

The Strife Is O'er

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 closed the yawn - ing gates of hell;

the vic - to - ry of life is won;
 but Christ their le - gions has dis - persed:
 Christ ris - es glo - rious from the dead:
 the bars from heav'n's high por - tals fell;

the song of tri - umph has be - gun.
 let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst.
 all glo - ry to our ris - en Head!
 let hymns of praise his tri - umph tell.

Al - le - lu - ia! — Al - le - lu - ia! — Al - le - lu - ia!

TEXT: *Symphonia Sirenum*, Cologne (1695). Tr. Francis Pott (1861)
 TUNE: Melchior Vulpus, *Schönes Geistliches Gesangbuch* (1609)

8.8.8. with Alleluias
 GELOBT SEI GOTT

5 Lord, by your wounds on Calvary
from death's dread sting your servants free,
that we may live eternally.
Alleluia!