THE STRIFE IS O’ER, THE BATTLE DONE
Soprano Descant

Before first verse only.

1. The strife is o’er, the battle done; the victory of life is won;
2. The powers of death have done their worst; but Christ their legions hath dispersed;
3. The three sad days are quick-ly sped; he rises glorious from the dead;
4. He closed the yawn-ing gates of hell; the bars from heaven’s high portals fell;

5. Ah._______  Ah._______

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Ah._______  Ah._______

Ah._______  Ah._______

Ah._______  Ah._______

After last verse.

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