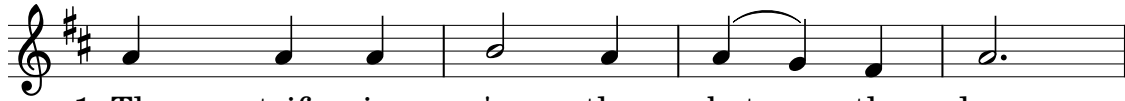




Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia!



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done;
2. Death's might-iest pow'rs have done their worst,
3. He closed the yaw - ing gates of hell;
4. On the third morn he rose a - gain,
Introit. Like new-born in - fants you must long



Now is the Vic - tor's tri - umph won;
But Christ their le - gions has dis - persed;
The bars from heav'n's high por - tals fell;
Glo - rious in maj - es - ty to reign;
For spir - 'tual milk up - on your tongue,



The song of tri - umph has be - gun:
Let shouts of praise and joy out - burst:
Let hymns of praise His tri - umph tell:
O let us swell the joy - ful strain:
That your sal - va - tion may grow strong:

D.C.



Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Finita iam sunt praelia, Latin, 12th C.; tr. Francis Pott, d1909.
1 Peter 2:2; *Quasi modo geniti infantes*; Introit Easter 2; adapt. Luke Massery, © 2020
Tune: VICTORY, 888 with Alleluias, by Palestrina.