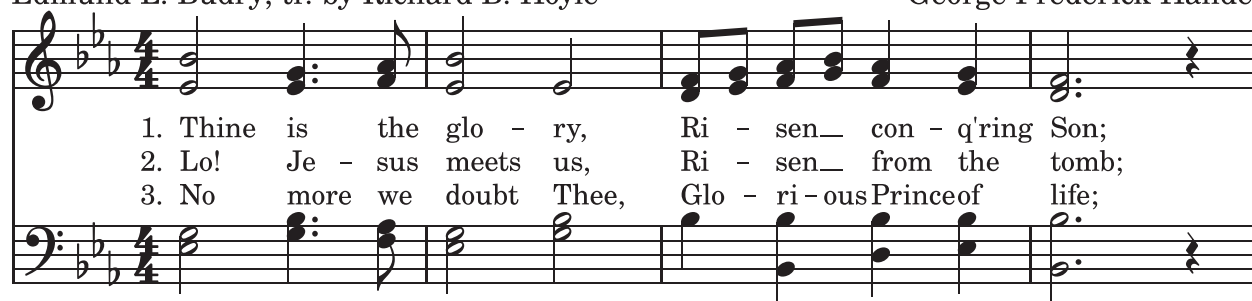


Thine Is the Glory

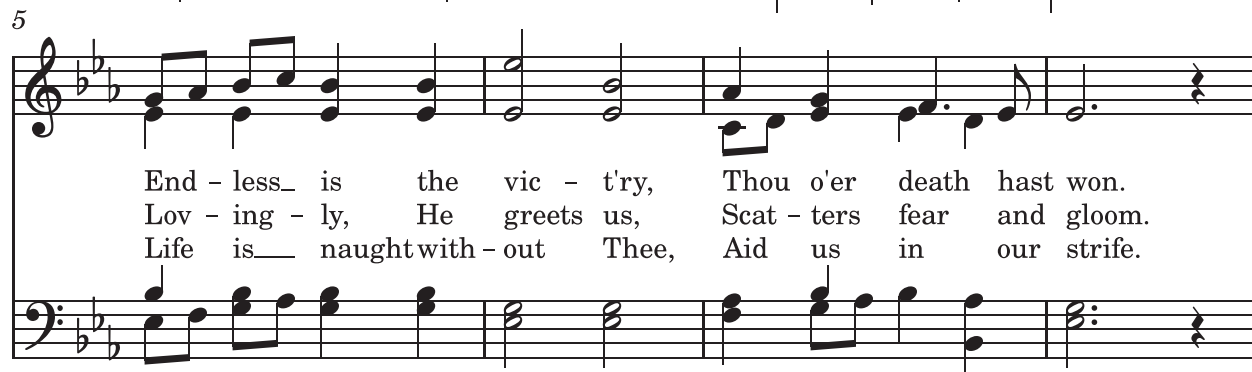
Edmund L. Budry; tr. by Richard B. Hoyle

George Frederick Handel



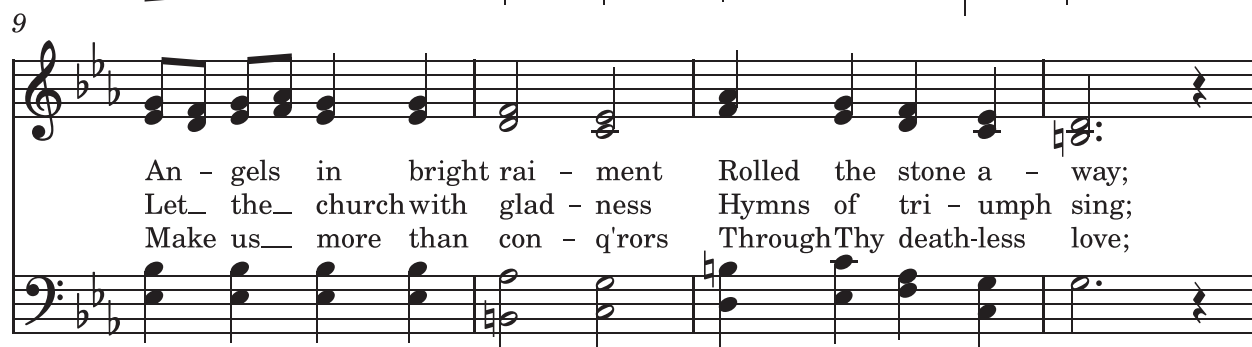
1. Thine is the glo - ry, Ri - sen_ con - q'ring Son;
2. Lo! Je - sus meets us, Ri - sen_ from the tomb;
3. No more we doubt Thee, Glo - ri - ous Prince of life;

5



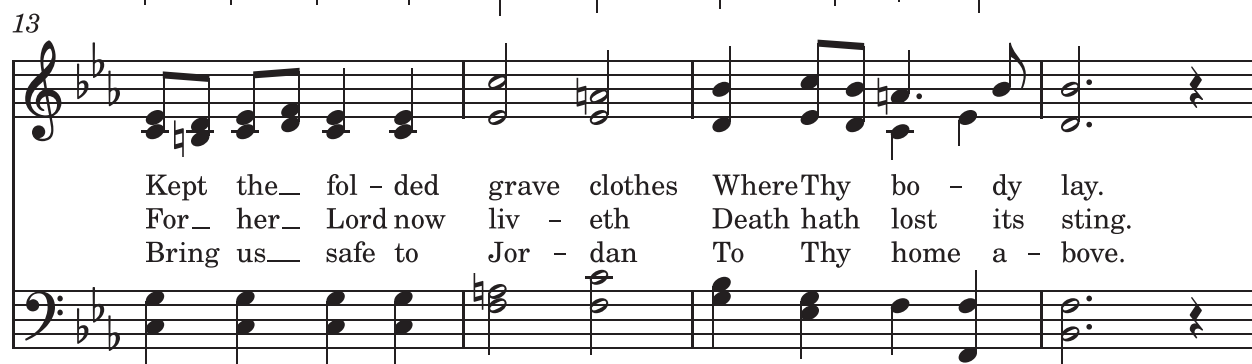
End - less_ is the vic - t'ry, Thou o'er death hast won.
Lov - ing - ly, He greets us, Scat - ters fear and gloom.
Life is_ naught with - out Thee, Aid us in our strife.

9



An - gels in bright rai - ment Rolled the stone a - way;
Let_ the_ church with glad - ness Hymns of tri - umph sing;
Make us_ more than con - q'rors Through Thy death-less love;

13



Kept the_ fol - ded grave clothes Where Thy bo - dy lay.
For_ her_ Lord now liv - eth Death hath lost its sting.
Bring us_ safe to Jor - dan To Thy home a - bove.

17 *Refrain*



Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en_ con - q'ring Son;

21



End - less_ is the vic - t'ry, Thou o'er death hast