

# How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

Mrs. A. S. Bridgewater

Andy. P. Bland

A A

We read of a place that's called heav-en, It's made for the pure and the  
 In heav-en no droop-ing nor pin-ing, No wish-ing for else-where to  
 Pure wa-ters of life there are flow-ing, And all who will drink may be  
 The an-gels so sweet-ly are sing-ing, Up there by the beau-ti-ful

4 E A A

free; These truths in God's Word He hath  
 be; God's light is for - ev - er there  
 free; Rare jew - els of splen - dor are  
 sea; Sweet chords from their gold harps are

6 A C#7/G# F#m A A/E E7 A

giv - en, How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.  
 shin - ing, How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.  
 glow - ing, How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.  
 ring - ing, How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.

8 A A/E E7 A D/A A A

How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be, \_\_\_\_\_ Sweet home of the hap - py and

12 E A A A C#7/G# F#m A

free; \_\_\_\_\_ Fair ha - ven of rest for the wear - y, How

15 A/E E7 A

beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.