The strife is o'er, the battle done



The strife is o'er, the battle done

- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell; the bars from heaven's high portals fell; let hymns of praise his triumph tell. Alleluia!
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee, from death's dread sting thy servants free, that we may live and sing to thee. Alleluia!

