Hymn 165

Thine is the Glory Edmond Budry

Thine is the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son

D
Em
A7
D
Endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won
D
F#7 Bm Em
F#
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away
Bm
E
F#m
Bm
A
Kept the folded grave-clothes where Thy body lay

Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son

D

Em

A7

Conqu'ring Son

D

endless is the vict'ry Thou o'er death hast won

Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb (DA7)Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom (DEmA7D)Let His church with gladness hymns of triumph sing (DF#7BmEmF#)For the Lord now liveth; death hath lost its sting (BmEF#mBmA)

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life!! (DA7)Life is nought without Thee; aid us in our strife (DEmA7D)Make us more than conqu'rors, through Thy deathless love (DF#7BmEmF#)Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above (BmEF#mBmA)