

We'll All Come Home At Last

Slowly and with dignity

Words and Music by John D. Wyndham

1. Those who died in New York's towers, And those who breathed the dust, And
2. Those who failed us on that day, And those whose plots held fast, And
3. Those who raised them-selves on high, And lied us to our deaths, And
4. Those who cry them - selves to sleep, With brok- en hearts or limbs, And

those who went a - way to war, Will all come home at last.
 those who kept the truth at bay, Must all a - tone at last. We'll

Refrain

those who reaped the false re-wards, Must all to truth at - test.
 those whose hearts and minds they keep, Will all come home a - gain. We'll

Refrain

Refrain

all come home at last, my friend, All come home and then, We'll

un-der-stand the way of life, The peace that has no end.