Still Sweeter Every Day

William Clark Martin, 1899

Charles Austin Miles

1. To Jesus every day I find my heart is closer drawn, He’s
   fairer than the glory of the gold and purple dawn; He’s
   all my fancy pictures in its fairest dreams, and more, Each
   love the Christ who all my burdens in His body bore, Each
   day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before. The

2. His glory broke upon me when I saw Him from afar, He’s
   fairer than the lily, brighter than the morning star; He
   folds me to His bosom when I droop with blighting grief; I
   fills and satisfies my longing spirit o’er and o’er, Each
   love the Christ who all my burdens in His body bore, Each
   day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before. The

3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but He comes with sweet relief, He
   love the Christ who all my burdens in His body bore, Each
   love the Christ who all my burdens in His body bore, Each
   love the Christ who all my burdens in His body bore, Each

Refrain

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half can not be fancied This side the gold-en
half can-not be fancied on this side the gold-en shore, The half can-not be fancied on this
shore; O there He’ll be still sweet er Than He
side the gold-en shore; Oh, there He’ll be still sweet-er than He ev-er was be-fore, than He
ev-er was be-fore.
ev-er was be-fore.