The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done; the victory of life is won; the song of triumph has been sung, Our Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee, from death's dread gun.

2. The powers of death have done their worst, but Christ their powers are dispensed; let hymns of praise his triumph tell.

3. The three sad days are quickly sped; he riseth heaven's high serjeants free, that we may live and sing to God.

4. He closed the yawn ing gates of hell; the bars from the dead, let hymns of praise his triumph burst.

5. Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee, from death's dread Head.

Final ending

Al-le-lu-ia!

Al-le-lu-ia!

Al-le-lu-ia!

Al-le-lu-ia!

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