

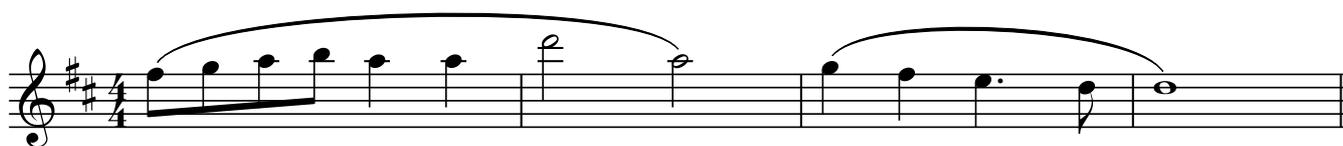
# Thine be the glory

Violin 1

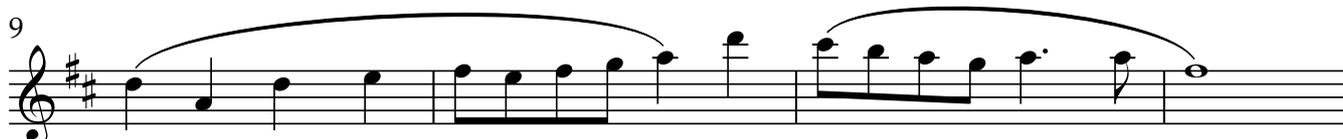
Words: E L Budry (traditional R B Hoyle)

Music: G F Handel

Music arranged: Laurence K J Nicholas



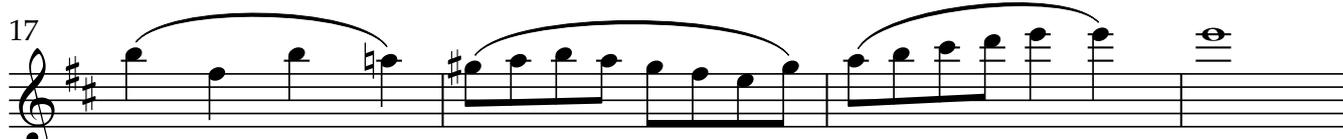
Thine be the glo - ry, ri - sen, con-qu'ring Son;  
Lo, Je - sus meets us, ri - sen from the tomb.  
No more we doubt Thee, glo - rious Prince of Life,



end-less is the vict' - ry Thou o'er death hast won.  
Lo - ving-ly He greets us, scat - ters fear and gloom;  
Life is nought with - out Thee; aid us in our strife;



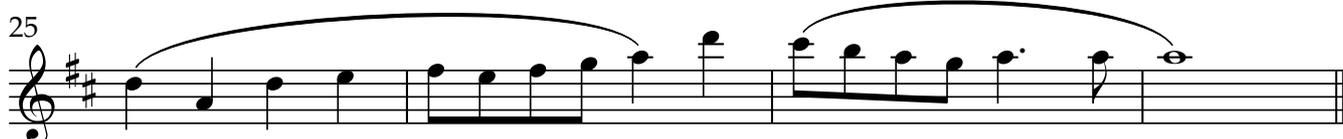
An - gels in bright rai - ment rolled the stone a - way,  
let the church with glad - ness hymns of tri-umph sing,  
make us more than con - qu'rors, through Thy death-less love;



kept the fol - ded grave - clothes where Thy bo - dy lay.  
for her Lord now liv - eth; death hath lost its sting.  
bring us safe through Jor - dan to Thy home a - bove.



Thine be the glo - ry, ri - sen, con-qu'ring Son;



end - less is the vic - tory Thou o'er death hast won.