

The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

Pott

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done;
now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung:

℞. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst,
but Christ their legions has dispersed;
let shouts of praise and joy outburst. **℞.**
3. On the third morn he rose again,
glorious in majesty to reign.
O let us swell the joyful strain. **℞.**
4. He closed the yawning gates of hell;
the bars from heav'n's high portals fell;
let hymns of praise his triumph tell. **℞.**
5. O Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
who from our sin has set us free,
that we may live eternally. **℞.**

Inspiration: "Finita jam sunt praelia"; Latin, 12th cent.
Lyrics: 888 +; Francis Pott, 1832-1909, in "Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer", 1861.