

The strife is o'er, the battle done

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!  
The strife is o'er, the battle done,  
the victory of life is won;  
the song of triumph has begun.  
Alleluia!

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!  
The powers of death have done their worst,  
but Christ their legions hath dispersed:  
let shout of holy joy outburst.  
Alleluia!

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!  
The three sad days are quickly sped,  
he rises glorious from the dead:  
all glory to our risen Head!  
Alleluia!

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!  
He closed the yawning gates of hell,  
the bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
let hymns of praise his triumphs tell!  
Alleluia!

Alleluia, alleluia, 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!

Words: Symphonia Sirenum Selectarum, 1695;  
trans. Francis Pott (1832-1909)

MIDI: Victory (first three lines adapted from Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina,  
1525-1594; arranged

by William Henry Monk, 1823-1889)

Meter: 888 with Alleluia