

With six score years, amid our tears,
Dear Moses passed away.
His eyes still bright, his gait was light,
As in a younger day.

Yet die he must, despite our fuss,
For so God did command;
That he be dead, before we tread
Into the Promised Land.

It was God's will, high on a hill,
That Moses first could see,
From east to west, and all the best
Of where we'd come to be.

To Abraham, who slew the ram,
God promised this land first,
Now Moses there, with silent stare
His memories rehearsed.

How years before he knew no more
Than Egypt and its king;
An Israelite, by his birthright
And yet the queen's darling.

How strange it seems, beyond all dreams,
How such a youth could be:
His kinfolk slaves who built the graves
Of Egypt's' royalty.

And he the sort, of Pharaoh's court,
Who never hardship knew.
These he compared, as forth he stared,
The Jordan in his view.

He must have thought that God had wrought
That paradox for us;
To set in play, and bring the day
Of our great Exodus.

And far below now Jericho,
With all its walls and palms,
Awaits trauma by Joshua,
Whom we revere in Psalms.

He winces then, and once again
He shudders to recall
That fateful time, while in his prime,
He went and lost it all.

A Hebrew slave he meant to save
From beatings he had had;
And on that day did Moses slay
A man who made him mad.

He had no doubt he'd be found out,
And so he ran away.
He was resigned to leave behind
All he had known, that day.

And so he ran, without a plan,
Alone and frightened, too
He found no peace which could decrease
The panic that he knew.

He did his best, then stopped to rest,
And sat beside a well.
'Twas by God's grace he found this place,
As he would oft recall.

Then in his mind, what joy he'd find:
A smile would cross his face;
Rememb'ring yet, that there he met
His wife and her embrace.

It was here, too, that he first knew
The God of Abraham;
When asked his name, the answer care:
"I am but who I am."

He would insist, when asked of this,
God from a bush had spoke,
Which, though it burned, with fire churned,
Did not go up in smoke!

God told him to take off his shoe,
When there nearby he stood,
For Holy ground was all around,
And honor it, he should.

Then God began to share the plan
We Hebrews to release,
From Pharaoh's land, by Moses' hand,
So slavery would cease.

But he would say, about that day,
How fear in him did swim;
He wasn't sure he could endure
All God had planned for him.

With doubt that he could worthy be,
He almost had refused,
He pled with God, to give the nod,
That he might be excused.

But God knew best, and for this test,
He promised help to give;
God's power sure, would make him pure,
As long as he would live.

And late at night, by campfire light,
Would Moses spin these tales;
And we would be right by his knee,
Though weary from the trail.

He oft would laugh about his staff
God turned into a snake;
How he had feared something so weird,
It made his body shake!

So Moses, you, and Aaron, too,
Came back to Egypt land;
God's awesome might, to make things right,
Your staff held tight in hand.

We watched as you, and Aaron, too,
Presented God's demands:
The Hebrew tribes, so write the scribes,
Set free by God's commands!

Your people free? No, not likely!
The Pharaoh he proclaimed;
Your people go? I don't think so!
His anger was inflamed.

So, Moses, you, God's will to do,
Had held your staff up high;
Whilst plagues beset Egyptians yet
Of blood, and frog, and fly.

Yet Pharaoh proud, again had vowed
As slaves us there to keep;
And work us hard in the brickyard,
Through trials dark and deep.

And then that night, we cringed in fright,
When God could take no more,
His Spirit passed from first to last,
And hovered at each door.

And Pharaoh's kin, due to his sin,
Had met their death that night.
But we who knew of the curfew,
Escaped, thank God, that plight.

And so we fled that place of dread,
And headed to the east,
God did inspire, with smoke and fire,
Our way, to say the least!

And chased were we, full to the sea.
By Pharaoh's army bold,
And there were trapped, our flight was capped.
And, oh, our blood ran cold!

He took his staff, on our behalf,
And raised it in the air;

The sea made way, and on the clay,
We came across, I swear!

And as we marched, our throats were parched,
No water anywhere;
We grumbled, too, and took issue,
With God's intent to care.

But Moses struck a rock for luck,
While we all watched confused,
While water flowed upon the road,
And God our need diffused.

For many years, with sweat and tears,
We wandered to and fro;
Through bareness and wilderness,
Behind our great hero.

While we felt doomed, a mountain loomed
Along our path one day;
It smoked and flashed, it boomed and crashed,
It scared us, I must say!

But Moses knew, that if he, too,
Climbed up unto the peak,
That he might find what's on God's mind,
And guide us while we seek.

So up he went, courageous gent,
And met with God alone,
And Ten Commandments brought us down
That we had never known.

Those were the days we saw God's ways
And heard what Moses said;
Now cherish we the memory,
And hold it in our head.

And now to you, we tell it true,
Repeating through the years;
It keeps us brave, while past his grave,
We march ahead with tears.

Hand in hand to Canaan land,
We march ahead today;
God set us free, our destiny
To find along the way.

Of this we're sure, we will endure,
Though desert wind should blast;
For God will bless in wilderness,
We know this from our past.

Through the ages, by our sages,
We'll share this tale, you'll see;
That you should heed God's word indeed,
And like God, holy be.