

# Jubilee

[Jean Ritchie](#)

Oh glad day to celebrate 'neath the cloudless sky  
Air so sweet water pure fields ripe with rye  
Come one, come all gather round discard your Sunday shoes  
Come on now oh my land be a jubilee  
Come on girl come on boy be a jubilee  
Oh my land oh my good people don't be shy  
Weave the birth of harmony with childrens happy cries  
Hand in hand we're dancing around in a freedom ring  
Come on now oh my land be a jubilee  
Come on girl Come on boy be a jubilee  
We will never fade away doves shall multiply  
Yet I see hawks circling the sky  
Scattering our glad day with debt and despair  
What good hour restore our troubled air  
Come on people gather round you know what to do  
Come on people oh my land what be troubling  
Oh my land what be troubling what be troubling what be troubling you  
We are love and the future we stand in the midst of fury and weariness  
Who dreams of joy and radiance? Who dreams of war and sacrifice?  
Our sacred realms are being squeezed curtailing civil liberties  
Recruit the dreams that sing to thee let freedom ring  
Freedom ring, freedom ring, jubilee, oh my land  
Oh glad day, oh my land, hear our cry, freedom ring  
Oh glad day, oh my land, jubilee, jubilee

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