Thine be the glory, risen, conqu’ring Son, endless is the

1. Thine be the glory, risen, conqu’ring Son, endless is the

2. Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb; lovingly he

3. No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of Life; life is nought with-

vict’ry thou o’er death hast won; angels in bright raiment

greets us, scatters fear and gloom; let the Church with gladness

out thee: aid us in our strife; make us more than conqu’rors

rolled the stone away, kept the folded grave-clothes

hymns of triumph sing, for her Lord now liveth,

through thy deathless love; bring us safe through Jordan

where thy body lay. death has lost its sting: Thine be the glory, risen, conqu’ring

to thy home above:

Son, endless is the vict’ry thou o’er death hast won.