

Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes, where Thy body lay.

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endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo, Jesus meets us risen from the tomb;
lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord is living, death has lost its sting.

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is nought without Thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through Thy deathless love;
bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.