

*Finita iam sunt proelia*

# The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

Francis Pott

**℞. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!**

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

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.