

# Neville Livingston, Hallelujah time

Hear the children crying  
but I know they're not crying in vain  
now the times are changing  
love buds come to bloom again  
Smelling the air when sprinkled by raindrops  
reminds us of youthful days  
but now it's not rain that waters the cane crops  
but the sweat from man's brow  
the substance from our spine  
we got to keep on living  
living on borrowed time  
Hallelujah Time  
as you can hear the children singing  
Hallelujah Time  
as they go singing by and by  
Hallelujah Time  
ooh, hallelujah singing in the morning  
Hallelujah Time  
let them sing don't make them cry  
Over rocks and mountains  
the sheep are scattered all around  
over hills and valleys  
they're everywhere to be found  
But though we bear our burdens now  
all afflictions got to end somehow  
from swinging the hammer  
to pulling the plough  
Why won't you let us be to live harmony  
we'd like to be free like birds in a tree