

The Unclouded Day

1. O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, O they
 2. O they tell me of a home where the saints have gone, O they
 3. O they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His

tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no
 tell me of that land far a-way, Where the tree of life in e-
 smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er

D.S.— O they tell me of a home where no

storm clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
 ter-nal bloom Sheds its fra-grance thru the un-cloud-ed day.
 come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.

Fine

storm clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

Chorus

D.S. al Fine

O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;