Still Sweeter Every Day

Words: William C. Morris, 1899
Music: C. Austin Miles, 1899

To Jesus ev'ry day I find my heart is closer drawn; He's

fair-er than the glory of the gold and purple dawn; He's all my

fancy pictures in its fairest dreams and more; Each day He grows still

sweeter than He was the day before. The half... cannot be

fancied this side... the golden shore; Oh,

there... He'll be still sweeter than He ever was before.