

Across the plains of Egypt through the shadows
of the night

Came the sound as of an army moving onward
steadily,

And their leader read his way by the stars'
eternal light

While all the legions followed on their journey
to the sea.

The moon that shineth overhead once saw these
mysteries—

And then the world was young, that hath these
many years been old;

If Egypt drank her bitter cup down even to the
lees

Who careth now? 'Tis but an ancient tale
that hath been told.

*Yet still we hear the footsteps—as he goeth to and
fro—*

*Of Azrael, the Angel, that the Lord God sent below,
To Egypt—long ago.*