

# 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 bat - tle done; the vic - to -  
 2 The powers of death have done theirworst, but Christ their  
 3 The three sad days are quick - ly sped; he ris - es  
 4 He closed the yaw - ing gates of hell; the bars from  
 5 Lord, by thestripes which woun - ded thee, from death's dread

ry of life is won; the song of tri - umph has be -  
 le - gions has dispersed. Let shouts of ho - ly joy out -  
 glo - rious from the dead. All glo - ry to our ris - en  
 heaven'shigh por - tals fell. Let hymns of praise his tri - umph  
 sting thy ser - vants free, that we may live and sing to

*Final ending*

gun. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 burst. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Head. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu -  
 tell. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 thee. Al - le - lu - ia!

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