There'll Be a Jubilee

Devil Makes Three

1, 2, 1 2 3 4

There will be a jubilee Oh my lord oh my lord There will be a jubilee When the children all go free Yeah they'll lay down their swords They'll study war no more There'll be a great big jubilee

When the mother saw him comin' Yeah she greet him with a smile She threw her arms around him Sayin' missin' my darlin' child Yeah the father told the servant Go kill the fattest calf Oh tell your friends and neighbors My son's come home at last

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Fightin' days is over And the victory has been won There'll be a day of rejoicing When our boys come marching home Yeah their fathers greet their sons They'll greet them one by one They're gonna lay down their swords And they'll study war no more

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