

How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

George Jones

We read of a place that's called heaven,
It's made for the pure and the free;
These truths in God's word He has given,
How beautiful heaven must be.

How beautiful heaven must be
Sweet home of the happy and free;
Fair haven of rest for the weary,
How beautiful heaven must be.

In heaven no drooping nor pining,
No wishing for elsewhere to be;
God's light is forever, there shining,
How beautiful heaven must be.

How beautiful heaven must be
Sweet home of the happy and free;
Fair haven of rest for the weary,
How beautiful heaven must be.

(Instrumental)

The angels so sweetly are singing,
Up there by the beautiful sea;
Sweet chords from their gold harps are ringing,
How beautiful heaven must be.

How beautiful heaven must be
Sweet home of the happy and free;
Fair haven of rest for the weary,
How beautiful heaven must be...