1. Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son, endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won; angels in bright raiment greet us, out thee: a

2. Lo, Je-sus meets us, risen from the tomb; lovingly he scatters fear and gloom; let the Church with strife; make us more than conquer'ors nought with -

3. No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of Life; life is nought with - where thy body lay. Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring to thy home above: Son, endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won.

AMNS 428 Thine be the glory

E.L. Budry (1854-1932), tr. R.B. Hoyle (1875-1939)

Georg Friedrich Händel

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