

FL

air so sweet  
water ~~pure~~ pure  
fields ripe with eye  
Come one Come all  
gath' round  
discard  
Come on now  
Oh my land  
be a jubilee

care  
dare  
fair  
pair  
rare  
stare  
tear  
wear

Scattering the  
the what good hour  
we despair  
will restore  
the troubled air  
now arise  
recreate the birth of harmony

Oh my land  
Oh my good  
people don't be shy  
~~plead for~~  
~~we are~~  
~~the birth~~  
join the birth of harmony

Oh the  
Oh

~~Oh~~ the storm of debts  
~~that~~  
shank and

Oh my land  
Oh my good  
people ~~are~~ don't be shy  
we are the birth of harmony  
with children's happy cries  
hand in hand  
were dancing round

our debts shall  
we will never fade away  
the doves shall multiply  
ye' I see hawks  
circling the sky  
what good hour  
will restore  
the troubled air  
Come

what good hour  
will restore

Oh a freedom ring  
Oh my land  
There be a jubilee

Scattering  
the good hour

these are our streets  
these are our fields  
when we are strong  
who backs down

what good hour  
will restore  
~~the troubled air~~

parading on the  
green

Scattered -

We will never fade away.  
~~beat our tribe state multiply~~  
~~scattered golden grain~~

The doves shall  
multiply

Oh what good hour  
will restore  
scattered golden grain  
blended to the air we  
breathe

~~ye' I see hawks~~  
ye' I see hawks  
circling the sky  
~~scattered golden grain~~

what good hour  
will restore

Jubilee