

Thine Is the Glory 110

1. Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en, con - q'ring Son; End - less
 2. Lo! Je - sus meets us, Ris - en from the tomb; Lov - ing -
 3. No more we doubt Thee, Glo - rious Prince of life! Life is

is the vic - t'ry Thou o'er death hath won. An - gels in bright
 ly He greets us, Scat - ters fear and gloom. Let His church with
 naught with - out Thee; Aid us in our strife. Make us more than

rai - ment Rolled the stone a - way, Kept the fold - ed grave - clothes
 glad - ness Hymns of tri - umph sing, For her Lord now liv - eth;
 con - q'rors, Thro' Thy death - less love: Bring us safe thro' Jor - dan

Where Thy bod - y lay.
 Death hath lost its sting. Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en, con - q'ring
 To Thy home a - bove.

Son; End - less is the vic - t'ry Thou o'er death hast won.

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 Music: George Frederick Handel