Thine Is the Glory

1 Thine is the glory, risen con quering Son; end less is the
victory thou o’er death hast won. An gels in bright rai
rolled the stone away, kept the folded grave clothes
yours of triumph sing, for her Lord now liv
where thy body lay. death hath lost its sting. Thine is the glory, risen con quering Son;

2 Lo! Je sus meets us, risen from the tomb; lov ing ly he
greets us, scat ters fear and gloom. Let his church with glad ness
out thee; aid us in our strife. Make us more than conquerors,
through thy death less love: bring us safe through Jordan

3 No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life! Life is nought with
serious con from Prince quering the of life!
end less living is nought the he with

Refrain

where thy bo dy lay. death hath lost its sting. Thine is the glory, risen con quering Son;

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Text: Edmond L. Budry (1854-1932);
tr. R. Birch Hoyle (1875-1939)
Tune: George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

55 65 65 65 Refrain

JUDAS MACCABEUS

www.hymnary.org/text/thine_is_the_glory_risen_conquering

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