

# Garden of God

Lorenzo Dow Santee, 1906

Harey L. Brooks

♩=95

1. There's a beau - ti - ful ci - ty that lies far a - way From the  
2. From the sha - dows are lift - ed our sor - row - ful eyes To the  
3. And there all of our sor - rows shall fade as a dream As we

earth with its bur - den of tears, Where the night ne - ver en - ters, but  
hills where the an - gels have trod, And our hearts ev - er yearn for our  
en - ter the coun - try of rest, While be - fore us in heav - en - ly

sha - dow-less day Shines on through e - ter - ni - ty's years. O beau-ti-ful ci-  
home in the skies, Our home in the gar - den of God.  
beau - ty shall gleam, The man - sions pre - pared for the blest.

*Refrain*  
♩=130 *Duet*

- ty, ci - ty of gold; O beau-ti-ful ci - ty, trea-  
Beau-ti-ful ci-ty of gold;

*Quartet*

- sures un - told; When shall I rest in that beau-ti-ful ci-ty of gold?  
rest in that ci-ty of gold.

2.