

Thine is the glory

Verse 1

Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son,

Endless is the victory thou o’re death has won.

Angels in bright Raymond rolled the stone away, kept the folded grave clothes where

Thy body lay.

Chorus

Thine is the glory, risen, conquering son;

Endless is the victory thou o’re death has won.

Verse 2

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;

lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom.

Let his church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,

for her Lord now liveth; death hath lost its sting.

Chorus

Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son;

Endless is the victory thou o’re death has won.

Verse 3

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 my home above.

Chorus

Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son;

Endless is the victory thou o’re death has won.