

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung:
Alleluia

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
and Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
let shouts of praise and joy outburst:
Alleluia

On the third morn he rose again
glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain:
Alleluia

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
from death's dread sting thy servants free,
that we may live, and sing to thee
Alleluia

Latin, ? 17th cent., tr. F Pott (1832-1909)