

Stammering Lips

(Moses' Song)

I had no country; I claimed no home.
Raised in a palace; no right to a throne.
An outlaw of Egypt for my passion's crime.
Fled the land of my birth for forty year's time.

Upon the sweet mountain the voice of my Lord,
Spoke words of freedom from famine and sword.
Yet it was I that was charged with the call
To speak God's plan of the judgment to fall.

I stammered before this mighty decree,
But God allowed Aaron to speak for me.
We marched into Egypt before the "Great House"
Brought hope to the hopeless, confounded the proud.

Pharaoh's cloud descended; Jacob seemed undefended.
The ones I came to make free were now turning on me.
Was it me, my sin, my uncircumcised mouth?
Did I say something wrong? My heart labors and pounds.

Time creates seasons, and seasons bring fruit.
Storms reveal rainbows that praise God's truth.
With a mighty hand, God didn't relent;
Bringing deliverance for which I was sent.

Had Pharaoh complied and let us go,
God's vast power would not be made known.
A hero was born in the form of "I am."
As our new sights were set on a promised land.

The greatest treasure we got that day
Was not the plunder we carried away.
We got to know a faithful Lord,
Who saved us by his might and word.

We can now all declare with stammering lips,
You are greater than all of the taskmaster's whips.
Our nation was born through labor and strife.
His power and strength gave us new life.