

# THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

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1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise,  
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom

3. O they tell me of the King in His beau - ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold; Where He sits on the throne that is white as snow,  
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His smile drives their sor - rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain,

*Fine*

O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day. O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise,  
 Sheds its fra-grance thru the un-cloud-ed day. O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of my friends by the tree of life,

*D.S.* O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

*D.S.*

In that cit - y that is made of gold. O that land mine eyes shall see, O that land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of the King on His snow-white throne,  
 In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day. O that land of love-ly smiles, O the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O the King in His beau - ty in - vites me there,