

Heaven Holds All to Me  
Tillit Teddlie, 1915.

Earth holds no treasures but perish with using,  
However precious they be;  
Yet there's a country to which I am going:  
Heaven holds all to me.

Refrain

Heaven holds all to me,  
Brighter its glory will be;  
Joy without measure will be my treasure:  
Heaven holds all to me.

Out on the hills of that wonderful country,  
Happy, contented and free,  
Loved ones are waiting and watching my coming:  
Heaven holds all to me.

Refrain

Why should I long for the world with its sorrows,  
When in that home o'er the sea,  
Millions are singing the wonderful story?  
Heaven holds all to me.

Refrain