

1. Thine be the glo - ry, ris - en, conqu'r - ing Son, end - less is the  
2. Lo, Je - sus meets us, ris - en from the tomb; lov - ing - ly he  
3. No more we doubt thee, glo - rious Prince of Life; life is nought with -

vict' - ry thou o'er death hast won; an - gels in bright rai - ment  
greet us, scat - ters fear and gloom; let the Church with glad - ness  
out thee: aid us in our strife; make us more than conqu'r - ors

rolled the stone a - way, kept the fold - ed grave - clothes  
hymns of tri - umph sing, for her Lord now liv - eth,  
through thy death - less love; bring us safe through Jor - dan

where thy bo - dy lay.  
death has lost its sting: Thine be the glo - ry, ris - en, conqu'r - ing  
to thy home a - bove:

Son, end - less is the vict' - ry thou o'er death hast won.