

The Conqueror

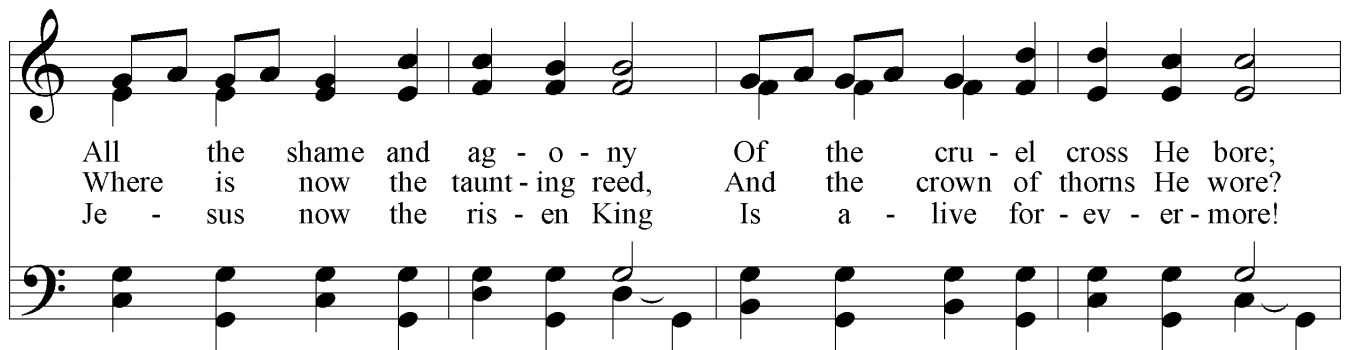
(EASTER)



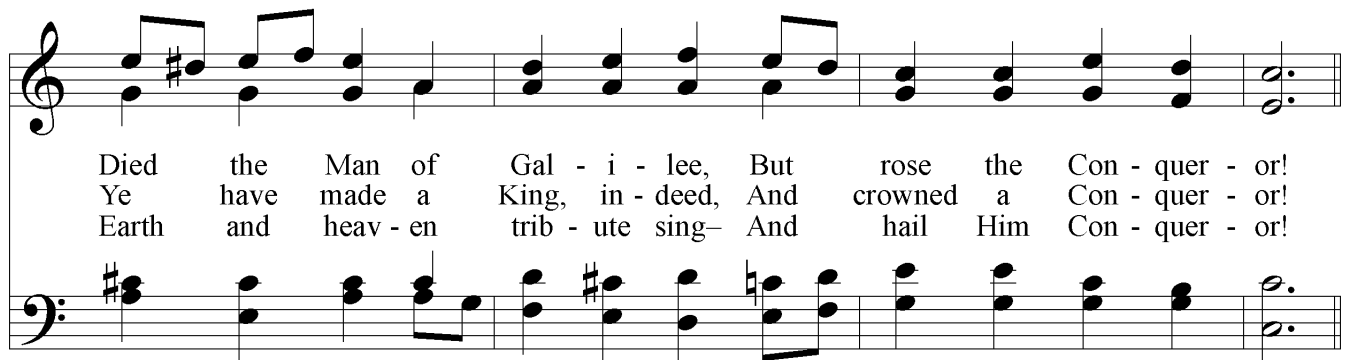
1. O Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Thy tri - um - phant day is come!
2. All in vain the wards of Death Guard the ston - y ten - e - ment;
3. O the glo - rious vic - to - ry! Je - sus slain a - wakes a - gain,



Day of glo - rious vic - to - ry, O'er the boast - ing tomb!
But a whis - per, yea, a breath, Lo! its bars are rent!
Tri - umphs o - ver Cal - va - ry, And the wiles of men!



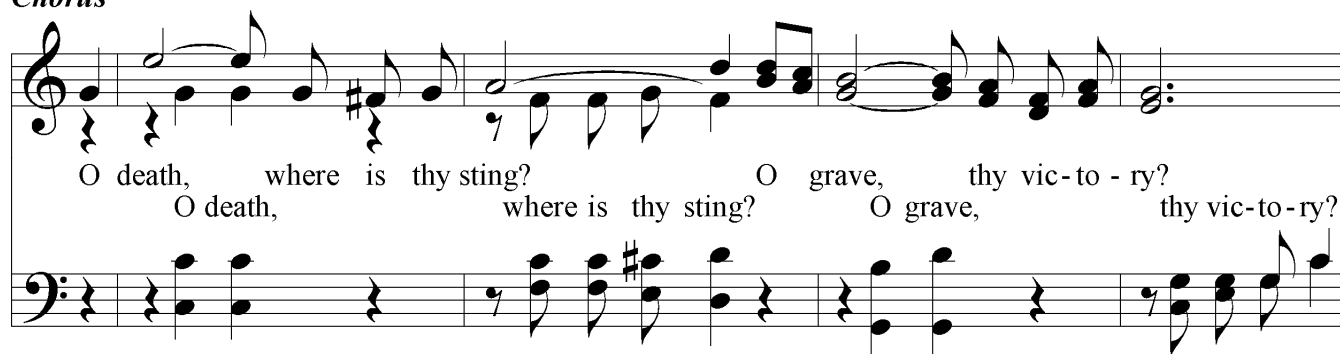
All the shame and ag - o - ny Of the cru - el cross He bore;
Where is now the taunt - ing reed, And the crown of thorns He wore?
Je - sus now the ris - en King Is a - live for - ev - er - more!



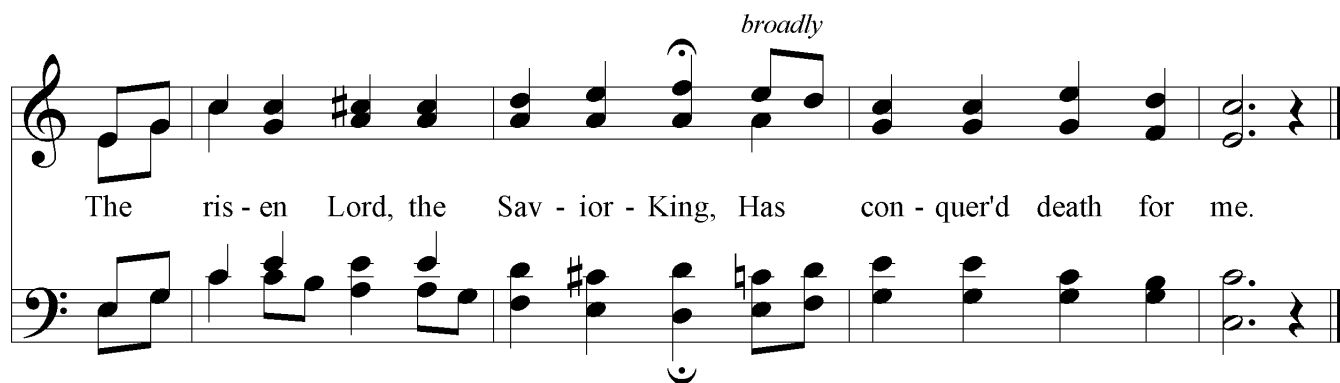
Died the Man of Gal - i - lee, But rose the Con - quer - or!
Ye have made a King, in - deed, And crowned a Con - quer - or!
Earth and heav - en trib - ute sing - And hail Him Con - quer - or!

The Conqueror

Chorus



O death, where is thy sting? O grave, thy vic-to - ry?
O death, where is thy sting? O grave, thy vic-to-ry?



broadly
The ris - en Lord, the Sav - ior - King, Has con - quer'd death for me.