

C. Austin Miles

"The Half Cannot Be Fancied"

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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 it's
Fairest dreams and more.
Each day he grows still sweeter
Than he was the day before.

CHORUS:

The half cannot be fancied on this side the golden shore;
The half cannot be fancied on this side the golden shore;
Oh, there he'll be still sweeter than he ever was before,
Than he ever was before.

2. My heart is sometimes heavy,
But he comes with sweet relief.
He folds me to his bosom
When I droop in blighting grief.
I love the Christ who all my
Burdens in his body bore.
Each day he grows still sweeter
Than he was the day before.

3. His glory broke upon me
When I saw him from afar.
He's fairer than the lily
Brighter than the morning star.
He fills and satisfies my longing spirit o're and o're.
Each day he grows still sweeter
Than he was the day before.

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