Thine Is the Glory

1. Thine is the glory, risen, conquering 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.

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

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

Words: Edmond L. Budry
Music: George Frederick Handel
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Chorus

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End less is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.