



# Perhaps Today



*John D. Short,*

*"Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Titus 2:1).*

Today? Perhaps! Perhaps today!  
The Lord may come and catch away  
His ransomed Body, His blood-bought Bride  
To take her place at His blest side;  
When passed and living saints shall share  
The trumpet summons to the air.

Perhaps today ! Yes ! He may come  
And call us to our Heavenly home ?  
That wondrous place beyond compare  
Which He, in love does now prepare;  
Our father's house! How sweet, how blest,  
To be for evermore at rest.

Today? Perhaps! Tis true! Today!  
Ere nightfall we may be away;  
Transported home! How blest, how grand!  
Transported home to gloryland!  
One twinkling moment, then to be  
With Him for all eternity.

Perhaps today ! Then why the fear?  
Tomorrow, we may not be here!  
The thing so dreaded may not come  
We shall be safely gathered home!  
The threat'ning storm-cloud may not break  
Till, in His presence, we awake.



Perhaps today! Then much-tried saint,  
Look up, nor let your spirit faint;  
The stretched out road your eyes now see  
May never be traversed by thee?  
One moment's space and then above.  
To find yourself in cloudless love !





Perhaps today, afflicted life,  
You shall be taken from the strife;  
From all the hatred of His Word  
And for your witness to your Lord.  
And then, ah then, how small the pain  
Compared with all you then shall gain.

Perhaps today the fight will cease,  
And then - eternal, wondrous peace!  
The evil hosts that rage and roar  
Shall reach us there? No, nevermore!  
O blessed hope, to then be free  
For ever through eternity,

We'll meet again - perhaps today.  
The dear ones who have passed away.  
The loved ones now whose bodies sleep.  
The ones that Jesus now does keep;  
O wondrous joy to meet them there  
At that blest union in the air!

Perhaps today the chains that bind,  
Which fetter feet and hands and mind,  
Shall all be snapped and we shall be  
Like uncaged eagles - boundless free;  
And upward swiftly shall we soar  
To be with Christ for evermore.

Perhaps today this mortal frame  
With all enfeebled nature's claim  
Shall be exchanged, and we shall own  
A 'temple' where shall not be known  
A sense of weakness or decay.  
Or strength that often ebbs away.

Perhaps today we all shall stand  
At Christ's tribunal- wondrous grand;  
There gathered through redeeming love;  
All ransomed, yet to have Him prove  
Life's service; and to gain reward.  
Where life or labour pleased the Lord.





Perhaps today! He'll come most sure,  
This hope is how He keeps us pure !  
To have us watching, ready free,  
Untrammelled from iniquity:  
That we may meet Him without shame,  
Of conscious sense of guilt or blame.



Today perhaps! Perhaps today!  
Yes, He may come! Then watch and pray!  
This 'Blessed Hope' keep much in view;  
Nor deem it dead, though taught by few,  
And be as urgent as we may  
In winning souls, while 'tis Today.

(John Short is from the Christian Book Room Hong Kong  
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