

# How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

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G G

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 D G G

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 G B7/F# Em G G/D D7 G

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 G G/D D7 G C/G G G

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

12 D G G G B7/F# Em G

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

15 G/D D7 G

beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.