

The Final Stand

Music: John Bacchus Dykes "Lux Benigna" 1865

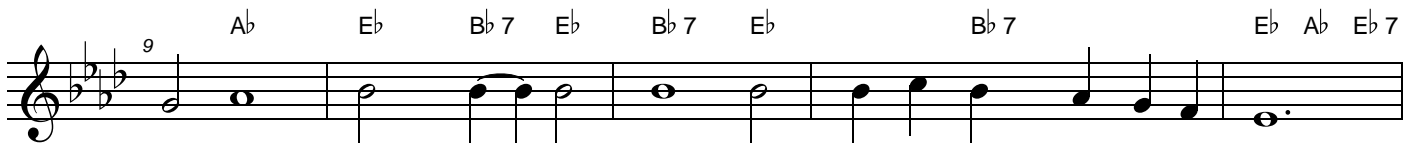
Words: Warren Mars 2018



1. Though all a - round the sha - dows creep yet clo - ser, my light still
 2. The days go by and still their siege is con - stant; their pow'r is
 3. Yes, in the dark - ness hope is hard to come by, with - out a



shines. And though the weight of fear grows e - ver grea - ter, I will not
 great. I see no ar - my co - ming to my aid here, no break in
 gleam. When ev - 'ry hand and chance is turned a - gainst me, how can it



re - sign. Staunch to the last, I will not change my truth for lies.
 their might. Wait for the blow; un - til it comes I will not die.
 ex - ist? Still dawn may come and chase a - way these e - vil shades,



My self res - pect, worth more than pain, worth more than death.
 They forced me here, but can they take my last em - ber?
 bring light of day, and vic - to - ry to me at last.