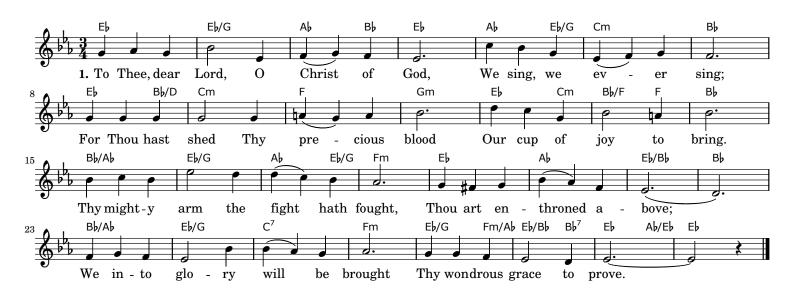
To Thee, dear Lord, O Christ of God

Praise of the Lord — His Victory

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- 2. To Thee, dear Lord, O Christ of God, We sing, we ever sing; Thou hast invaded death's abode And robbed him of his sting. The house of dust enthralls no more, For Thou, the strong to save, Thyself doth guard that silent door, Great Keeper of the grave.
- 3. To Thee, dear Lord, O Christ of God,
 We sing, we ever sing;
 For Thou hast crushed beneath Thy rod
 The world's proud rebel king,
 And plunged in Thine imperial strength
 To gulfs of darkness down,
 And brought Thy trophy up at length
 The foiled usurper's crown.

4. To Thee, dear Lord, O Christ of God, We sing, we ever sing; Thou hast redeemed us with Thy blood From every evil thing. God's saving strength Thine arm upbore, The arm that set us free; Glory, O Christ, for evermore Be to Thy God and Thee.