

How Beautiful Thy Temples, Lord

Earnestly ♩ = 66-76

1. How beau - ti - ful thy tem - ples, Lord! Each one a sa - cred shrine,
 2. How beau - ti - ful thy mes - sage, Lord, The gos - pel, pure and true,
 3. How beau - ti - ful thy prom - ise, Lord, That we may grow in truth,

Where faith - ful Saints, with one ac - cord, En - gage in work di - vine.
 In these our days to earth re - stored And taught to men a - new.
 And live, ex - alt - ed by thy word, In end - less, glo - rious youth.

How beau - ti - ful some aid to give To dear ones we call dead,
 How beau - ti - ful its faith and hope; All man - kind it would save,
 With loved ones sealed in ho - li - ness By sa - cred tem - ple rites,

But who in - deed as spir - its live; They've on - ly gone a - head.
 In - clud - ing in its aim and scope The souls be - yond the grave.
 Worlds with - out end we may pro - gress From heights to great - er heights.