

Thine be the Glory

G.F. Handel, 1685-1759

Judas Maccabeus
55.65.65.65

Thine is the glory, risen, conqu'ring 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.

Refrain

*Thine is the glory, risen conqu'ring Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, Thou o'er death hast won.*

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

Refrain

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

Edmond L. Budry