The Skies Are Always Bright Up There

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1904

Frank B. Smith

1. Though the shadows gather o'er our pathway here, Though the day may not be bright and fair, Yet the thought of Heaven brings us hope and cheer, For the skies are always bright up there.

2. If our hearts are breaking o'er some loved one gone, Still we smile through grief and dark despair, For we'll know no sorrow in that golden dawn, For the skies are always bright up there.

3. Night ne'er draws her curtains o'er that peaceful shore, There 'tis light forever, For every where; There the gloom of midnight we shall know no more, For the skies are always bright up there.

4. So through clouds and shadows we will wend our way, Till we reach that city—oh, the skies are always bright up there, Yes, the bright and fair, Then we'll rest forever in those realms of day, For the praise the Lord, No storm clouds hover o'er the city of our God, For the skies are always bright up there.

Refrain

skies are always bright up there. Oh, the skies are always bright up there, Yes, the skies are always bright up there.

Public Domain

Courtesy of the Cyber Hymnal™