

# “Today”

George Campgell Morgan, 1903

May Whittle Moody

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. “To - day”! O bless - èd word of hope, And la - den still with Heav’n’s own  
2. Light falls a - round the ru - ined soul, The wind of God blows with new  
3. Then day shall ne - ver end in night, But night be merged in per - fect  
4. But if thou hard - en still thy heart, To - day will van - ish in - to  
5. Oh, bless - èd Mas - ter of “To - day,” To Thee I yield my stub - born

breath; The night is past— and has not come, Be - tween the shades life con - quers  
lust! Fling back the shut - ters! Swing the door! An - swer God’s breath up - on thy  
day; And all the forc - es of God’s life Con - trol thy life with might - y  
night, The wind of God no lon - ger blow, Life close in dark e - clipse of  
will; Thou Sun of health, re - new my life; And with Thy - self my be - ing

*Refrain* ***ff*** ***pp***

death.  
dust.  
sway. “To - day,” if ye will hear His voice, To - day, if ye will hear His voice,  
light.  
fill.

***ff*** ***pp***

Hard-en not your heart, Hard-en not your heart.