

Antiphon

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

Ped.

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!

Finita jam sunt praelia
18th cent; Tr. F. Pott, 1861