Brethren, awake, awake from sloth!

1. Brethren, awake, awake from sloth’.
And bind the girdle o n;
A heav’nly course before you lies,
And an eternal crown.

2.’Tis Jesu’s animating voice
That calls you from on high,
’Tis His own hand presents the prize—
The crown of victory.

3. Lord! help us still to follow Thee,
Patient, the race to run,
Till crown’d with vict’ry round Thy Throne,
We sing what grace has done.