

# Thine Be the Glory, Risen Conquering Son

Hoyle

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.

**R. Thine be the glory, risen conqu'ring Son,  
endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast 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 is living, death has lost its sting. **R.**

3. No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;  
life is nought 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. **R.**

Inspiration: "À toi la gloire O Ressuscité"; Edmond L. Budry, 1854-1932, in 1884.  
Lyrics: S10.11.11.11 R10.11; Richard B. Hoyle, 1875-1939, fr. "Cantate Domine Hymnal", 1923.