

The Lord went forth at midnight,
All Egypt's firstborn fell,
From Pharaoh's royal dwelling
To captive's dreary cell :
The land was filled with wailing
For lost ones loved so well.

No pining sickness wasted
Their forms from day to day,
No friendly watchers waited
To see them pass away :
One moment strength and beauty—
The next but lifeless clay.

It was the Lord who smote them,
Even Egypt's hope that light,
The infant in its sweetness,
The strong man in his might ;
The Lord whom they rejected,
Who ever doeth right.

And now from the oppressor
Hope's faintest rays are fled,
He hears his people's wailings,
He sees the tears they shed,
And knows that Egypt has no home
Which does not mourn its dead.

Despot and people humbled,
Boasting and pride brought low,
Warnings despised, unheeded,
Judgment at length they know,
And hasten, though at midnight,
To let God's people go.

O mighty God of Jacob !
What God is like to thee ?
Who leddest thine own people
Through Egypt's parted sea,