

Garden of God

L. D. Santee, 1906

Harey L. Brooks

♩ = 95

1. There's a beau-ti - ful ci - ty that lies far a - way From the earth with its bur - den of
 2. From the sha - dows are lift-ed our sor - row-ful eyes To the hills where the an - gels have
 3. And there all of our sor-rows shall fade as a dream As we en - ter the coun-try of

tears, Where the night ne - ver en - ters, but sha - dow - less day Shines
 trod, And our hearts ev - er yearn for our home in the skies, Our
 rest, While be - fore us in heav - en - ly beau - ty shall gleam, The

Refrain ♩ = 130 *Duet*

on through e - ter - ni - ty's years. O beau-ti-ful ci - ty, ci - ty of
 home in the gar - den of God. Beau-ti-ful ci - ty of
 man - sions pre-pared for the blest.

Quartet

1.
 gold; O beau-ti-ful ci - ty, trea - sures un - told; When
 gold;

2.
 shall I rest in that beau-ti-ful ci - ty of gold?
 rest in that ci - ty of gold.