

HYMNS

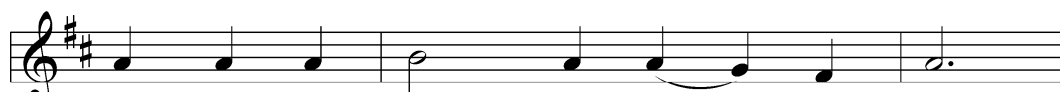
The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

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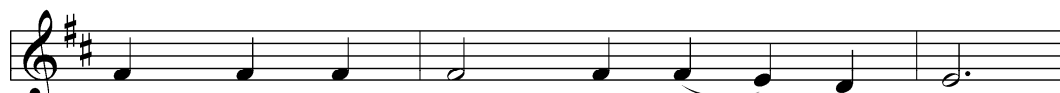
Refrain



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!




1 The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done;
2 The pow'rs of death have done their worst,
3 The three sad days have quick - ly sped,
4 He broke the age - bound chains of hell;
5 Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed Thee,



Now is the vic - tor's tri - umph won;
But Christ their le - gions hath dis - persed.
He ris - es glo - rious from the dead.
The bars from heav'n's high por - tals fell.
From death's dread sting Thy ser - vants free

The Refrain is repeated after st. 5.



Now be the song of praise be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!
Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!
All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!
Let hymns of praise His tri - umph tell. Al - le - lu - ia!
That we may live and sing to Thee. Al - le - lu - ia!



1 Dear Chris-tians, one and all, re - joice, With ex - ul - ta - tion
 2 Fast bound in Sa - tan's chains I lay; Death brood - ed dark - ly
 3 My own good works all came to naught, No grace or mer - it
 4 But God had seen my wretch - ed state Be - fore the world's foun -



spring - ing, And with u - nit - ed heart and voice And ho - ly
 o'er me. Sin was my tor - ment night and day; In sin my
 gain - ing; Free will a - gainst God's judg - ment fought, Dead to all
 da - tion, And mind - ful of His mer - cies great, He planned for



rap - ture sing - ing, Pro - claim the won - ders God has done, How
 moth - er bore me. But dai - ly deep - er still I fell; My
 good re - main - ing. My fears in - creased till sheer de - spair Left
 my sal - va - tion. He turned to me a fa - ther's heart; He



His right arm the vic - t'ry won. What price our ran - som cost Him!
 life be - came a liv - ing hell, So firm - ly sin pos - sessed me.
 on - ly death to be my share; The pangs of hell I suf - fered.
 did not choose the eas - y part But gave His dear - est trea - sure.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 God said to His beloved Son:
 "It's time to have compassion.
 Then go, bright jewel of My crown,
 And bring to all salvation.
 From sin and sorrow set them free;
 Slay bitter death for them that they
 May live with You forever."</p> | <p>7 To me He said: "Stay close to Me,
 I am your rock and castle.
 Your ransom I Myself will be;
 For you I strive and wrestle.
 For I am yours, and you are Mine,
 And where I am you may remain;
 The foe shall not divide us.</p> |
| <p>6 The Son obeyed His Father's will,
 Was born of virgin mother;
 And God's good pleasure to fulfill,
 He came to be my brother.
 His royal pow'r disguised He bore;
 A servant's form, like mine, He wore
 To lead the devil captive.</p> | <p>8 "Though he will shed My precious blood,
 Me of My life bereaving,
 All this I suffer for your good;
 Be steadfast and believing.
 Life will from death the vict'ry win;
 My innocence shall bear your sin,
 And you are blest forever.</p> |

hymn continues on next page


9 “Now to My Father I depart,
 From earth to heav’n ascending,
 And, heav’nly wisdom to impart,
 The Holy Spirit sending;
 In trouble He will comfort you
 And teach you always to be true
 And into truth shall guide you.

10 “What I on earth have done and taught
 Guide all your life and teaching;
 So shall the kingdom’s work be wrought
 And honored in your preaching.
 But watch lest foes with base alloy
 The heav’nly treasure should destroy;
 This final word I leave you.”

*Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546;
 tr. Richard Massie, 1800–87, alt.
 Tune: Etlich Cristlich lider, Wittenberg, 1524
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Water, Blood, and Spirit Crying

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1 Wa - ter, blood, and Spir - it cry - ing, By their wit - ness
 2 In a wa - t'ry grave are bur - ied All our sins that
 3 Dark the way, yet Christ pre - cedes us, Past the scowl of
 4 Though a - round us death is seeth - ing, God, His two - edged
 5 Spir - it, wa - ter, blood en - treat - ing, Work - ing faith and



tes - ti - fy - ing To the One whose death - de - fy - ing
 Je - sus car - ried; Christ, the Ark of Life, has fer - ried
 death He leads us; Spreads a ta - ble where He feeds us
 sword un - sheath - ing, By His Spir - it life is breath - ing
 its com - plet - ing In the One whose death - de - feat - ing



Life has come, with life for all.
 Us a - cross death's rag - ing flood.
 With His bod - y and His blood.
 Through the liv - ing, ac - tive Word.
 Life has come, with life for all.

*Text: Stephen P. Starke, b. 1955
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