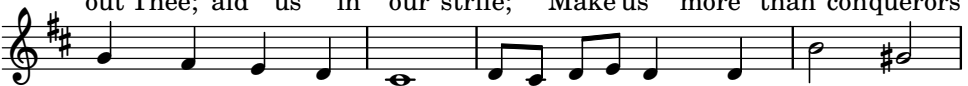




1. Thine be the glo - ry, ris-en, conquering Son, Endless is the
2. Lo! Je - sus meets us, ris-en from the tomb; Lov-ing - ly he
3. No more we doubt Thee, glo-rious Prince of Life; Life is nought with-



vic - t'ry Thou o'er death has 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 conquerors



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

REFRAIN.



where Thy bo - dy lay.
death hath lost its sting; Thine be the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring
to Thy home a - bove.



Son, End-less is the vic - t'ry Thou o'er death has won.