1. Thine is the glory, Risen, conqu'ring Son; Endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.

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## Angels in bright raiment Rolled the stone away, Kept the folded grave-clothes Where Thy body lay.

Thine is the glory, Risen, conqu'ring Son; Endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.

2. Lo! Jesus meets us, Risen from the tomb. Lovingly He greets us, Scatters fear and gloom;

## Let His church with gladness Hymns of triumph sing, For her Lord now liveth;

Death hath lost its sting.

Thine is the glory, Risen, conqu'ring Son; Endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won. 3. No more we doubt Thee, Glorious Prince of life! Life is nought without Thee; Aid us in our strife;

## Make us more than conqu'rors, Through Thy deathless love; Bring us safe through Jordan With Thy power and love.

Thine is the glory, Risen, conqu'ring Son; Endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.

