

Battle is o'ver, hell's armies flee:  
raise we the cry of victory  
with abounding joy resounding,  
alleluia, alleluia.

Christ Who endured the shameful tree,  
o'er death triumphant welcome we,  
our adoring praise outpouring,  
alleluia, alleluia.

On the third morn from death rose He,  
clothed with what light in heaven shall be,  
our unswerving faith deserving,  
alleluia, alleluia.

Hell's gloomy gates yield up their key,  
paradise door thrown wide we see;  
never-tiring be our choiring,  
alleluia, alleluia.

Lord, by the stripes they laid on Thee,  
grant us to live from death set free,  
this our greeting still repeating,  
alleluia, alleluia.