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;
2 The powers of death have done their worst,
3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,

the victory of life is won;
but Christ their legions has dispersed.
he rises glorious from the dead.
the bars from heaven's high porthals fell.
from death's dread sting thy servants free,
The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

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the song of triumph has begun. Al - le - lu - ia!
Let shouts of holy joy outburst. Al - le - lu - ia!
* All glory to our risen Head. Al - le - lu - ia!
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell. Al - le - lu - ia!
that we may live and sing to thee. Al - le - lu - ia!

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Final ending

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