

# The strife is o'er, the battle done

## Refrain

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

## 8 Verse

The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done,  
 The powers of death have done their worst,  
 The three sad days are quick - ly sped.  
 He broke the age - bound chains of hell,  
 Lord, by Your wounds on Cal - va - ry

## 12

The vic - to - ry of life is won;  
 But Christ their le - gions hath dis - persed;  
 Christ ris - es glo - rious from the dead:  
 the bars from heaven's high por - tals fell;  
 From death's dread sting Your ser - vants free,

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The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!  
Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!  
All glo - ry to our ri - sen Head! Al - le - lu - ia!  
let hymns of praise his tri - umph tell. Al - le - lu - ia!  
That we may live e - ter - nal - ly. Al - le - lu - ia!