

*Antiphon*

2. Death's mightiest 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

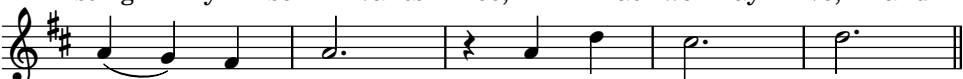


hath his foes dis - persed; Let shouts of praise and

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



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!

*Finita jam sunt praelia*

18th cent; Tr. F. Pott, 1861