The End Is Not Yet

E. D. Elliott, 1907

1. 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 joy doth the sight now afford! Tho’ they may be long in passing, still they weak heart to strength is restored; And my cup of joy and gladness keeps overflowing, the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

2. Like an army I behold them pass before me in review, O what earth’s grains of sand, still His blessings are more, praise the Lord! And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

3. Surely goodness, love and mercy have been mine a long life’s way, and my cup is overflowing, day by day, and the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

Refrain

Lord; blessings new He’s still bestowing, and my cup is overflowing, and the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

O praise the Lord.

William Edie Marks

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