

THE WAY TO FREEDOM!

On my way to freedom I see the free flowers, the fluttering brown moths.
I hear the moaning slaves as they pick the soft cotton.
I wait till midnight when my master is fast asleep.
I tell my family "Goodbye".
Then I begin my journey to the Promised Land.
Rest and safety for the tired traveler.
Rest and safety for the hungry wanderers.

On my way to freedom I swiftly run through the treacherous woods.
I hear the deadly blood hounds "Harrow"!
I hear gun shots "Bam bam"!
I am afraid they will catch me and beat me with their
leather whips, and wooden sticks.
I search for wild onions to rub on me.
So the dogs cannot follow.
Rest and safety for the tired traveler.
Rest and safety for the hungry wanderers.

On my way to freedom I feel tired, hungry, and fearful.
I look for a safe house where I will be offered food, a soft bed, and safety.
I spy flickering candles in a window of a house close by.
I scamper like a horrified rabbit toward the dim light.
Rest and safety for the tired traveler.
Rest and safety for the hungry wanderers.

On my way to freedom I see the Jordan River
dividing the north from the south.
A skiff is lying on the shore
I quietly crawl into it and frantically row.
Rain falls on my face.
It washes my sweat off my face.
I see the Promised Land.
Rest and safety for the tired traveler.
Rest and safety for the hungry wanderers.

