



## **Thine Be The Glory**

Edmond Budry | 1884

Richard Hoyle | 1923

*Thine be the glory,  
Risen, conquering 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.

*Thine be the glory,  
Risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory  
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.



*Thine be the glory,  
Risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory  
Thou o'er death hast won.*

No more we doubt Thee,  
Glorious Prince of life;  
Life is nought without Thee:  
Aid us in our strife;  
Make us more than conquerors,  
Through Thy deathless love:  
Lead us in Thy triumph  
To Thy home above

*Thine be the glory,  
Risen, conquering Son;  
Endless is the victory  
Thou o'er death hast won.*