

We'll Meet Again

Johnny Cash

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
but I know we'll meet again some sunny day!
Keep smiling through, just like you always do,
'till the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away!
So, will you please say hello to the folks that I know?
Tell them I won't be long!
They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go,
I was singin' this song:

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
but I know we'll meet again some sunny day!
So, will you please say hello to the folks that I know?
Tell them I won't be long!
They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go . . .
I was singin' this song:

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
but I know we'll meet again some sunny day!
We'll meet again, we'll meet again . . . And I heard as it were the noise of thunder
One of the four beasts saying come and see and I saw
And behold a white horse There's a man going around taking names and he decides
Who to free and who to blame every body won't be treated
Quite the same there will be a golden ladder reaching down
When the man comes around The hairs on your arm will stand up at the terror in each
Sip and each sup will you partake of that last offered cup
Or disappear into the potter's ground

When the man comes around CHORUS Hear the trumpets hear the pipers one hundred million angels singing
Multitudes are marching to a big kettledrum
Voices calling and voices crying
Some are born and some are dying
Its alpha and omegas kingdom come
And the whirlwind is in the thorn trees
The virgins are all trimming their wicks
The whirlwind is in the thorn trees
It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks
Till Armageddon no shalom no shalom Then the father hen will call his chicken's home
The wise man will bow down before the thorn and at his feet
They will cast the golden crowns
When the man comes around Whoever is unjust let him be unjust still
Whoever is righteous let him be righteous still
Whoever is filthy let him be filthy still

Listen to the words long written down
When the man comes around
CHORUS
Hear the trumpets hear the pipers one hundred million angels singing
Multitudes are marching to a big kettledrum
Voices calling and voices crying
Some are born and some are dying
Its alpha and omegas kingdom come
And the whirlwind is in the thorn trees
The virgins are all trimming their wicks
The whirlwind is in the thorn trees
It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks
In measured hundred weight and penny pound
When the man comes around
Close (Spoken part)
And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts
And I looked and behold, a pale horse
And it's name it said on him was Death
And Hell followed with him.

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