THE LAST ENEMY



- 2. The sting of death is sin; 'tis this that makes us feeble in the fight: we shrink and flee; but all in vain; we cannot face that foe of might.
- 3. And yet in yielding do we win; vanquished in this last mortal strife, we conquer him who conquered us: through death we enter into life.
- 4. The grave becomes to us the gate of glory through eternal years; and through the clouds that veil the tomb, our resurrection-sun appears.
- 5. The sun of an eternal morn, morn of the mistless and the bright! The sun of an eternal noon, that knows no sunset and no night.
- 6. Then shall defeat be all reversed, and I the conqueror at last: my heel upon the head of death, my mortal strife for ever past.
- 7. My Captain is the Prince of Life!
 He leads me on, he leads me in;
 wounded and baffled oft I am,
 but the great field at length I win.
- 8. Who fights with death must take the wounds he took when fighting here below: who conquers death must share the tomb of him who overcomes our foe.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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