217 THINE IS THE GLORY

1. Thine is the glory, Risen, conquering Son; Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won. Angels in bright raiment greet us, Scatters fear and gloom; Let His Church with gladness out Thee; Aid us in our strife; Make us more than conquerors,

2. Lo! Jesus meets us, Risen from the tomb, Lovingly HeRolled the stone away, Kept the folded grave-clothes Hymns of triumph sing, For her Lord now liveth; Through Thy deathless love; Bring us safe through Jordan

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,

Refrain

Where Thy body lay. Thine is the glory, Risen, conquering Son; Death hath lost its sting. To Thy home above.

Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won. A-MEN.

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JESUS CHRIST: HIS RESURRECTION [242]