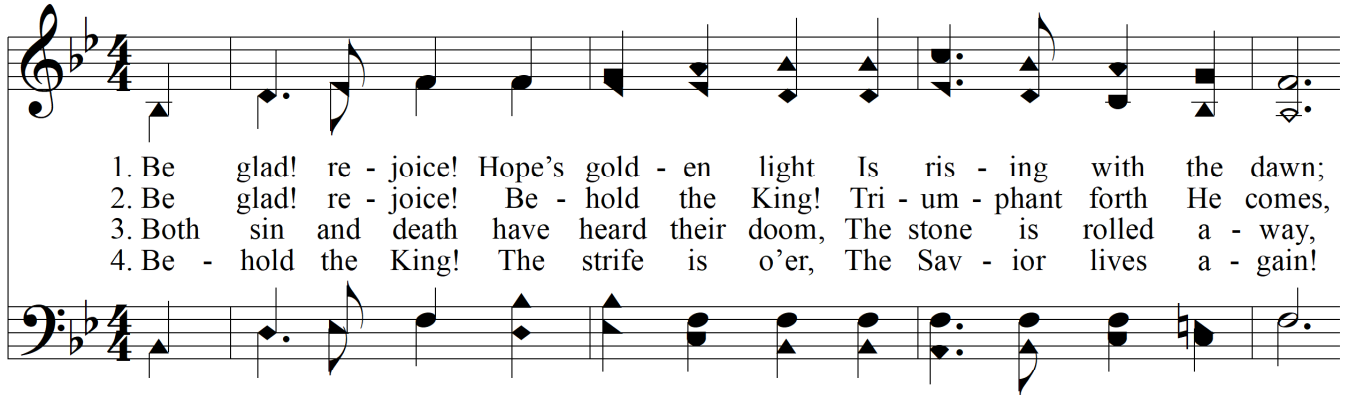


The Conqueror Of Death

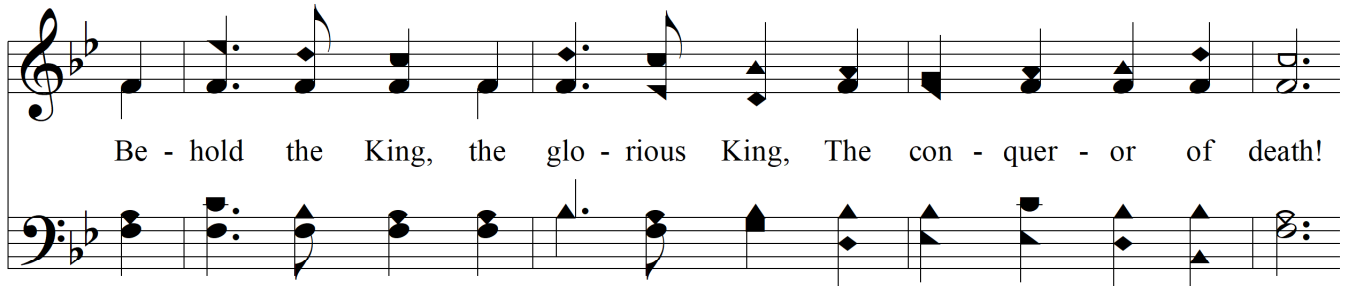


1. Be glad! re - joi - ce! Hope's gold - en light Is ris - ing with the dawn;
2. Be glad! re - joi - ce! Be - hold the King! Tri - um - phant forth He comes,
3. Both sin and death have heard their doom, The stone is rolled a - way,
4. Be - hold the King! The strife is o'er, The Sav - ior lives a - gain!

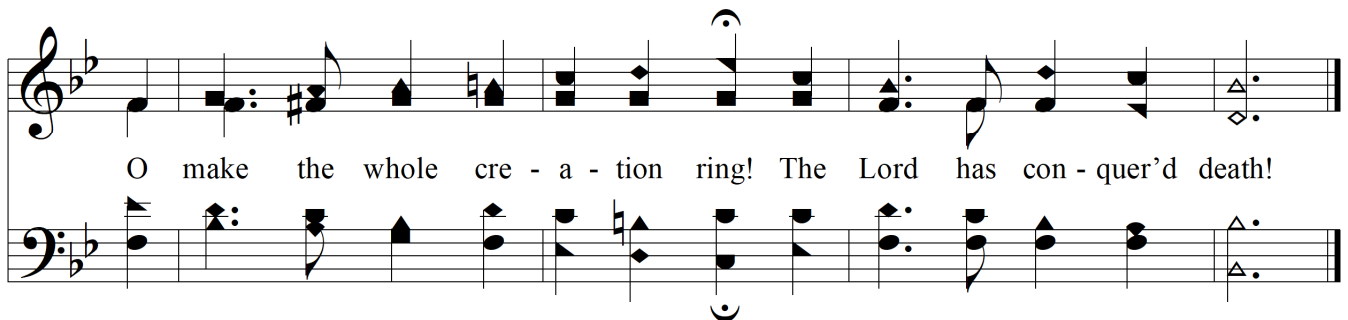


The gloom of death has tak - en flight, Its ter - rors are with - drawn.
The glo - ry of His love to bring In - to our hearts and homes!
And shines a light with - in the tomb Which dims the light of day.
Be glad, and praise Him more and more; Re - joi - ce, ye sons of men.

Chorus



Be - hold the King, the glo - rious King, The con - quer - or of death!



O make the whole cre - a - tion ring! The Lord has con - quer'd death!