


Thine Is The Glory

Edmond L. Budry

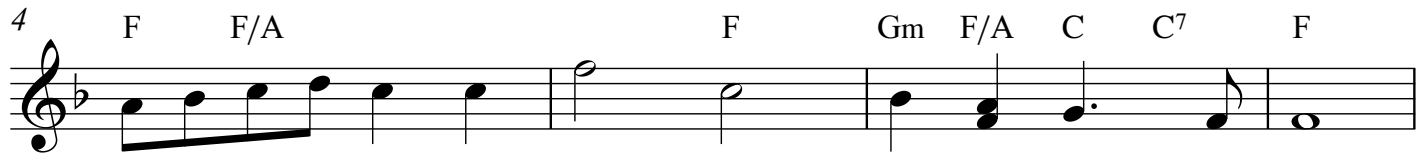
Handel

F F/A C/G F F/A C C/E F C



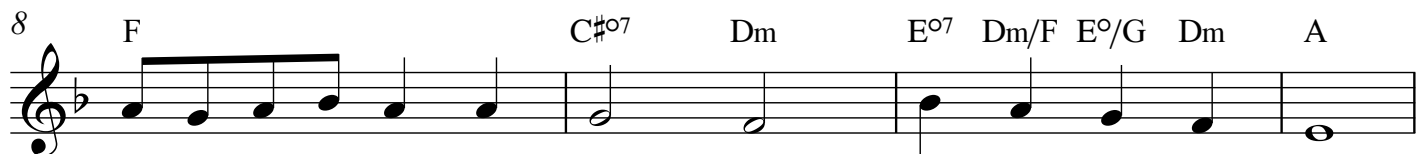
Thine is the glo - ry, ri - sen, con- quering Son;
Lo! Je - sus meets us, ri - sen, from the tomb;
No more we doubt thee, glo - rious Prince of life!

4 F F/A F Gm F/A C C⁷ F




end - less_ is the vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won.
lo - ving - ly He greats us, scat - ters fear and gloom.
Life is_ nought with - out Thee; aid us in our strife.

8 F C^{#o7} Dm E^{o7} Dm/F E^o/G Dm A



An - gels in bright rai - ment rolled the stone a - way,
Let_ His_ church with glad - ness hymns of tri - umph sing,
Make us_ more than con - querors, through thy death - less love:

12 Dm G⁷ Am Dm/F G⁷ C



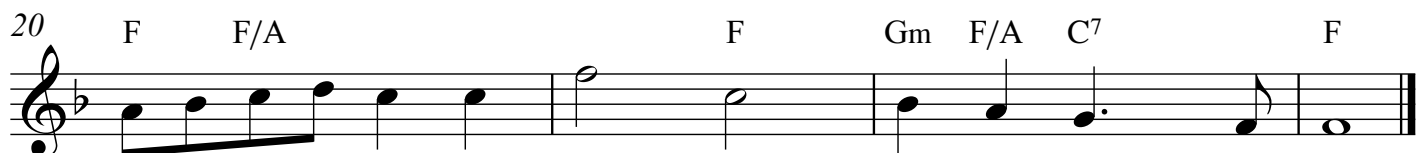
kept the_ fol - ded grave clothes where they bo - dy lay.
for_ her_ Lord now liv - eth: death hath lost its sting.
bring us_ safe through Jor - dan to thy_ home a - bove.

16 F F/A C/G F F/A C C/E F C



Thine is the glo - ry, ri - sen_ con- quering Son;

20 F F/A F Gm F/A C⁷ F



end - less_ is the vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won.