

# No. 109. Israel, Awake from Thy Long, Silent Slumber.

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(P. M.)

John S. Lewis.

(♩ = 84,)

1. Is - rael, a - wake from thy long, si - lent slum - ber,
2. Trem - ble, ye na - tions of Gen - tiles, for you - der The
3. Come to the land of the moun - tain and prai - rie

Shake off the fet - ters that bound thee so long  
 hosts of the des - pot, in bat - the ar - ray, With en - gines of war shake the  
 Gath - er in strength to our home in the west

Chains of oppress - ion! we'll  
 Free are her sons as the

break them a - sun - der, And join with the ran - somed in vic - to - ry's song.  
 earth with their thunder, The bright sword is drawn and the sheath thrown a - way.  
 breeze round the ear - is— Birth - place of proph - ets and home of the blest.

# Israel, Awake from Thy Long, Silent Slumber.

Chorus. *Moderato.*

Rise! for the time has come, Is - rael must gath - er  
 Sound the a - larm of war Through na - tions near and  
 Come, let us haste a - way, Here we'll no lon - ger

home; High on the moun - tains the en - sign we see;  
 far, Send the dread tones o'er the land, o'er the sea;  
 stay; Zi - on, thy beau - ties we're yearn - ing to see.

Fallen is the Gen - tile pow'r, Soon will their reign be o'er,  
 Zi - on shall dwell in peace, Is - rael will still in - crease,  
 Saints raise the heav'n - ly song, Join with the ran - somed throng,

Ty - rants shall rule no more, Is - rael, Is - rael is free!  
 Lib - er - ty ne'er shall cease, Is - rael, Is - rael is free!  
 An - gels the notes pro - long, Is - rael, Is - rael is free!