Thine Is the Glory

1. Thine is the glory, Risen, conqu'ring Son; ENDLESS is the
   victory Thou o'er death hast won. ANGELS in bright raiment
   greet us, SCATTERS fear and gloom.

2. Lo! Jesus meets us, Risen from the tomb; LOVINGLY He
   rolls the stone away, KEPT the folded grave clothes
   Hymns of triumph sing, FOR her Lord now liveth;

3. No more we doubt Thee, Glorious Prince of life! Life is naught with-
   out Thee; AID us in our strife; MAKE us more than conquerors,
   through Thy deathless love; BRING us safe thro' Jordan
   Where Thy body lay.
   Death hath lost its sting. Thine is the glory, Risen, conqu'ring son;
   To Thy home above.

4. ENDLESS is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.