


The Skies Are Always Bright Up There

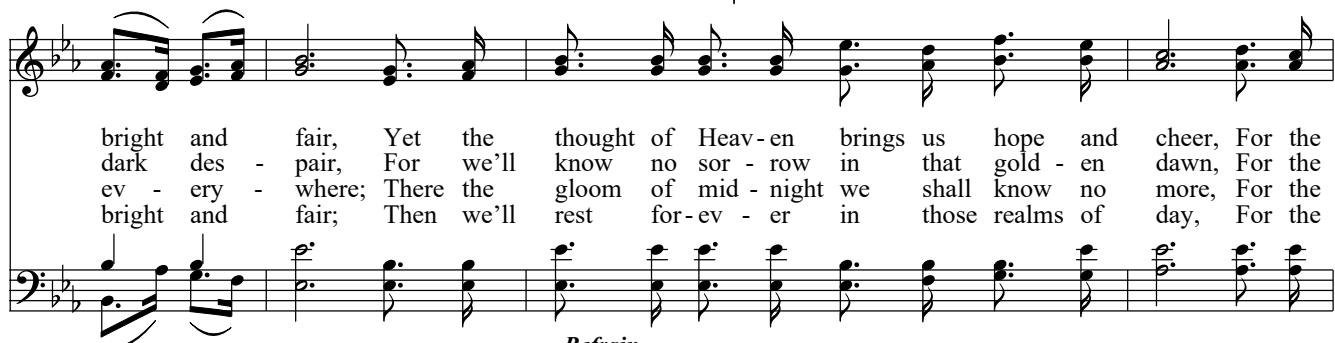
Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1904

Frank B. Smith

♩ = 95

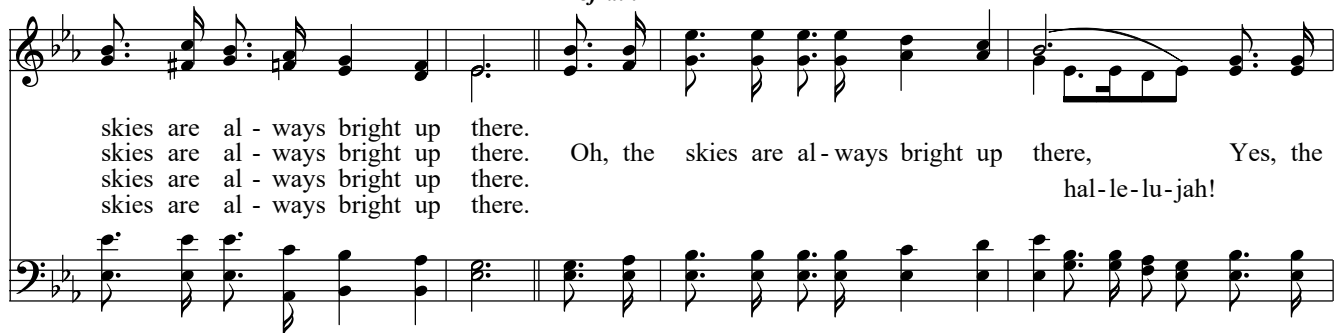


1. Though the sha - dows ga - ther o'er our path - way here, Though the day may not be
2. If our hearts are break - ing o'er some loved one gone, Still we smile through grief and
3. Night ne'er draws her cur - tains o'er that peace - ful shore, There 'tis light for - ev - er,
4. So through clouds and sha - dows we will wend our way, Till we reach that ci - ty



bright and fair, Yet the thought of Heav - en brings us hope and cheer, For the
dark des - pair, For we'll know no sor - row in that gold - en dawn, For the
ev - ery - where; There the gloom of mid - night we shall know no more, For the
bright and fair; Then we'll rest for - ev - er in those realms of day, For the

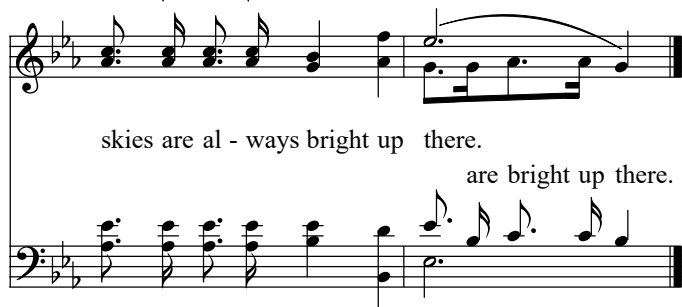
Refrain



skies are al - ways bright up there.
skies are al - ways bright up there. Oh, the skies are al - ways bright up there, Yes, the
skies are al - ways bright up there. hal - le - lu - jah!
skies are al - ways bright up there.



skies are al - ways bright up there; No storm clouds ho - ver o'er the ci - ty of our God, For the
praise the Lord,



skies are al - ways bright up there.
are bright up there.