

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 - tor's
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, but Christ their le - gions
3. On the third morn he rose a - gain, glo - rious in maj - es -
4. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; the bars from heav'n's high
5. O Ris - en Lord, all praise to thee, who from our sin has



1. tri - umph won; O let the song of praise be sung:
2. has dis - persed; let shouts of praise and joy out - burst.
3. ty to reign. O let us swell the joy - ful strain.
4. por - tals fell; let hymns of praise his tri - umph tell.
5. 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 GÖTT); Melchior Vulpius' "Gesangbuch", 1609.