

# The Unclouded Day

Rev. J. K. Alwood, ca. 1880



**G** **C** **G**

G\* / / / / / / / D7 C / G / /

1. O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, O they  
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they  
 3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they  
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His



**D7** **G**

G / / / / / / / D7 / / G / / / / / D7

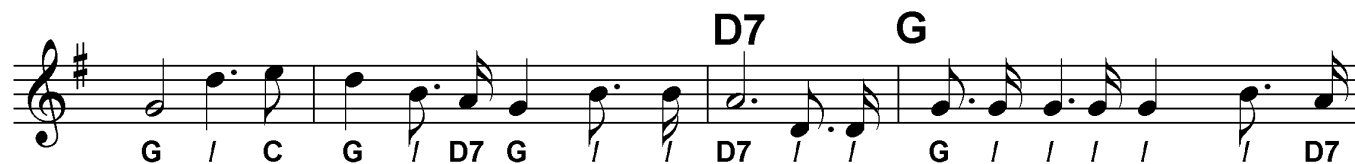
tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home where no  
 tell me of that land far a - way, Where the tree of life in e -  
 tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold Where He sits on the throne that is  
 smile drives their sor-rows all a - way, And they tell me that no tears ev-er



**C** **G** **C** **G** **D7** **G**

C / G / C G / / D7 G D7 / G / C G / / /

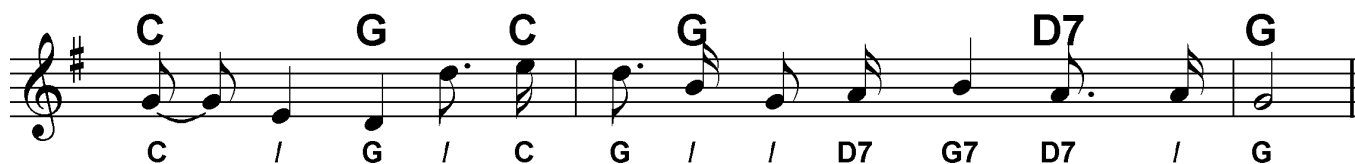
storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.  
 ter - nal bloom Sheds its fra-grance thro' the un-cloud-ed day. O the land of cloud-less  
 whi-ter than snow, In the ci-ty that is made of gold.  
 come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un-cloud-ed day.



**D7** **G**

G / C G / D7 G / / D7 / / G / / / / / D7

day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed day; O they tell me of a home where no



**C** **G** **C** **G** **D7** **G7** **D7** **G**

C / G / C G / / D7 G7 D7 / G

storm clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.

\*Chords beneath staff are for autoharp melody playing.