

Antiphon



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia.



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; Now is the
2. Death's migh-tiest pow'rs have done their worst, And Je - sus
3. On the third morn he rose a - gain Glo - rious in
4. He brake the age - bound chains of hell; The bars from
5. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee From death's dread



Vic - tor's tri - umph won; O let the song of  
 hath his foes dis - persed; Let shouts of praise and  
 ma - jes - ty to reign; O let us swell the  
 heav'n's high por - tals fell; Let hymns of praise his  
 sting Thy ser - vants free, That we may live, and



praise be sung:	Al - le - lu - ia!
joy out - burst:	Al - le - lu - ia!
joy - ful strain:	Al - le - lu - ia!
tri - umph tell:	Al - le - lu - ia!
sing to Thee:	Al - le - lu - ia!