

Francis Pott  
(1832-1909)

# The strife is o'er, the battle done

Joseph Barnby  
(1838-96)

Magdala (888. 4)

84 Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia. The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done;

Now is the Vic-tor's tri-umph won; O let the song of praise be sung. Al-le - lu - ia. A-men.

2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,  
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;  
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.  
Alleluia!

3 On the third morn He rose again  
Glorious in majesty to reign;  
Oh, let us swell the joyful strain!  
Alleluia!

4 He brake the age-bound chains 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!