

*Go, tell it on the mountains,
over the hills and ev'rywhere.
Go, tell it on the mountain
that Jesus Christ is born.*

While shepherds kept their watching
o'er wandering flocks by night,
behold from out of heaven
there shone a holy light.

And lo, when they had seen it,
they all bowed down and prayed,
they travelled on together
to where the Babe was laid.

When I was a seeker,
I sought both night and day:
I asked my Lord to help me
and He showed me the way.

He made me a watchman
upon the city wall,
And if I am a Christian,
I am the least of all.