



- 2. Goes the fight well with thee, this living fight with death and death's dark power? Is not the stronger than the strong one near, with thee and for thee in the fiercest hour?
- 3. Does it grow slacker now? Then tremble; for be sure thy hellish foe slacks not. 'Tis thou that slackest in the fight; fainter and feebler falls each weary blow.
- 4. Dread not the din and smoke, the stifling poison of the fiery air; courage! it is the battle of thy God; go, and for him learn how to do and dare!
- 5. What though ten thousand fall, and the red field with the dear dead be strewn! Grasp but more bravely thy bright shield and sword; fight to the last, although thou fight'st alone.
- 6. What though ten thousand faint, desert, or yield, or in weak terror flee? Heed not the panic of the multitude; thine be the Captain's watchword – Victory!
- 7. Look to thine armour well! Thine the one panoply no blow that fears; ours is the day of rusted swords and shields, of loosened helmets and of broken spears.
- 8. Heed not the throng of foes! To fight 'gainst hosts is still the Church's lot. Side thou with God, and thou must win the day; woe to the man 'gainst whom hell fighteth not!
- 9. Say not the fight is long: 'tis but one battle and the fight is o'er; no second warfare mars thy victory, and the one triumph is for evermore.

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