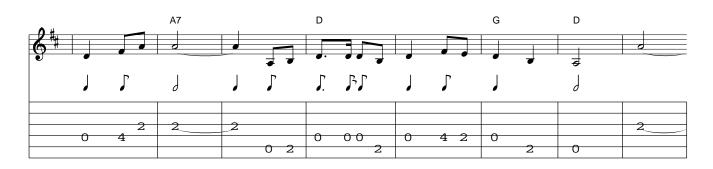
Uncloudy Day

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk.











10h, they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, Oh they tell me of a 20h, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, Oh they tell me of that

30h, they tell me of a King in His beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine 40h, they tell me that He smiles on His child-ren there. And His smile_drives their home far a-way._ Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise, Oh, land far a-way._ Where the tree_ of_ life in e-ter-nal bloom, Sheds eyes shall be-hold._ Where He sits_ on the throne that is whiter than snow, In, sorrows all a-way._ And they tell me that no tears ev-er fall a-gain. In _they tell me of an un-cloud-y day. chOh,_ the land of_cloud-less skies! _its fra-grance thro' the un-cloudy-ed day. _the cit-y that is made of_gold.

Oh,_ the land of the un-cloud-y day!_ Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise. Oh,_ they tell me of an un-cloudy-y day.

_that love-ly land of un-cloud-y day.