

THROUGH THE DESERT.

Air by MOZART.

Words by BOWMAN STEPHENSON.

x We are marching thro' the desert, From Egypt's slav - ish chains, And our

course is ever onward, To Canaan's happy plains. We leave behind the

bond - age of self - ish - ness and sin, And we see before the glo - ry, Which

A - bram's sons shall win ! March ! march from Egypt's strand, March till we reach the

promised land, March march from Egypt's strand, March till we reach the promised land.

- 2 Though within the bounds of Egypt
Is many a pleasant wile ;
Though the plains are green in Goshen,
And fat the banks of Nile ;
Better the rock-drawn water,
And manna from above,
While round us and upon us
Rests God's bright smile of love.
March, march from Egypt, &c
- 3 Though Amalek arrayeth
His might to bar the road,
We smite him ; for we combat
Clothed with the might of God.
Though Marah's wells are bitter,

- Our God doth make them sweet ;
And strengthen'd by one trial,
We march the next to meet.
March, march from Egypt, &c.
- 4 So soon we'll reach the Jordan,
The goal of all our toil,
Dividing from the region,
That flows with wine and oil ;
We'll to our cov'nant country,
March through the parted tide,
And mount the banks of heaven,
With Jesus for our guide.
March, march from Egypt, &c