Thou, Lord, to death's domain

Praise of the Lord — His Resurrection

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D A^7 D Α 1. Thou, Lord, to death's do - main Didst lone. go D **E**⁷ Α A Thou had Thee Death claim, sin less One! on no A^7 A⁷ D D Thee He who had death's dread Met in that dark hour: B⁷ D A^7 D D Em Van quished by Thee his $\mathbf{B}\mathbf{y}$ Thee pow er, lone.

- 2. But Thou hast burst the grave, Risen art Thou; Death could not Thee enslave, Death had to bow! Victorious hast Thou come Out of the darksome tomb, Broken the bands of gloom: Beyond death now.
- 3. What mighty triumphs, Lord,
 Thou didst achieve!
 What fruitfulness doth God
 From Thee receive!
 Out of Thy death has sprung
 A wondrous living throng:
 All, all to Thee belong,
 And in Thee live.

4. Firstborn of all Thou art,
Lowly we bow;
Chief in Thy Father's heart—
Chief to us now.
Thou art indeed supreme,
Our great eternal theme,
Worthy of all esteem:
Worthy art Thou!