

# Johnny Cash

## "We'll Meet Again"

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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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