

The End Is Not Yet

E. D. Elliott, 1907.

William Marks.

I have tried to count His blessings, and I fail to understand
Why the Lord should so richly reward;
Could I count the stars of heaven, add to them earth's grains of sand,
Still His blessings are more, praise the Lord!

Refrain

And the end is not yet, praise the Lord,
And the end is not yet, praise the Lord;
Blessings new He's still bestowing,
And my cup is overflowing,
And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

Like an army I behold them pass before me in review,
O what joy doth the sight now afford!
Tho' they may be long in passing, still they come, battalions new,
And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

Refrain

Surely goodness, love and mercy have been mine along life's way,
And my weak heart to strength is restored;
And my cup of joy and gladness keeps o'erflowing, day by day,
And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

Refrain