

Thine Is the Glory

- 1 Thine is the glory,
risen, conqu'ring Son;
endless is the vict'ry
thou o'er death hast won!
Angels in bright raiment
rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes
where thy body lay.

Refrain

Thine is the glory,
risen, conqu'ring Son;
endless is the vict'ry
thou o'er death hast won!

- 2 Lo, Jesus meets thee,
risen from the tomb!
Lovingly he greets thee,
scatters fear and gloom;
let his church with gladness
hymns of triumph sing,
for the Lord now liveth;
death hath lost its sting! *Refrain*

- 3 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*

Text: Edmond Budry, 1854-1932; tr. R. Birch Hoyle, 1875-1939