



- 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,w i t h thee and f o r 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.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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