1 Thine is the glory, risen, con quering Son;
2 Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
3 No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life!

End less is the victory thou o’er death hast won.
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom.
Life is sought without thee; aid us in our strife.

Angels, in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Let his church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
Make us more than conquerors through thy death-less love.

Kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.
For her Lord now liveth: death hath lost its sting.
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

Refrain

Thine is the glory, risen, con quering Son;
End less is the victory thou o’er death hast won.

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