



At last, at last the war could cease
And Europe could enjoy real peace,
May the Eighth was VE Day
And little girls could shout hooray.
Children who'd known ruined streets
Children used to rationed meat.
Children whose fathers left to fight
And now will never say 'Good Night'
But then as costly fighting ends
Peace called to turn our foes to friends.
A call today we still must hear
So love can triumph over fear
And children know the joys of life
Freed of warfare, freed of strife.