

Thine Be the Glory

Lyrics: Edmond Louis Budry - 1884; Translation: Richard Birch Hoyle - 1923

Tune: MAACABAEUS - George Frideric Handel - 1747

Arranged by Tull Glazener

D A D

1. Thine be the glor - y, ri sen, conqu - 'ring Son; End less is the
 2. Lo! Je - sus meets us, ri sen, from the of tomb; Lov - ing - ly He greets us,
 3. No more we doubt Thee, glor - i - ous Prince of life; Life is He greets us,
 with

D	0	0.	0	2	0	0	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
A	3	3.	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
D	4	2.	3	4	0	1	2	3	4	3	2	1	2	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4

Bm G A7 D Bm F#m Bm

vic - t'ry, Thou o'er death hast won. An gels in bright rain - ment
 scat - ters; all aid our fear and our gloom. Let His church with glad - ness,
 out Thee; aid us in our strife. Make us more than than con - qu'rors,

D	5	2	0	0	0	3.	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
A	5	1	1	1	1	0.	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
D	7	4	3	2	1	1.	0	0	2	1	2	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2

Em F#m Bm E7 D E7 A7

rolled the stone a way, Kept the fol - ded grave clothes where Thy bod - y lay.
 hymns of tri - umph sing; For her us Lord now safe through liv - eth, death hath lost its sting.
 through Thy death - less love; Bring us through Jor - dan, to Thy home a a bove.

D	1	1	1	1	12	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	14	5	5	15	4	4	4	5.	5	16	3
A	1	1	1	1	2	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	6+	4	4	4	4	4	6+	4	4	2
D	3	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

D A

Thine be the glor - y, ri sen, conqu - 'ring Son;

D	0	0.	0	18	0	0	19	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	20	1	1	1	1	1	1
A	3	3.	3	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
D	4	2.	3	4	0	0	1	2	3	4	3	2	1	2	3	4	3	2	1	2	3	4	1

D Bm G A7 D

End less is the vic - t'ry, Thou o'er death hast won.

D	0	0	0	0	0	0	22	5	2	23	0	0	0	3.	3	24	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
A	3	3	3	3	3	3	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
D	2	3	4	5	4	4	7	4	3	2	1	1.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0