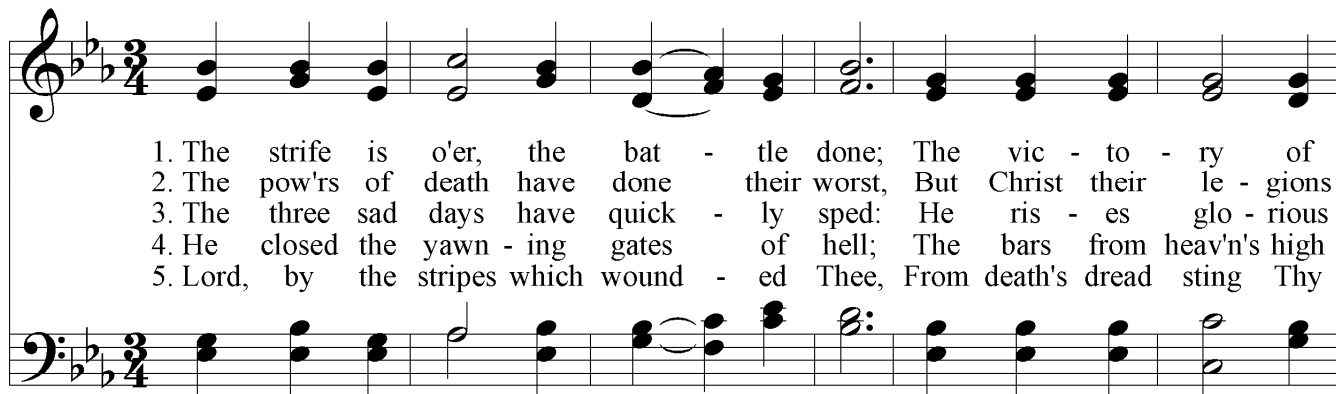
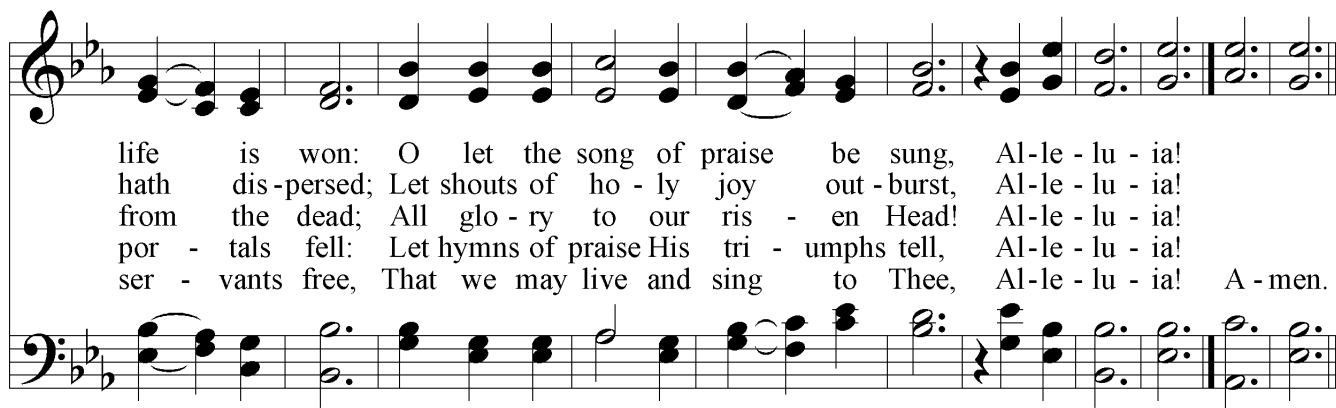


The Strife Is O'er, The Battle Done

PALESTRINA 8, 8, 8, 4



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions
3. The three sad days have quick - ly sped: He ris - es glo - rious
4. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; The bars from heav'n's high
5. Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy



life is won: O let the song of praise be sung, Al-le - lu - ia!
hath dis - persed; Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst, Al-le - lu - ia!
from the dead; All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al-le - lu - ia!
por - tals fell: Let hymns of praise His tri - umphs tell, Al-le - lu - ia!
ser - vants free, That we may live and sing to Thee, Al-le - lu - ia! A - men.