Thine Is the Glory

1. Thine is the glory, Risen, conqu'ring Son;  
   Endless is the vict'ry Thou o’er death hast won.  
   Angels in bright raiment Rolled the stone away,  
   Kept the folded grave-clothes Where Thy body lay.

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

1. 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.
2. 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.