

1 I know not where the road will lead I fol - low day by day,
 2 And some I love have reached the end, but some with me may stay,
 3 The count-less hosts lead on be-fore, I must not fear nor stray;

or where it ends: I on - ly know I walk the King's high - way.
 their faith and hope still guid - ing me: I walk the King's high - way.
 with them, the pil-grims of the faith, I walk the King's high - way.

I know not if the way is long, and no one else can say;
 The way is truth, the way is love, for light and strength I pray,
 Through light and dark the road leads on till dawns the end - less day,

but rough or smooth, up hill or down, I walk the King's high - way.
 and through the years of life, to God I walk the King's high - way.
 when I shall know why in this life I walk the King's high - way.

Words: Evelyn Atwater Cummins (1891-1971)
 Music: Laramie, Arnold George Henry Bode (1866-1952)

1 When Is - rael was in E - gypt's land, let my peo-ple go;
 2 The Lord told Mo - ses what to do, let my peo-ple go;
 3 They jour-neyed on at his com-mand, let my peo-ple go;
 4 Oh, let us all from bond-age flee, let my peo-ple go;

op - pressed so hard they — could not stand, let my peo-ple go.
 to lead the chil-dren of Is - rael through, let my peo-ple go.
 and came at length to — Ca - naan's land, let my peo-ple go.
 and let us all in — Christ be free, let my peo-ple go.

Refrain

Go down, Mo - ses, way down in E - gypt's land;

tell old Pha - roah to let my peo-ple go.