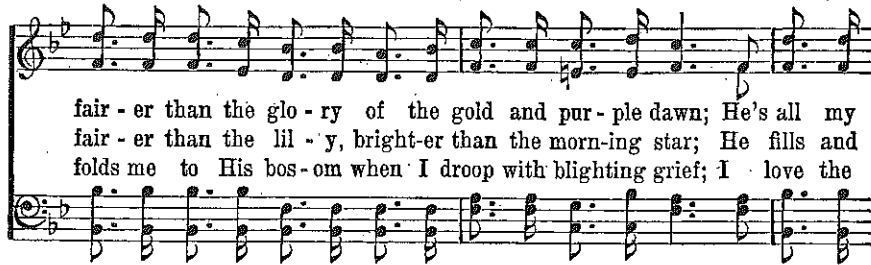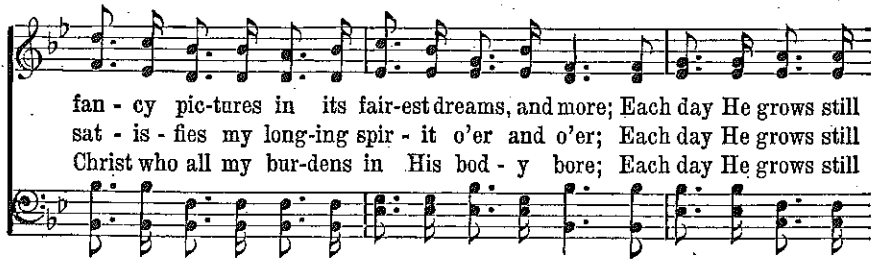# Still Sweeter Every Day*

W. C. Martin   C. Austin Miles

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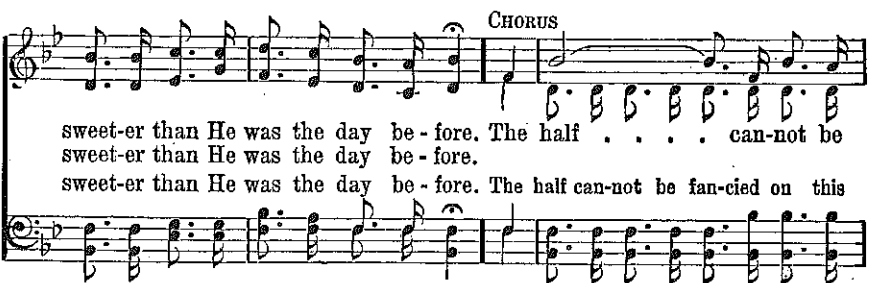3. My heart is some-times heav-y, but He comes with sweet re - lief; He

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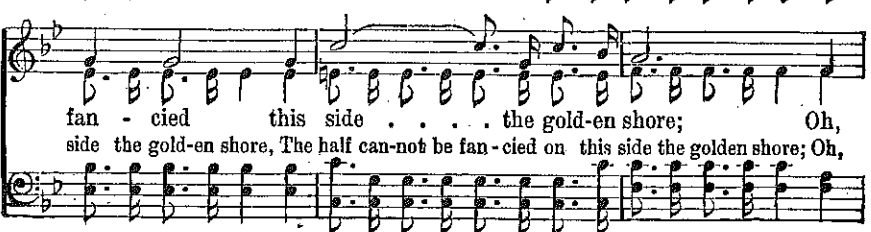folds me to His bos - om when I droop with blighting grief; I love the

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
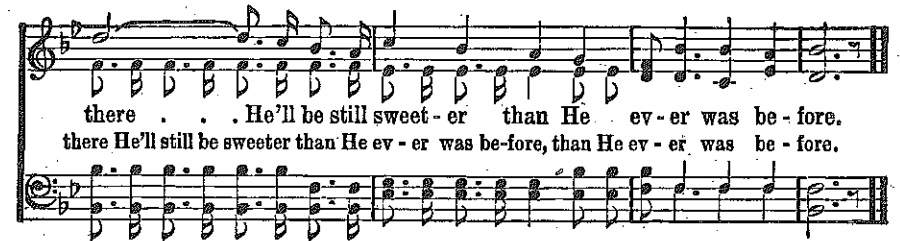Christ who all my bur-dens in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows still

CHORUS

sweet-er than He was the day be - fore. The half . . . . can-not be
sweet-er than He was the day be - fore.
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 gold-en shore, The half can-not be fan - cied on this side the golden shore; Oh,
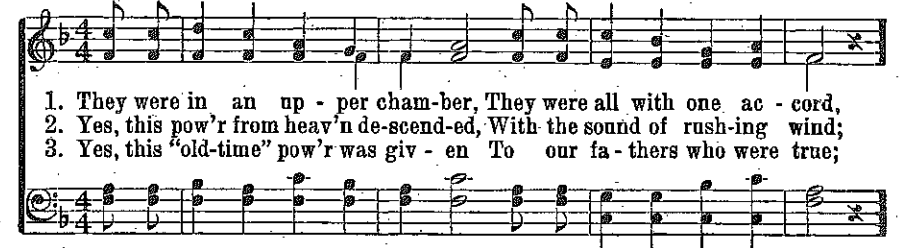
Still Sweeter Every Day

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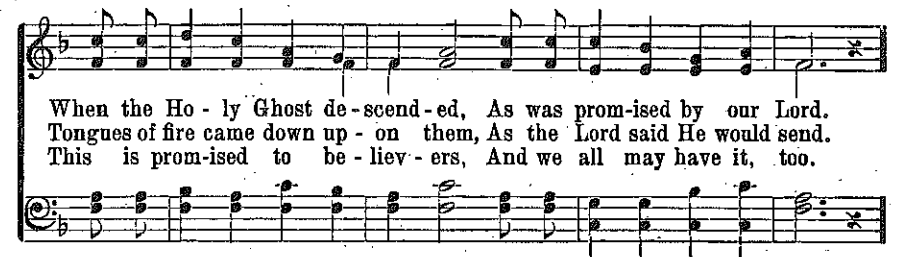there He'll still be sweeter than He ev - er was be-fore, than He ev - er was be - fore.

Old - Time Power*

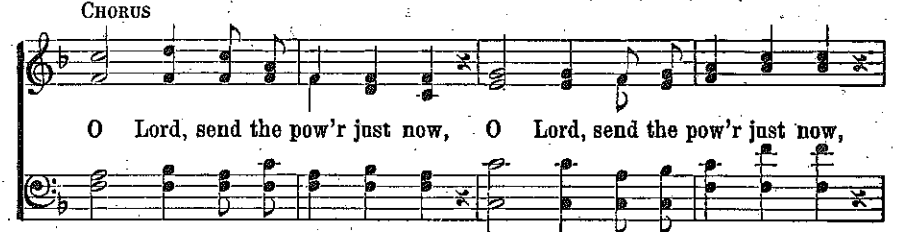C. D. T.   Charlie D. Tillman

1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend-ed, With the sound of rush-ing wind;
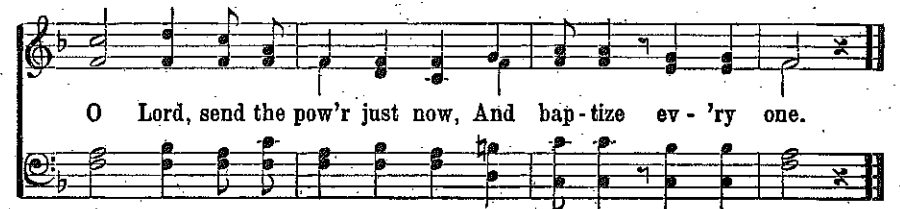3. Yes, this "old-time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it, too.

CHORUS

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now,

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one.