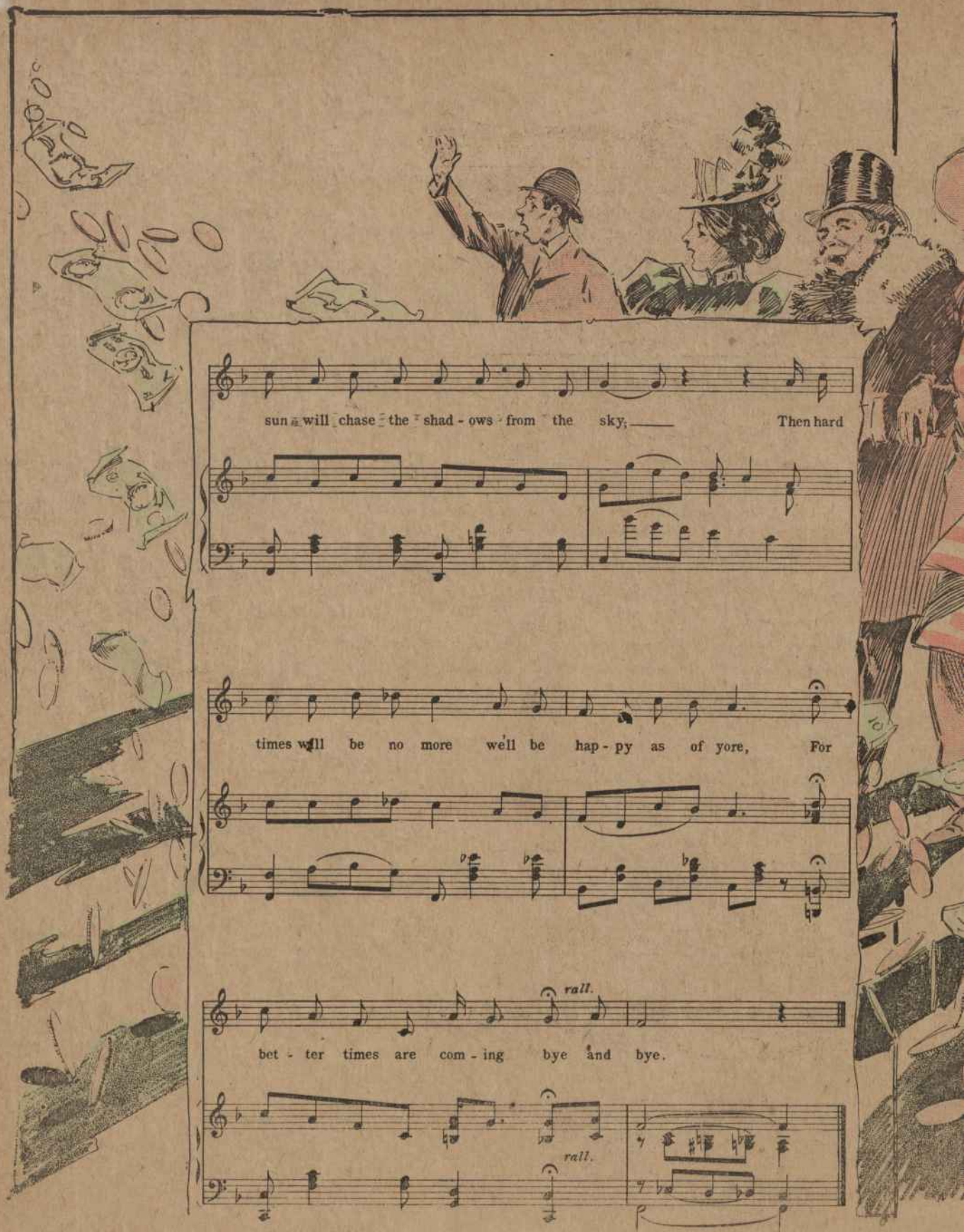
sun will chase the shad - ows from the sky, Then hard
times will be no more we'll be hap - py as of yore, For
rall.
bet - ter times are com - ing bye and bye.
rall.