Thine Is the Glory

Words: Edmond L. Budry
Music: George Frederick Handel

1. Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son;
2. Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
3. No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life!

Endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won.
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Life is naught without Thee; aid us in our strife.

Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away.
Let His church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
Make us more than conquerors thru Thy deathless love;

Kept the folded grave-clothes where Thy body lay.
For the Lord now liveth; death has lost its sting.
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.
Thine Is the Glory

Chorus

Thine is the glory, risen, conquering Son;

Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won.