

Finita iam sunt proelia

The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

Francis Pott / VULPIUS

STANZAS

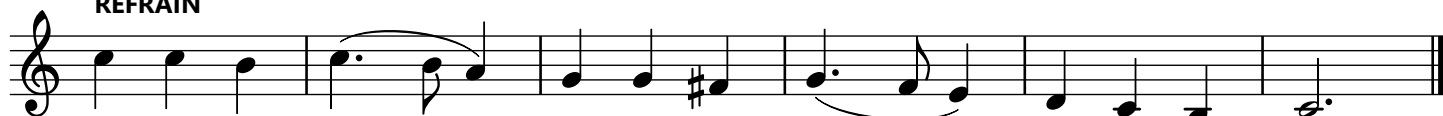


1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; now is the Vic -
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, but Christ their le -
3. On the third morn he rose a - gain, glo - rious in maj -
4. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; the bars from heav'n's
5. O Ris - en Lord, all praise to thee, who from our sin



1. tor's tri-umph won; O let the song of praise be sung:
2. gions has dis - persed; let shouts of praise and joy out - burst.
3. es - ty to reign. O let us swell the joy - ful strain.
4. high por - tals fell; let hymns of praise his tri-umph tell.
5. has set us free, that we may live e - ter - nal - ly!

REFRAIN



R. Al - le - lu - ia! _____ Al - le - lu - ia! _____ Al - le - lu - ia!

Inspiration: "Finita iam sunt proelia"; in "Symphonia Sirenum Selectarum", Cologne, 1695.
Lyrics: 888 +; Francis Pott, 1832-1909, in "Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer", 1861.
Music: VULPIUS (aka GELOBT SEI GOTT); Melchior Vulpius' "Gesangbuch", 1609.