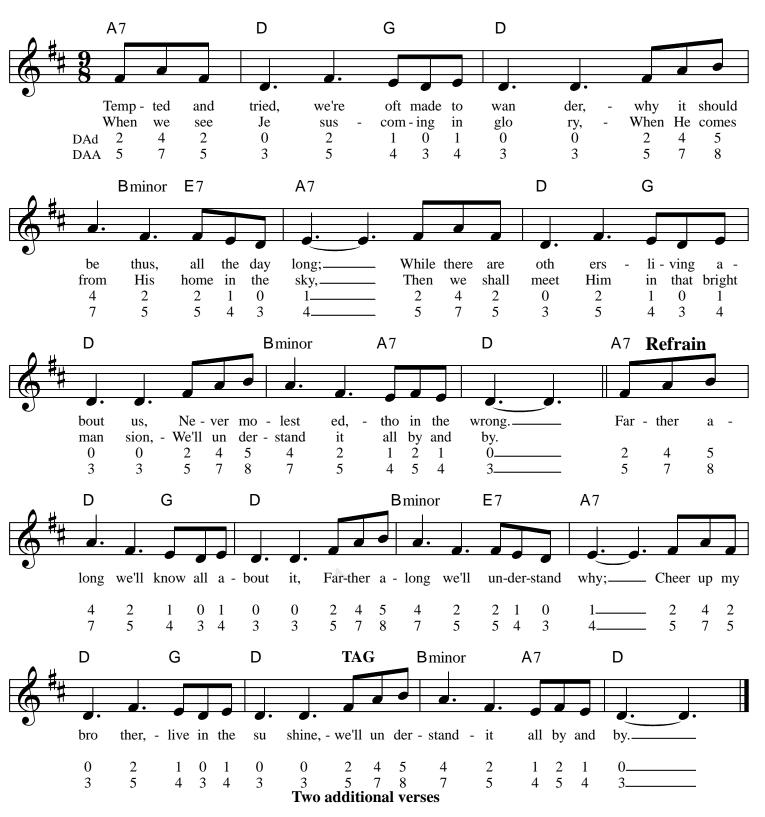
Farther Along



Sometimes I wonder why I must suffer, Go in the cold, the rain and the snow Whilemany wicked live in great spllendor, Heedless of where at last they must go. Refrain Soon we will see our dear loving Saviour, Hear the last trumpet sound thro' the sky; Then we will meet those gone on before us, And we shall know and understand why. Refrain