Still Sweeter Every Day

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

G C G
1. To J e-sus ev-ry day I find my heart is clos-er drawn; He's
   fair-er than the glo-ry of the gold and pur-ple dawn; He's all my
   fancy pictures in its fair-est dreams and more; Each day He grows still
   sweet-er than He was the day be-fore.

G C G A D D7 G
2. His glo-ry broke up-on me when I saw Him from a-far; He's
   fair-er than the li-ly, bright-er than the morn-ing star; He fills and
   sat-is-fies my long-ing spir-it o'er and o'er; Each day He grows still
   sweet-er than He was the day be-fore. The half . . . can-not be
   fancied this side . . . the gold-en shore; Oh,

C A D
3. My heart is some-times heav-y, but He comes with sweet re-lease; He
   folds me to His bos-om when I droop with blight-ing grief; I love the
   side the golden shore, The half can-not be fancied on this side the golden
   there . . . He'll be still sweet-er than He ev-er was be-fore. The half . . .
   there He'll be still sweeter than He ev-er was be-fore, than He ev-er was be-fore.
   there . . .