The Unclouded Day

Rev. J. K. Alwood, ca. 1880

1. O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, O they tell me of a home far away; O they tell me of that land far away, Where the tree of life in eternal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day. O the land of cloudless whiter than snow, In the city that is made of gold.

2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me that mine eyes shall behold Where He sits on the throne that is storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an unclouded day.

3. O they tell me of a King in His beauty there, And they tell me that no tears ever come again, In that lovely land of unclouded day.

4. O they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His storm clouds rise, O they tell me of an unclouded day.

*Chords beneath staff are for autoharp melody playing.