Thine Be the Glory

MACCABAEUS

From G. F. Handel

1. Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son; endless is the

2. Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb; lovingly he

3. No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life; life is naught with

vic'try thou o'er death hast won; angels in bright raiment

greets us, scatters fear and gloom; let the church with gladness

out thee: aid us in our strife; make us more than conqu'rors.

rolled the stone away, kept the fold-ed grave-clothes, where thy body

hymns of triumph sing, for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its

thro' thy death-less love: bring us safe thro' Jordan to thy home a-

lay.

Thine be the glory, risen conqu'ring Son;

endless is the vic'try thou o'er death hast won.

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