

# Heaven to the Soul

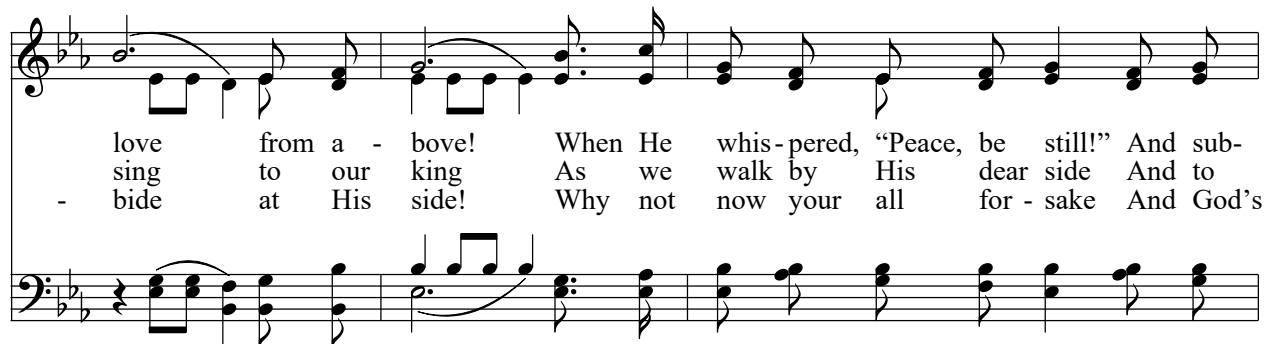
G. B. Fields, 1904

G. B. Fields

♩ = 88



1. Oh, 'twas hea - ven to my soul When the Sav - ior made me whole By His  
2. Oft we have a fore - taste here Of the glo - ry o - ver there, And we  
3. Oh, 'tis hea - ven to the soul, And 'tis joy be - yond con - trol To a -

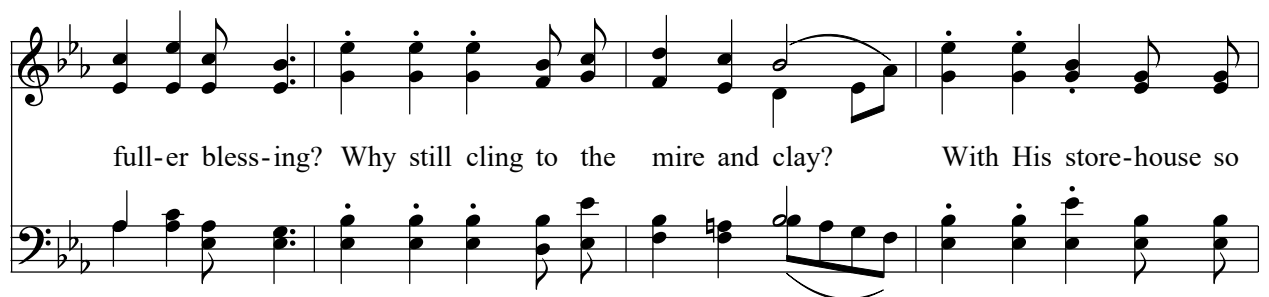


love from a - bove! When He whis - pered, "Peace, be still!" And sub -  
sing to our king As we walk by His dear side And to  
- bide at His side! Why not now your all for - sake And God's

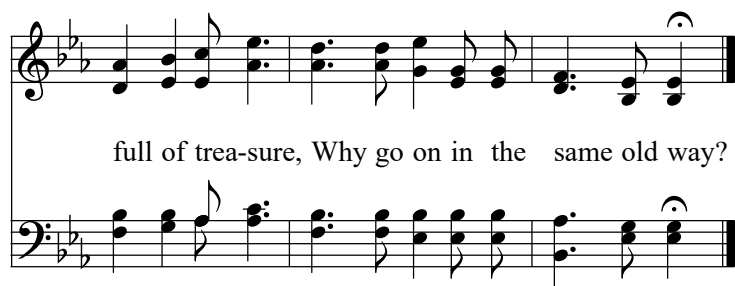
*Refrain*



- dued my stub - born will, Glo - ry shone from the throne.  
Him our love con - fide, Day by day, all the way. Why not seek for a  
rich - er bless - ing take? 'Tis for thee, full and free.



full - er bless - ing? Why still cling to the mire and clay? With His store - house so



full of trea - sure, Why go on in the same old way?