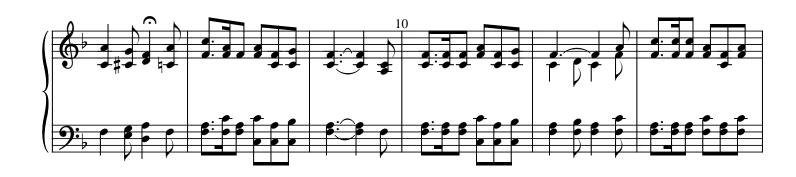
We read of a place









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 hath given, How beautiful heaven must be.

Refrain:

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

Pure waters of life there are flowing, And all who will drink may be free; Rare jewels of splendor are glowing, How beautiful heaven must be.

Refrain

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.

Refrain

A. S. Bridgewater