



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



Introit. Like new-born in - fants you must long
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 yawning gates of hell;
4. On the third morn he rose a - gain,



For spir - 'tual milk up - on your tongue, That your sal -
Now is the Vic - tor's tri - umph won; The song of
But Christ their le - gions has dis - persed; Let shouts of
The bars from heav'ns high por - tals fell; Let hymns of
Glo - rious in maj - es - ty to reign; O let us



va - tion may grow strong: Al-le - lu - ia!
tri - umph has be - gun: Al-le - lu - ia!
praise and joy out - burst: Al-le - lu - ia!
praise His tri - umph tell: Al-le - lu - ia!
swell the joy - ful strain: Al-le - lu - ia!

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