Thine Is the Glory

Thine is the glory, risen, conqu’ring Son;
Endless is the victory, Thou o’er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave clothes where Thy body lay.

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing;
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without Thee; aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conqu’rors, through Thy deathless love:
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.

Refrain:
Thine is the glory, risen conqu’ring Son,
Endless is the vict’ry, Thou o’er death hast won.

~ Edmond L. Budry ~

Mark Hayes
Tune: MACCABEUS
by George Frederick Handel

Duration: 2:50
Slower, freely \( \text{\dashed} = 92 \)

\textit{legato, with expression}

Slightly faster \( \text{\dashed} = 100 \)

\textit{poco rit.}
Ah, Holy Jesus!

Simply \( \frac{4}{4} \), \( \text{mf with flexibility} \), \( \text{rit.} \), \( \text{Tempo I} \)

Duration: 3:45