

Go tell it on the mountaintops
That I'm alive

Go listen to the children cry
And let them know
That dark and night are not their masters

Between you you'll know all the things
That I never said out loud
Don't walk away from the crowd

Go tell them that it's cold outside
And I won't thrive there

And I'm getting tired of hiding My face
From your disgrace
Although you think that you've disguised it

And when you get too tired of waiting
To picture My face in the clouds

Look around

I know it won't be sown the way
You want it to be
I will make it grow with or without you

You'll pray, I'll wait
You may fall down a time or two

Go tell it in the valleys low
That I'm alive
Go listen to the men that sigh
And let them know that dark and night
Are not their masters

And when you get too tired of waiting
To picture My face in the clouds

Look around