

How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

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We read of a place that's called heav - en, It's made for the pure and the free; These
In heaven 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

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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.

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

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