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 death, where is thy sting?
O grave, thy victory? O grave, thy victory?

The risen Lord, the Savior King, Has conquer'd death for me.