

# 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 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

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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.