

Still Sweeter Every Day

Words: William C. Morris, 1899

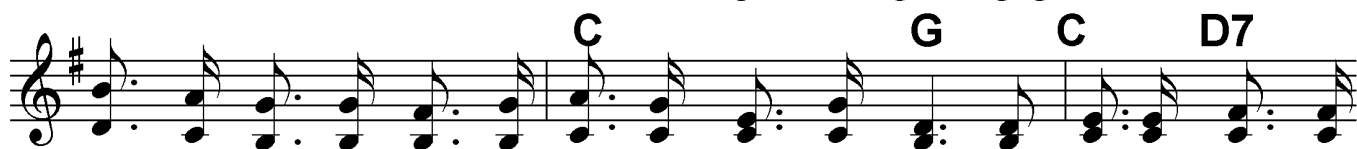
Music: C. Austin Miles, 1899



1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is clos - er drawn; He's
2. His glo - ry broke up - on me when I saw Him from a - far; He's
3. My heart is some-times heav-y, but He comes with sweet re - lease; He



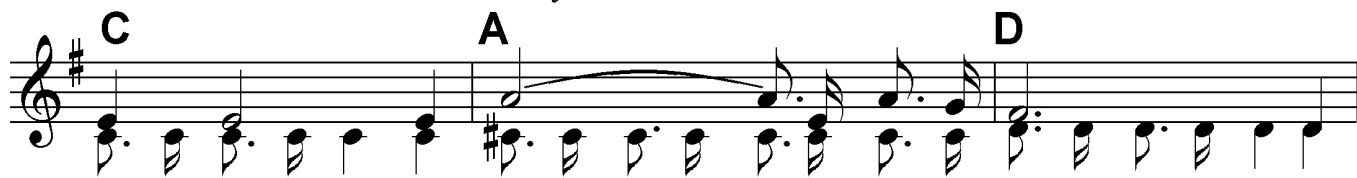
fair - er than the glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's all my
 fair - er than the li - ly, bright - er than the morn - ing star; He fills and
 folds me to His bos - om when I droop with blight - ing grief; I love the



fan - cy pic - tures in its fair - est dreams and more; Each day He grows still
 sat - is - fies my long - ing spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day He grows still
 Christ who all my bur - dens in His bo - dy bore; Each day He grows still



sweet - er than He was the day be - fore.
 sweet - er than He was the day be - fore. The half . . . can - not be
 sweet - er than He was the day be - fore. The half can - not be fan - cied on this



fan - cied this side . . . the gold - en shore; Oh,
 side the golden shore, The half can - not be fancied on this side the golden shore; Oh,



there . . . He'll be still sweet - er than He ev - er was be - fore.
 there He'll be still sweeter than He ev - er was be - fore, than He ev - er was be - fore.