

660 Thine be the glory

A toi la gloire Edmond Louis Budry (1854-1932)
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1. Thine be the glory,
risen, conqu'ring Son,
endless is the vict'ry
thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment
rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes
where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory,
risen, conqu'ring Son,
endless is the vict'ry
thou o'er death has won.*

2. Lo! Jesus meets us,
risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us,
scatters fear and gloom.
Let the Church with gladness
hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord now liveth;
death hast lost its sting.

3. No more we doubt thee,
glorious Prince of Life!
Life is naught without thee:
aid us in our strife.
Make us more than conqu'rors
through thy deathless love.
Bring us safe through Jordan
to thy home above.