

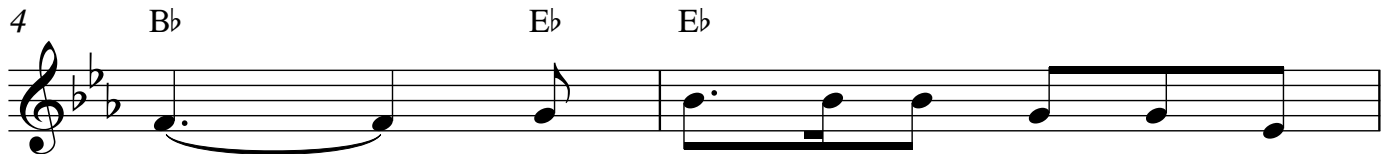
How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

Mrs. A. S. Bridgewater

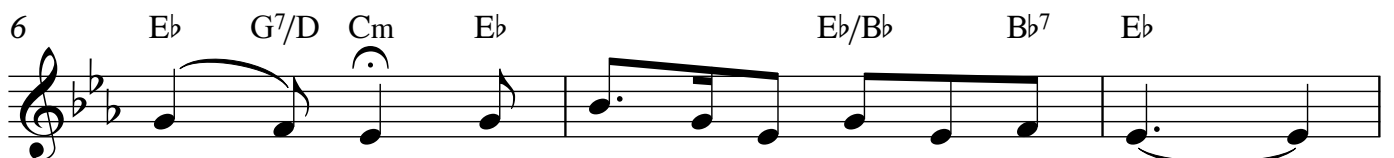
Andy. P. Bland



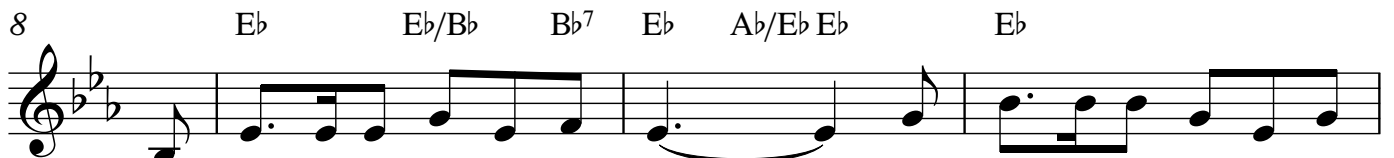
We read of a place that's called heav-en, It's made for the pure and the
In heav-en no droop-ing nor pin-ing, No wish-ing for else-where to
Pure wa-ters of life there are flow-ing, And all who will drink may be
The an-gels so sweet-ly are sing-ing, Up there by the beau-ti-ful



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



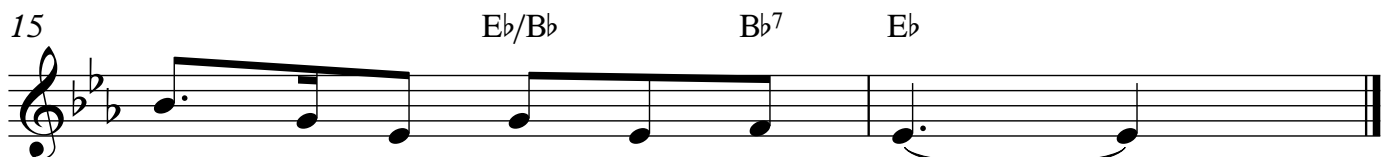
giv-en, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
shin-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
glow-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
ring-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.



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



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



beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.