

Thine Is the Glory

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JUDAS MACCABEUS 5.5.6.5.6.5.6.5 with refrain

Edmond Louis Budry, 1884

Trans. R. Birch Hoyle, 1923; alt.

George Frederick Handel, 1748

1. Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en, con - quering Son; End - less is the
 2. Lo! Je - sus meets us, Ris - en from the tomb; Lov - ing - ly He
 3. No more we doubt Thee, Glo - rious Prince of life! Life is nought with -

vic - tory Thou o'er death hast won. An - gels in bright rai - ment
 greets us, Scat - ters fear and gloom. Let the church with glad - ness
 out Thee; Aid us in our strife. Make us more than con - querors

Rolled the stone a - way, Kept the fold - ed grave - clothes
 Hymns of tri - umph sing, For the Lord now liv - eth;
 Through Thy death - less love; Bring us safe through Jor - dan

Refrain (last time only)

Where Thy bod - y lay.
 Death hath lost its sting.
 To Thy home a - bove. Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en, con - quering Son;

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

Open My Eyes, That I May See 174

Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law. Psa. 119:18

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1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou send - est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - ery-where;

Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - ery-thing false will dis - ap - pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with Thy chil - dren thus to share.

Refrain

Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;

O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine! A-men.