

## 67 OUT OF EGYPT

To Egypt's king who ruled beside  
The reedy river's flow,  
Came God's command, "Release, O king,  
And let my people go."

The king's proud heart grew hard apace;  
He marked the suppliant throng,  
And said, "Nay, they must here abide;  
The weak must serve the strong."

Straightway the Lord stretched forth his hand,  
And every stream ran blood;  
The river swept towards the sea --  
A full ensanguined flood.

The haughty king beheld the land,  
By plagues afflicted sore,  
But, as God's wonders multiplied,  
Hardened his heart the more;

Until the angel of the Lord  
Came on the wings of Night,  
And smote the first-born of man and beast,  
In his destructive flight.

Throughout all Egypt, not a house  
Was spared this crowning woe.  
Then broke the tyrant's stubborn will;  
He bade the people go.

They gathered up their flocks and herds,  
Rejoicing to be free;  
And, going forth, a might host,  
Encamped beside the sea.

Then Pharaoh's heart repented him;  
He called a mighty force,  
And swiftly followed on their track,  
With chariot and with horse.

Then Israel's host were sore afraid;  
But God was on their side,  
And, lo! for them a way is cleft, --  
The Red-sea waves divide.

At God's command the restless waves  
Obey the prophet's rod;  
And, through the middle of the sea,  
The people marched dry-shod.

But, when the spoilers, following close,  
Would hinder Israel's flight,  
The waters to their course return,  
The parted waves unite.

And Pharaoh's host is swept away, --  
The chariots and the horse;  
And not a man is left alive  
Of all that mighty force.

So in these days God looks from heaven,  
And marks his servants' woe;  
Hear ye his voice: "Break every yoke,  
And let my people go!"

For them the Red-sea waves divide,  
The streams with crimson flow;  
Therefore we mourn for our first-born; --  
Then let the people go.

They are not weak whom God befriends,  
He makes their cause His own;  
And they who fight against God's might  
Shall surely be o'erthrown.

**Sources:**

Boston Transcript, November 16, 1864.

Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, 1875.

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