

# Still Sweeter Every Day

W. C. Martin

C. Austin Miles

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

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

He's all my fan - cy pic - tures in its fair - est dreams, and more,  
He fills and sat - is - fies my long - ing spir - it o'er and o'er,  
I love the Christ who all my bur - dens in His bod - y bore,

Each day He grows still sweet er than He was the day be fore. The half  
cannot be fancied,

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

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