

How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

Mrs. A. S. Bridgewater

Andy. P. Bland

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

5

truths in God's Word He hath giv-en, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
light is for-ev-er there shin-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
jew-els of splen-dor are glow-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
chords from their gold harps are ring-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.

9

How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be, _____ Sweet home of the hap-py and free; Fair
must be,

14

ha-ven of rest for the wear-y, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.