OISRAEL TO THY TENTS REPAIR



2. The trumpet gives a martial strain;
O Isra'l! gird thee for the fight;
arise, the combat to maintain,
and put thine enemies to flight.

3. Thou shouldst not sleep as others do; awake! be vigilant! be brave!
The coward, and the sluggard too, must wear the fetters of the slave.

4. A nobler lot is cast for thee, a kingdom thine beyond the skies: with such a hope shall Isra'l flee, or yield, through weariness, the prize?

5. No! let a careless world repose, and slumber on through life's short day, while Isra'l to the conflict goes, and bears the glorious prize away.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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