

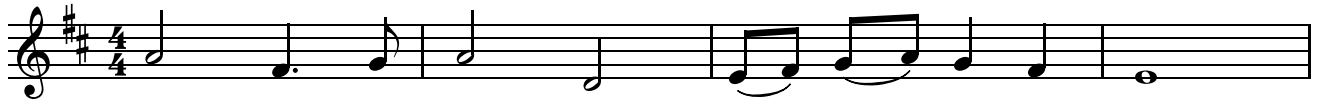
Thine Be The Glory

Words by
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Translation by

Music by
George Frideric Handel
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VERSE

D D/F# D D/F# A A/C# D A



1. Thine be the glo - ry, ris - en ___ con - qu'ring Son,
2. Lo, Je - sus meets us, ris - en ___ from the tomb!
3. No more we doubt Thee, glo - rious _ Prince of life;

5 D D/F# A⁷/E D/F# A⁷/E D/F# A D



end - less ___ is the vic - t'ry Thou o'er ___ death hast won.
Lov - ing - ly He greets us, scat - ters ___ fear and gloom.
Life ___ is ___ nought with - out Thee: Aid us ___ in our strife;

9 A⁷ Bm A#^{o7}/C# Bm/D Em Bm F#



An - gels ___ in bright rai - ment rolled the stone a - way,
Let ___ the ___ church with glad - ness hymns of tri - umph sing,
Make - us ___ more than con - qu'rors, through Thy death - less love;

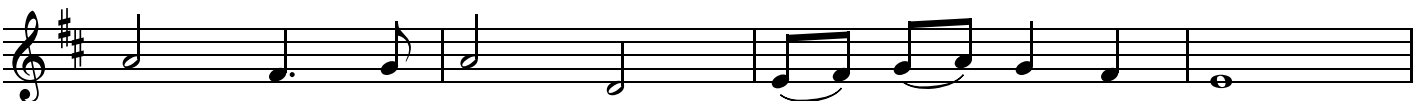
13 Bm Bm/A E⁷/G# E⁷ F#m D E⁷ A A⁷



kept ___ the ___ fold - ed grave - clothes where Thy ___ bod - y lay. ___
for ___ her ___ Lord now liv - eth, death hath ___ lost its sting. ___
Lead - us ___ in Thy tri - umph to Thy ___ home a - bove. ___

CHORUS

17 D D/F# D D/F# A A/C# D A



Thine be the glo - ry, ris - en ___ con - qu'ring Son,

21 D D/F# A⁷/E D/F# A⁷/E D/F# A D



end - less ___ is the vic - t'ry Thou o'er ___ death hast won.