

The Lord is our defense!

O, Freedom's latest born,

Look up into His smiling face,

And fear not hate and scorn.

He saved the bondman's faith,

Kept him from Satan's snare;

And cheered him with the promise,

"Lo, I will answer prayer!"

Then pray--pray--pray--pray!

God will not turn the weak away,

Nor leave them to despair;

He knows our trials here,

And all the woe we bear;

The Lord is our Redeemer,

And He will answer prayer!

(2)

2

In Slavery's darkest hour,
When Hope had almost fled,
He brought to us the Jubilee,
O'er fields thick-sown with dead.
He led us by the hand,

Through War's encircling glare,
And showed the land of Promise
~~To Freedom's Promised Land,~~
From Croghan heights of prayer
~~In answer to our prayer,~~

Then pray--pray--pray--pray!

God will not turn the weak away,

Nor leave them to despair;

He knows our trials here,

And all the woes we bear.

The Lord is our Redeemer,

And He will answer prayer.

Two hundred years of woe!

Two hundred years of shame!

And then He brought us liberty,

In chariots of flame!

Written the Record Book
~~within his Book of Books,~~

He writes the wrongs we bear,

And echoes still ~~his~~ *repeats the* promises,

~~To hear and answer prayer.~~
That He will answer prayer.

Then pray--pray--pray--pray!

God will not turn the weak away,

Nor leave them to despair;

He knows our trials here,

And all the woes we bear;

The Lord is our Redeemer,

And He will answer prayer.

4

We do not see the way,
We do not know the hour,
But still we trust His promises,
And cannot doubt his power.

Through sea and clouds he leads:

Let cruel foes beware;
God is writing
For still our God his ear inclines,
To hear and answer prayer.

Then pray--pray--pray--pray!

God will not turn the weak away,

Nor leave them to despair;

He knows our trials here,

And all the woes we bear;

The Lord is our Redeemer,

And He will answer prayer.

Albion W. Pomeroy