

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.

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.

