

The Conqueror

Salathiel Cleaver Kirk, 1906

Grant Colfax Tullar

$\text{♩} = 110$

1. O Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Thy tri - umph - ant day is come!
 2. All in vain the wards of death Guard the ston - y ten - e - ment;
 3. O the glo - rious vic - to - ry! Je - sus slain a - wakes a - gain,

Day of glo - rious vic - to - ry, Over the boast - ing tomb! All the shame and
 But a whis - per, yea, a breath, Lo! its bars are rent! Where is now the
 Tri - umphs o - ver Cal - va - ry, And the wiles of men! Je - sus now the

a - go - ny Of the cru - el cross He bore; Died the Man of Ga - li - lee, But
 taunt - ing reed, And the crown of thorns He wore? Ye have made a King, in - deed, And
 ris - en King Is a - live for - ev - er - more! Earth and Heav - en tri - bute sing— And

Refrain

rose the Con - quer - ror! O death, where is thy sting? O
 crowned a Con - quer - or!
 hail Him Con - quer - or! O death, where is thy sting?

grave, thy vic - to - ry? The ris - en Lord, the Sav - ior - King, Has con - quered death for me.