

When Israel was in Egypt's land, let my people go.  
Oppressed so hard they could not stand, let my people go.

Thus spoke the Lord, old Moses said, let my people go.  
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead, let my people go.

Your foes shall not before you stand, let my people go.  
And you'll possess fair Canaan's land, let my people go.

You'll not get lost in the wilderness, let my people go.  
With a lighted candle in your breast, let my people go.

No more shall they in bondage toil, let my people go.  
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil, let my people go.

Oh let us all from bondage flee, let my people go.  
And let us all in Christ be free, let my people go.