

Rose Maddox, How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

We read of a place that's called heaven it's made for the pure and the free
These truths then God's words he had given how beautiful heaven must be
How beautiful heaven must be sweet home of the happy and free
There heaven of rest for the weary how beautiful heaven must be
[steel]

In heaven no drooping nor pining no wishing for elsewhere to be
God's light it's forever there shining how beautiful heaven must be
How beautiful heaven must be...

[guitar]
The angels so sweetly are singing up there by a beautiful sea
Sweet chords from their gold harps are ringing how beautiful heaven must be
How beautiful heaven must be...