The Strife Is O’er, the Battle Done

1 The strife is o’er, the battle done; Now is the victor’s triumph won; Now be the song of praise begun. Al-le-lu-ia!
2 Death’s might-iest pow’rs have done their worst, And Jesus has his foes dispersed; Let shouts of praise and joy out-burst. Al-le-lu-ia!
3 On the third morn he rose again Glorious in majesty to reign; Oh, let us swell the joyful strain! Al-le-lu-ia!
4 He closed the yawn-ing gates of hell; The bars from heav’n’s high portals fell. Let songs of praise his triumph tell. Al-le-lu-ia!
5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded you, From death’s sting free your servants, too, That we may live and sing to you. Al-le-lu-ia!

Text: Symphonia Sirenum Selectarum, Köln, 1695; tr. Francis Pott, 1832-1909, alt.
Tune: Giovanni P. da Palestrina, c. 1525-94, adapt.