

# Heaven Holds All to Me

Tillit Sidney Teddlie, 1915

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$\text{♩} = 140$

1. Earth holds no trea-sures but per-ish with us-ing, How-ev-er pre-cious they  
2. Out on the hills of that won-der-ful coun-try, Hap-py, con-tent-ed and  
3. Why should I long for the world with its sor-rows, When in that home o'er the

be; Yet there's a coun-try to which I am go-ing: Hea-ven holds all to me.  
free, Loved ones are wait-ing and watch-ing my com-ing: Hea-ven holds all to me.  
sea, Mil-lions are sing-ing the won-der-ful sto-ry? Hea-ven holds all to me.

*Refrain*

Hea-ven holds all to me, Bright-er its glo-ry will be; Joy with-out mea-sure

*rit.*

will be my trea-sure: Hea-ven holds all to me.