

Soprano

Santa Georgia

Nancy Kerr
Arr. Helen Vincent-Tibke

♩=150 VERSES 1&2

3

so_ here I made my_ gar-den where the banks of bur-docks
but the rain falls down so_ gent-ly where the banks of bur-docks

8

grow grow And there was no gold or sil-ver where the foun-dry meets the
And a fond lo-ver's sweet-ness is a lan-tern in the

12

ri-ver dark-ness In the land of San-ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks grow Where

17 CHORUS

old panes are bro-ken and a thou-sand tongues are spo-ken And new saints a -

22

-wa-ken where the banks of bur-docks grow So fare-well cold win-ter we will all shine out to-

28

ge-ther In the land of San-ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks grow grow

34

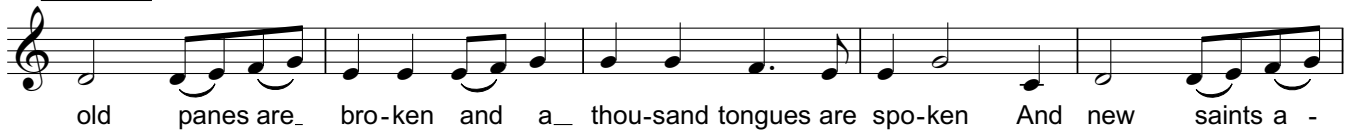
5

where the banks of bur-docks grow So they stormed the tem-ple quar-ter and the

44

glass fell down like wa-ter In the land of San-ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks grow Where

50 CHORUS



55



61



66 VERSE 4



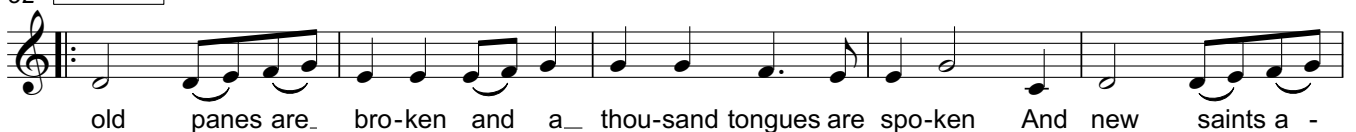
71



76



82 CHORUS



87



93



98



Santa Georgia

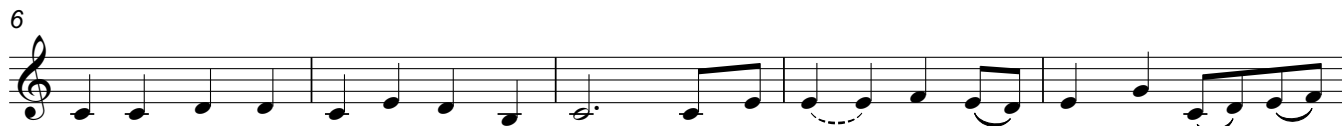
Nancy Kerr
Arr. Helen Vincent-Tibke

♩=150

VERSES 1&2



1. Well I was not bound for E-den and my bag be-came a bur-den so here I made my
is no peace or plen-ty in the land of old Bri-gan-te but the rain falls down so



gar-den where the banks of bur-docks grow And there was no gold or sil-ver where the
gent-ly where the banks of bur-docks grow And a fond lo-ver's sweet-ness is a



foun-dry meets the ri-ver In the land of San-ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks grow Where
lan-tern in the dark-ness



old panes are bro-ken and a thou-sand tongues are spo-ken And new saints a -



-wa-ken where the banks of bur-docks grow Fare you well cold win-ter we will all shine out to-



ge-ther In the land of San-ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks grow 2. Well there grow

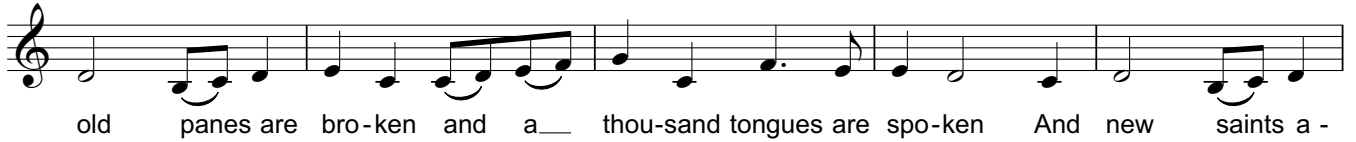


where the banks of bur-docks grow So they stormed the tem-ple quar-ter and the



glass fell down like wa-ter In the land of San-ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks grow Where

50 CHORUS



55



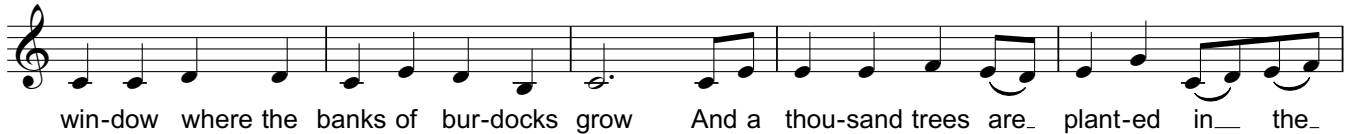
61



66 VERSE 4



71



76



82 CHORUS



87



93



98



Santa Georgia

Tenor

Nancy Kerr
Arr. Helen Vincent-Tibke

♩=150 **VERSES 1&2**

11

In the land of San - ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks

16 **CHORUS**

grow old panes are bro-ken and a thou-sand tongues are spo-ken new saints a -

22

wa-ken where the banks of bur-docks grow Fare you fare-well cold win-ter we will all shine out to -

28

ge-ther In the land of San - ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docksgrow

1. 2.

grow

34

3

and the sol-diers they were wea-ry where the banks of bur-docks grow So they

42

stormed the tem - ple quar-ter and the glass fell down like wa - ter In the land of San - ta

47 **CHORUS**

Geor-gia where thebanks of bur-docks grow old panes are bro - ken and thou-sand tongues are

53

spo - ken new saints a - wa - ken where the

56

banks of bur - docks grow Fare you fare - well cold win - ter we will

60
8 all_shine out to -ge-ther In the land of San - ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks grow

VERSE 4

66
7
8 And a thou-sand trees are_ plant-ed in the_ land of old Bri-

77
8 gan - te In the land of San - ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks grow

82 CHORUS

8 old panes are bro - ken and thou-sand tongues are spo-ken new saints a -

87
8 wa-ken where the banks of bur-docks grow Fare you wellfare-well cold win-ter we will all_shine out to -

93
8 ge-ther_ In the land of San - ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks grow 1.

98
8 grow In the land of San - ta Geor-gia where the banks of bur-docks grow 2. rall.

Bass

Santa Georgia

Nancy Kerr
Arr. Helen Vincent-Tibke

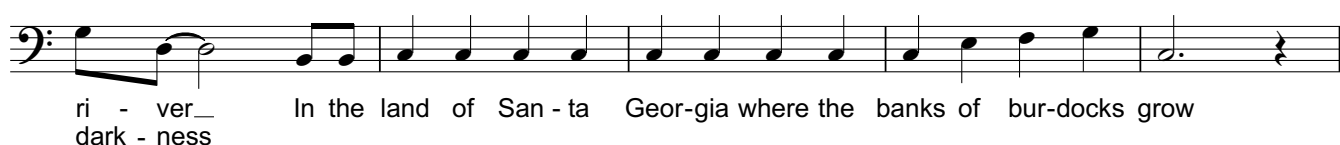
♩=150

VERSES 1&2

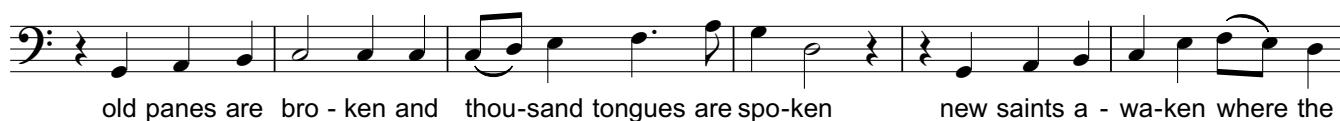
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12



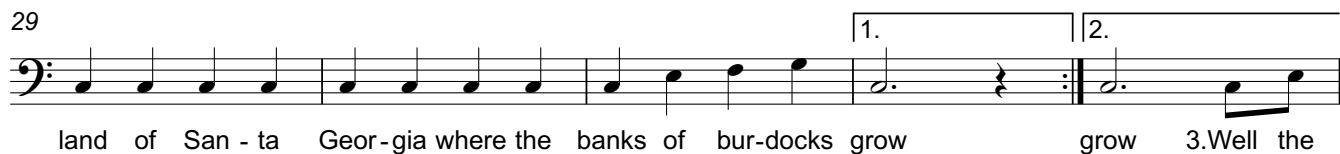
17 CHORUS



23



29



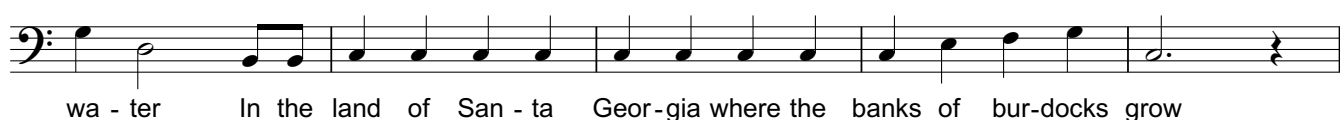
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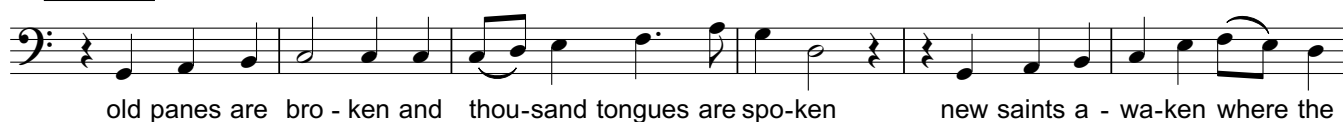
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45



50 CHORUS



56

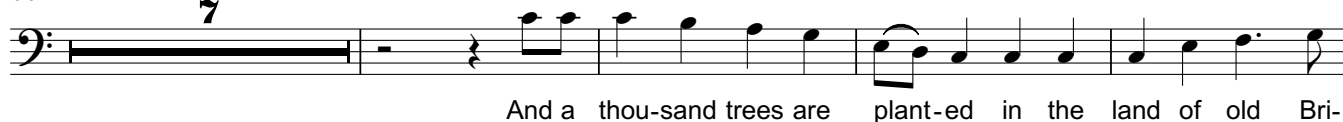


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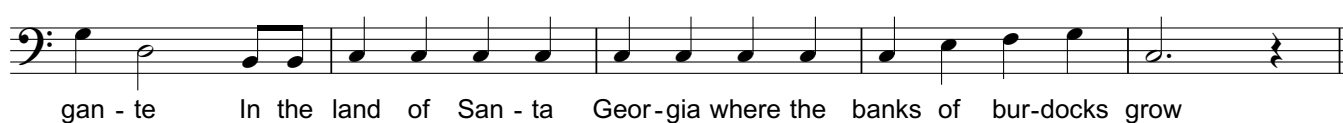


VERSE 4

66



77



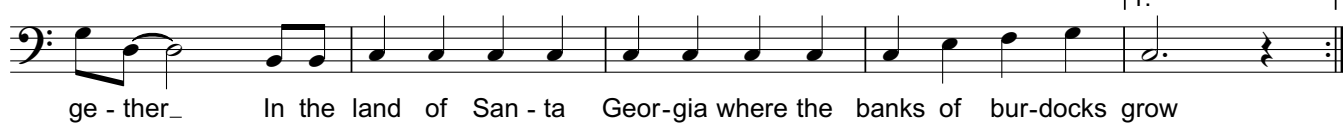
82 CHORUS



87



93



98

