Hale, halelujah

One, two, three, four Well Jesus was a man Who traveled through the land A hard working man and brave Well he said to the rich 'Give your money to the poor' For they layed Jesus Christ in his grave Hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah For they layed Jesus Christ is his grave Well he went to the preacher He went to the law And told them all the same He said sell all your jewelery and give it to the poor For they layed Jesus Christ in his grave Hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah For they layed Jesus Christ in his grave When Jesus came to town all the working folks around Believed what he did say Well the bankers and the preachers They nailed him on a cross For they layed Jesus Christ in his grave And [hard] working people They followed him around They sung and shouted gay Well the cops and the soldiers They nailed him in the head And they layed Jesus Christ in his grave Oh, hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah For they layed Jesus Christ in his grave Hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah For they layed Jesus Christ in his grave Well this song was written in New York City A rich man, preacher and slave Well if Jesus was to preach while he preached in Galilee They would lay Jesus Christ in his grave One, two, three, four! Hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah For they layed Jesus Christ in his grave Hale, halelujah Hale, halelujah

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