

Why Are We Here

Why Are we here? - 'Tis to prepare  
Our spirits for that realm on high  
Where all that's pure, and bright and fair  
Shall bloom through all eternity

Why Are we here, that God above  
Who rules omnipotent and just  
Has kindled up his heavenly love  
And shone around this earthly dust  
That by his care and goodness we  
May learn that far beyond the sky  
The soul shall free from sorrow be  
If we through faith prepare to die -

The flowers the leaves of summer time  
The wildwood rose in forest glade  
Are symbols bright when in their prime  
That all of earth must surely die  
They sweetly tell when they bloom  
And when all withered dead they lie  
They speak as sweetly from their tomb  
That we are here to prepare to die

March 22<sup>nd</sup> 1857 Lat 34 40 N Long 68 24 W H. W. J.

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