

Thine is the glory

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.

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.

No more we doubt Thee,
Glorious Prince of Life!
Life is naught 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.

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

Traditional
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