

# Thou, Lord, to death's domain

Praise of the Lord — His Resurrection

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1. Thou, Lord, to death's do - main Didst go a - lone.  
Death had on Thee no claim, Thou sin - less One!  
He who had death's dread pow'r Met Thee in that dark hour:  
Van - quished by Thee his pow - er, By Thee a - lone.

Chords: F, C, C<sup>7</sup>, F, F/A, C/G, G<sup>7</sup>, C, C<sup>7</sup>/E, F, C<sup>7</sup>, F, F, D<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>#</sup>, Gm, Gm/B<sup>b</sup>, F/C, C<sup>7</sup>, F

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!