

J. K. A.

Rev. J. K. Alwood.

1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond 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

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

D. S.—O they tell me of a home

where no storm - clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.
 in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fra - grance thro' the un - cloud - ed day.
 that is whit - er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
 ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud - ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.

CHORUS.

D. S.

O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed day;