

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