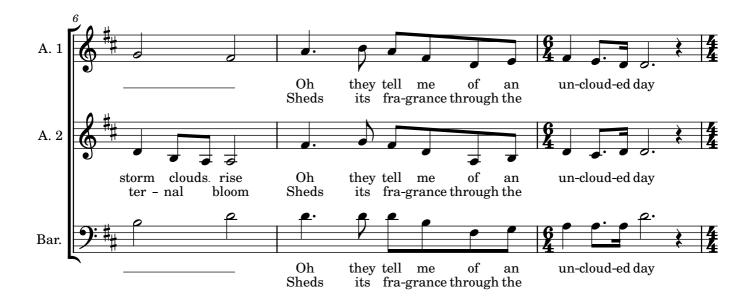
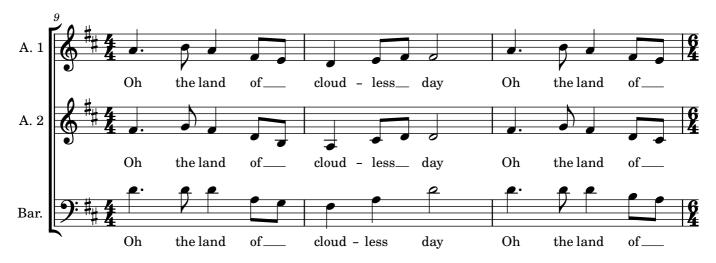
Unclouded Day

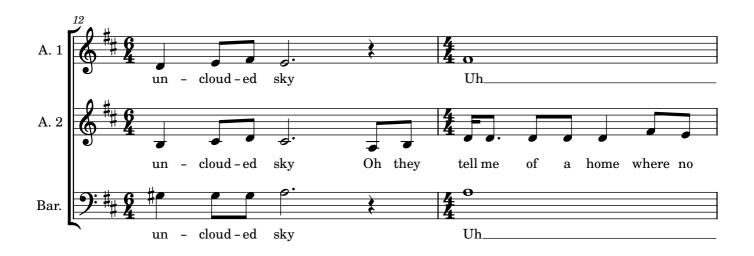
Arr: C Farrall J K Alwood 1885

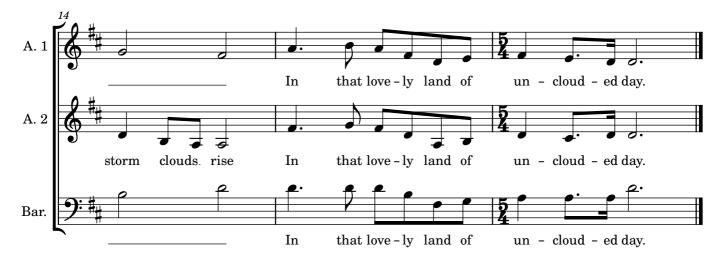












Oh, they tell me of a King in His beauty there And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold Where He sits on the throne with a radiant glow In the city that is made of gold

Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His children there And His smile drives their sorrows away And they tell me that no tears ever come again In that lovely land of unclouded day