

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.
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.
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.