

The Strife Is O'er

Refrain (before verse 1 and after verse 4)

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

1 The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done,
 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
 3 The three sad days are quick - ly sped,
 4 He broke the age - bound chains of hell,

now is the vic - tor's tri - umph won; O let the
 and Je - sus has his foes dis - persed: let shouts of
 Christ ri - ses glo - rious from the dead: all glo - ry
 the bars from heaven's high por - tals fell; let hymns of

to Refrain after verse 4

song of praise be sung. Al - le - lu - ia!
 ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!
 to our ri - sen Head! Al - le - lu - ia!
 praise his tri - umph tell. Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Latin, 17th c.; tr. Francis Pott (1832-1909)
 Tune: Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594);
 arr. William H. Monk (1823-1889)



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