

THE Hiding Place

Uncloudy Day

Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies,
And they tell me of a home far away.
Oh they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise.
Oh they tell me of an uncloudy day.

Chorus:

*Oh the land of cloudless day.
Oh the land of an unclouded day.
Oh they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise.
Oh they tell me of an unclouded day.*

Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone,
And they tell me of that land far away;
Where the Tree of Life in eternal bloom
Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day.

Chorus

Oh, they tell me of a 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.

Chorus

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

Chorus