

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 heav'n's high por - tals fell;
 From death's dread sting Your ser - vants free,

16

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!