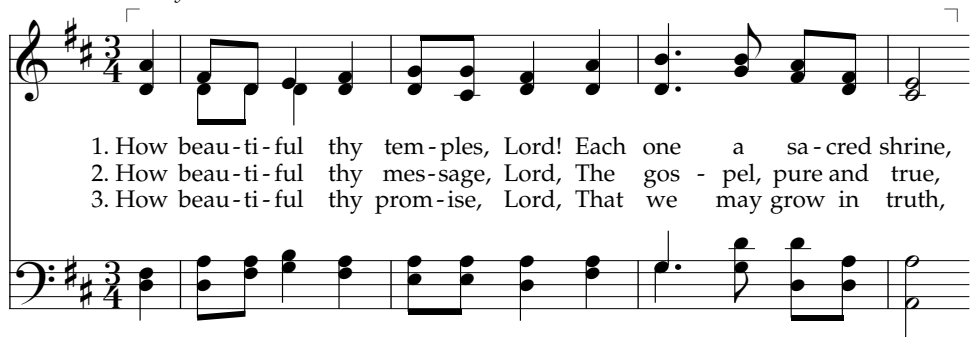
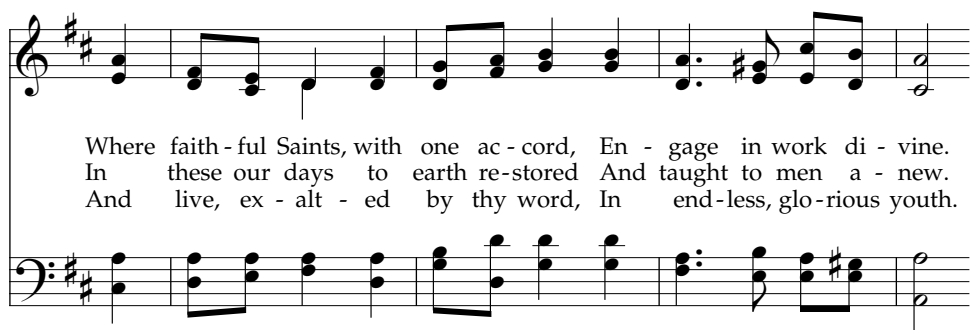


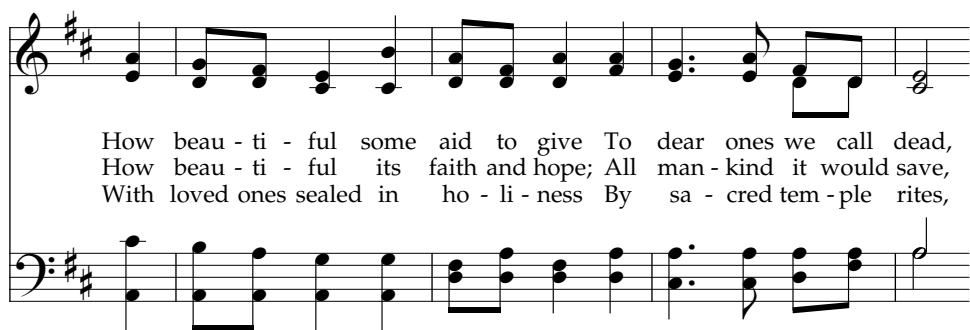
## How Beautiful Thy Temples, Lord

*Earnestly* ♩ = 66-76


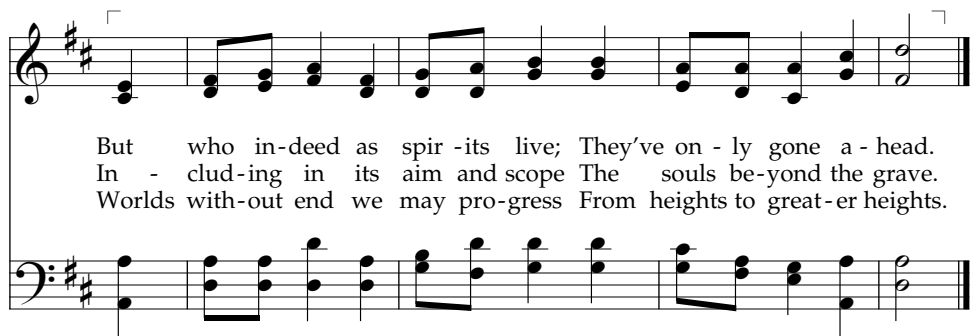
1. How beau-ti-ful thy tem-ples, Lord! Each one a sa-cred shrine,  
 2. How beau-ti-ful thy mes-sage, Lord, The gos-pel, pure and true,  
 3. How beau-ti-ful thy prom-ise, Lord, That we may grow in truth,



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.