worlds beside the favor
Of Thy loving hand to clasp?

Think what unavailing sorrow
When that morrow is today;
What wouldst thou not give to borrow
One brief hour from life's lost day!

Refrain

Now that love is waiting for thee,
That pierced hand held out to save;
All His cruel wounds implore you,
"Come, My life for you I gave!"

Refrain

There may be no more tomorrow,
No more suns for thee may rise;
Thine no more earth's joys and sorrows,
Smiling morn, or evening skies.

Refrain

Oh, how longer can you grieve Him,
How His mercy turn away?
Come, with thankful tears receive Him;
Come to Jesus, come today!

Refrain