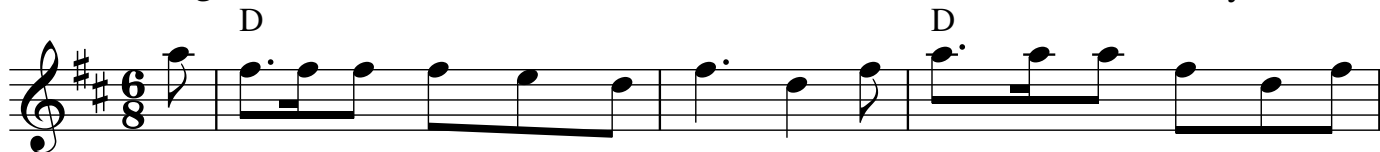


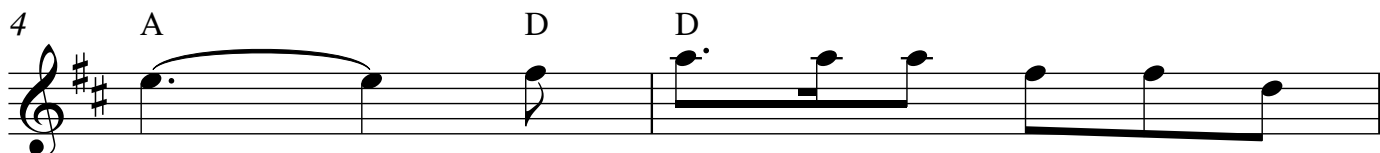
How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

Mrs. A. S. Bridgewater

Andy. P. Bland



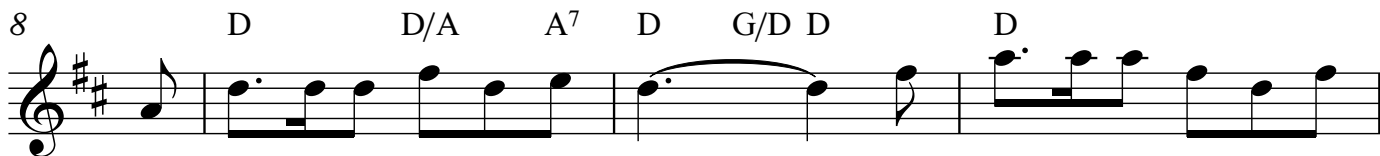
We read of a place that's called heav - en, It's made for the pure and the
In heav - en no droop - ing nor pin - ing, No wish - ing for else - where to
Pure wa - ters of life there are flow - ing, And all who will drink may be
The an - gels so sweet - ly are sing - ing, Up there by the beau - ti - ful



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.