

# THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE

## *Soprano Descant*

*Before first verse only.*

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 - ry of life\_ is  
 2. The powers of death have done their worst; but Christ their le - gions hath dis -  
 3. The three sad days are quick - ly sped; he ris - es glo - rious from the  
 4. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; the bars from heaven's high por - tals

5. Ah. Ah.

won; the song of tri - umph has\_ be - gun: Al - le - lu -  
 persed; let shouts of ho - ly joy\_ out - burst: Al - le - lu -  
 dead; all glo - ry to our ris - en head! Al - le - lu -  
 fell; let hymns of praise his tri - umphs tell! Al - le - lu -

Ah. Ah.

ia!  
 ia!  
 ia!  
 ia!

*After last verse.*

Ah. Ah. Ah.