

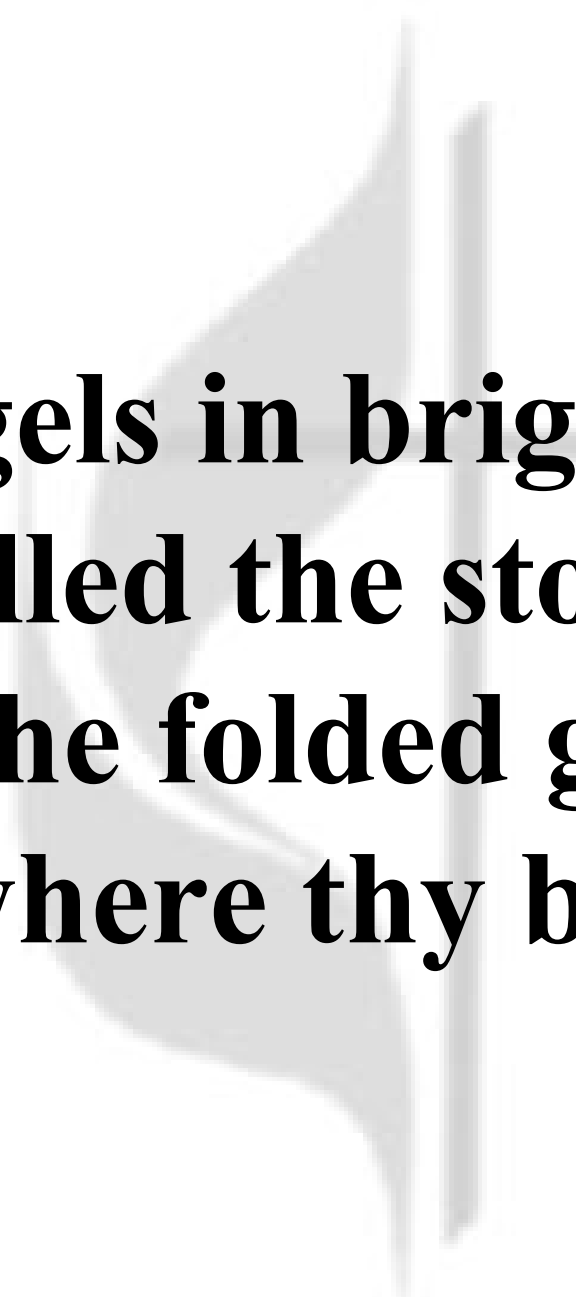
# Thine Be the Glory

308

WORDS: Edmond L. Budry, 1904; trans. by R. Birch Hoyle, 1923

**1. Thine be the glory,  
risen, conquering Son;  
endless is the victory  
thou o'er death hast won.**

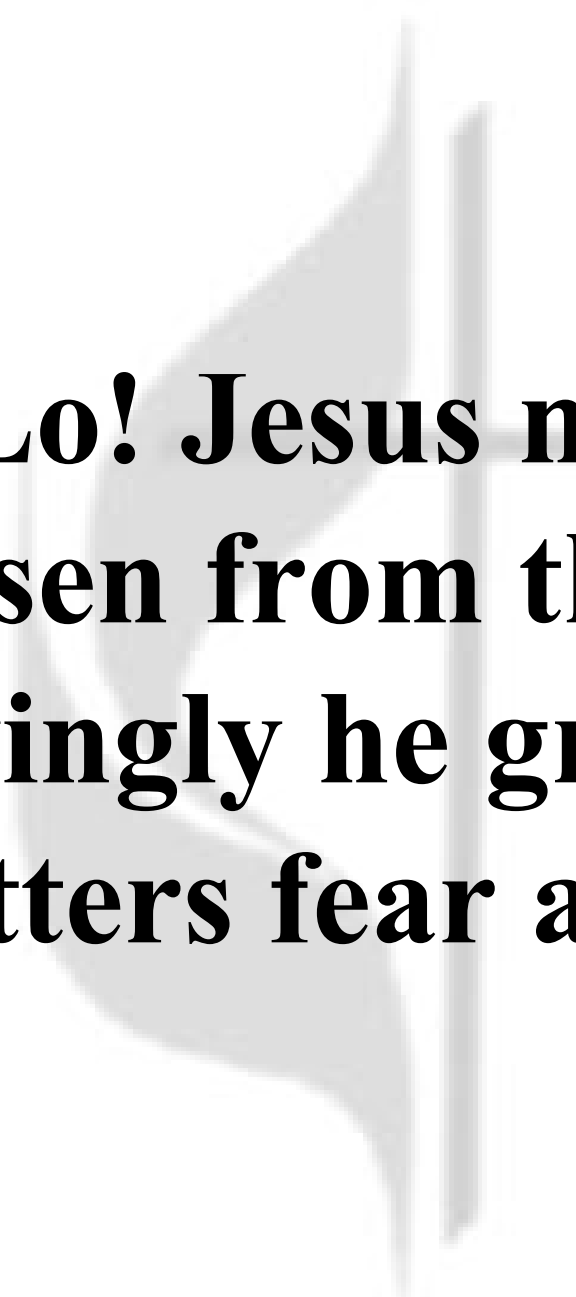
Trans. by permission of The World Student Christian Federation



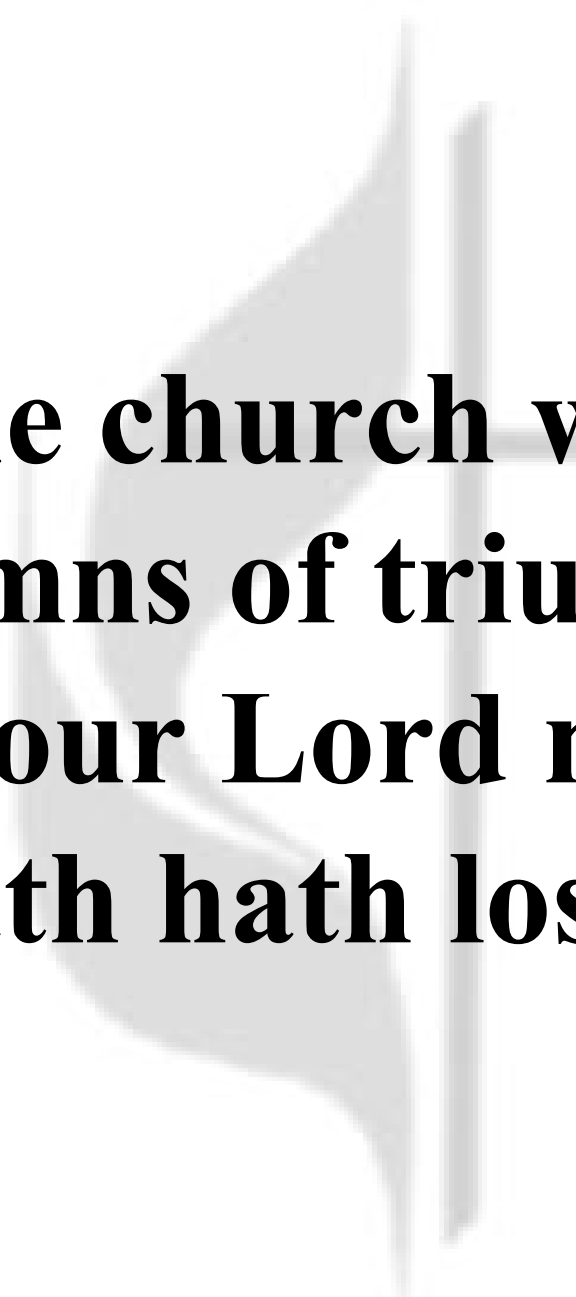
**Angels in bright raiment  
rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes  
where thy body lay.**

*Refrain*

**Thine be the glory,  
risen, conquering Son;  
endless is the victory  
thou o'er death hast won.**



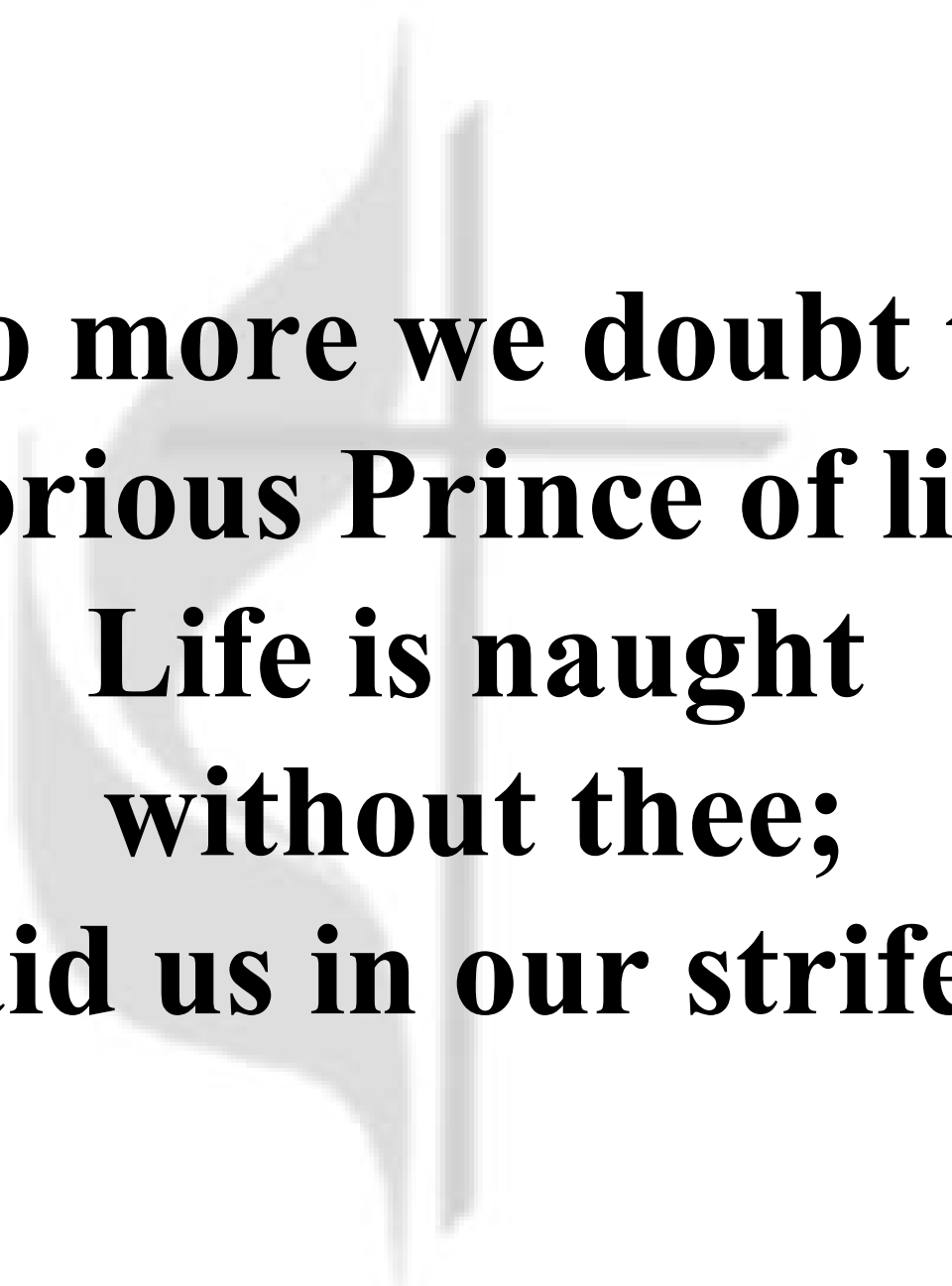
**2. Lo! Jesus meets thee,  
risen from the tomb;  
lovingly he greets thee,  
scatters fear and gloom.**



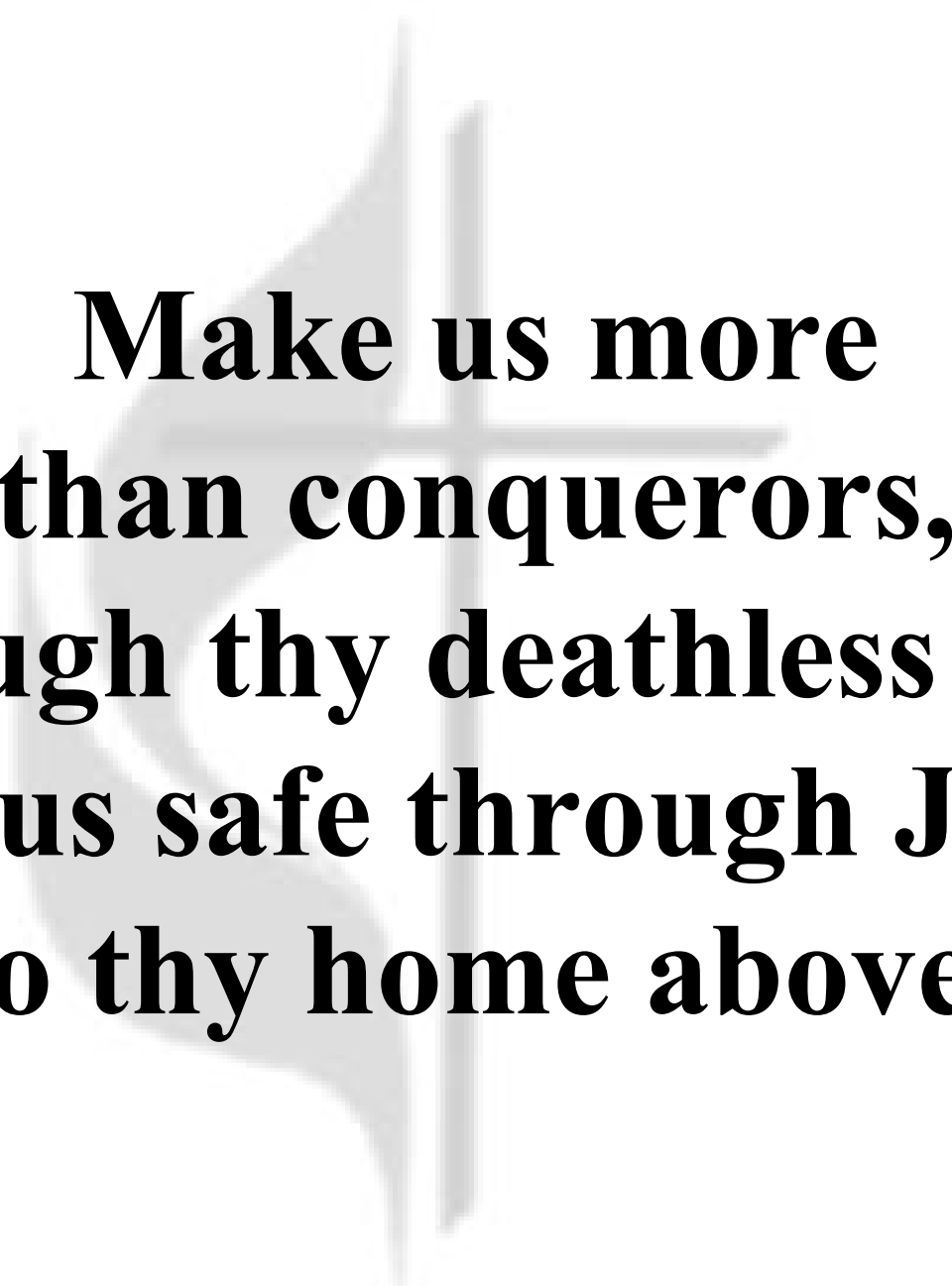
**Let the church with gladness  
hymns of triumph sing,  
for our Lord now liveth;  
death hath lost its sting.**

*Refrain*

**Thine be the glory,  
risen, conquering Son;  
endless is the victory  
thou o'er death hast won.**



**3. No more we doubt thee,  
glorious Prince of life!  
Life is naught  
without thee;  
aid us in our strife.**



**Make us more  
than conquerors,  
through thy deathless love,  
bring us safe through Jordan  
to thy home above.**



*Refrain*

**Thine be the glory,  
risen, conquering Son;  
endless is the victory  
thou o'er death hast won.**