

Passover

by [Jessie E. Sampter](#)

It's a far, far road from Egypt
To our own, our happy land,
From the pyramids of Egypt
Built beneath the tyrant's hand;
Its road so strange and marvelous
That few can understand.

See, the Lord had passed us over
For his sign upon our gate!
He has spared the crushed and driven,
He has judged the proud and great.
When the hosts of Israel rise to go
He makes the crooked straight

It's a far, far road to Zion
For the slave afraid to flee;
He must pass through flood and desert,
Yet his land he shall not see.
But the man that knows the sign of God
On Pesach eve is free.

