

The Unclouded Day

Rev. J.K. Alwood

D G D

Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, Oh, they tell me of a home far a-
Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, Oh, they tell me of a land far a-
Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His smile drives their sor-rows all a-

A D G D

way. Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise, Oh, they tell me of an
way. Where the tree of life in e - tern - al bloom, Sheds its fra-grance thro' the
way. And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of

A D D A7

un-cloud-ed day. Oh, the land of a - cloud-less day, Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed day. Oh, they
un-cloud-ed day.
un-cloud-ed day.

D G D A D

tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise, Oh they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.