

The Strife Is O'er, The Battle Done

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung:
Alleluia.

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst:
Alleluia.

On the third morn he rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain:
Alleluia.

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee
Alleluia.