How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

Words: Mrs. A. S. Bridgewater ca. 1910  
Music: Andy Pickens Bland ca. 1920

1. We read of a place that's called heav-en, It's made for the pure and the free; These truths in God's word He has giv-en, free; Rare jew-els of splen-dor are glow-ing,
2. Pure wa-ters of life there are flow-ing, And all who will drink may be sea: Sweet chords from their gold harps are ring-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be; God's light is for-ev-er there shin-ing,
3. The an-gels so sweet-ly are sing-ing, Up there by the beau-ti-ful free; To spend the long a-ges in sing-ing,
4. In heav-en no droop-ing or pin-ning, No long-ing for else-where to be. How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be, Must be, Sweet
5. I'm long-ing to go to fair heav-en, To be with the hap-py and home of the hap-py and free, Fair ha-ven of rest for the wea-ry, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.