The Unclouded Day

The Unclouded Day
(Rev. J.K. Alwood)

cho: Oh the land of cloudless day!
Oh, the land of an unclouded sky
Oh they tell me of a land where no storm clouds rise,
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day.

O they tell me of a land far beyond the skies
O they tell me of a home far away;
O they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
O they tell me of an unclouded day.

O they tell me of a hime where my friends have gone
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 they tell me of the King in His beauty there
And they tell me that my eyes shall behold;
Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow
In the city that is made of gold.

O they tell me that He smiles on His children there
And His smile drives their sorrow all away;
And they tell me that no tears ever come again
In that lovely land of unclouded day.

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