

Heaven Holds All to Me

Tillit Sidney Teddlie, 1915

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♩=150

1. Earth holds no trea - sures but per - ish with us - ing,
2. Out on the hills of that won - der - ful coun - try,
3. Why should I long for the world with its sor - rows,

How - ev - er pre - cious they be; Yet there's a coun - try to which I am go - ing:
Hap - py, con - tent - ed and free, Loved ones are wait - ing and watch - ing my com - ing:
When in that home o'er the sea, Mil - lions are sing - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry?

Refrain

Hea - ven holds all to me.
Hea - ven holds all to me. Hea - ven holds all to me, Bright - er its glo - ry will be;
Hea - ven holds all to me.

Joy with - out mea - sure will be my trea - sure: Hea - ven holds all to me.