

Life Triumphant

Thou death of man, where now is found thy sting?
Foul-smelling grave, thy hollow victory?
Was all thine power broken on the tree,
And vanquished by the resurrected King?
What terror, now, can thy deception bring,
When empty lies the tomb for all to see,
And broken is the curse's hold on me?
Thy menace is a shattered, worthless thing.

So rage in impotence and dark despair.
Your realm retreats each day before my Lord
Who stands arisen from your dwindling night,
Whose resurrection every Saint shall share.
His triumph is His Word, His Word His sword.
You rage in vain against the whelming light.

Jonathan Sanford