

BATTLE IS O'ER, HELL'S ARMIES FLEE

SURREXIT
888 and Alleluias

Anthony Gregory Murray, O.S.B.
1905-

G G6 Em F#m Am G Em E7

1. Bat - tle is o'er, hell's ar - mies flee;
2. Christ who en - dured the shame - ful tree,
3. On the third morn from death rose he,

F#m G6 Em F#m C#m G6 Em C#m

1. raise we the cry of vic - to - ry with a - bound - ing
2. o'er death tri-umph-ant wel - come we, our a - dor - ing
3. clothed with what light in heaven should be, our un - swerv - ing

Am G6 F#m G6 Em G6 G6 G6 G6

1. joy re-sound - ing, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia.
2. praise out-pour - ing, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia.
3. faith de - serv - ing, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia.

- 4 Hell's gloomy gates yield up their key,
paradise door thrown wide we see;
never-tiring be our choiring,
alleluia, alleluia.
- 5 Lord, by the stripes men laid on thee,
grant us to live from death set free,
this our greeting still repeating,
alleluia, alleluia.

17th century Latin hymn
tr. by Ronald Knox
1888-1957

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