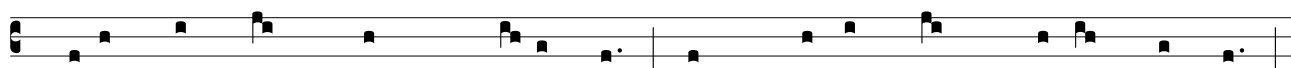
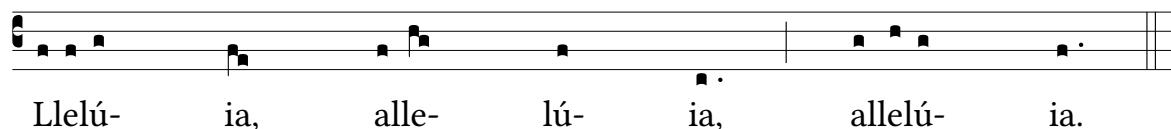


FINITA IAM SUNT PRÆLIA

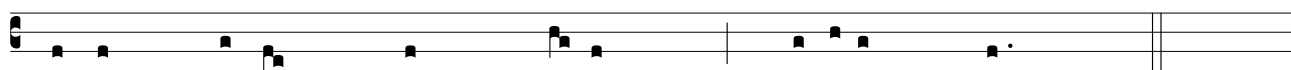
1. The strife is o'er, the battle done! The Triumph of the Lord is won! O let the song of praise be sung. Alleluia! 2. The powers of death have done their worst, And Jesus hath His foes dispersed, Let shouts of praise and joy outburst: Alleluia! 3. On that third morn He rose again In glorious Majesty to reign, O let us swell the joyful strain: Alleluia! 4. He closed the yawning gates of hell, The bars from heaven's high portals fell, Let songs of joy His Triumphs tell: Alleluia! 5. Lord, by the Stripes which wounded Thee, From death's dread sting Thy servants free, That we may live, and sing to Thee Alleluia! Amen.

Melody: O Filii et Filiae

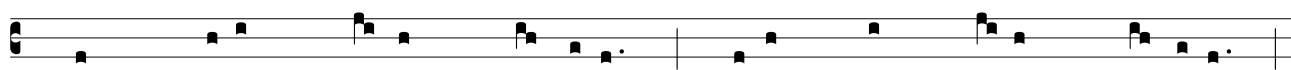
II
A



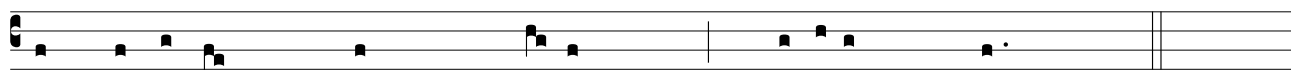
1. Fini- ta iam sunt præli- a, Est parta iam Victó- ri- a,



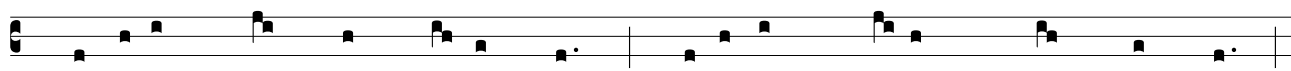
Gaude- amus et canamus, allelú- ia. R. Allelúia.



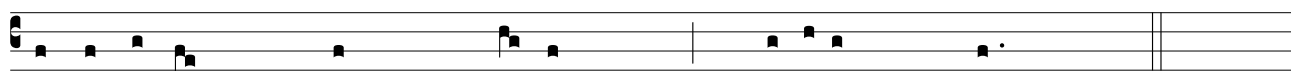
2. Post fata mortis barbara, Devi- cit Jesus tartara,



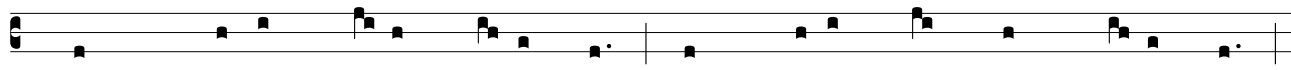
Applaudamus et psallamus, allelú- ia. R. Allelúia.



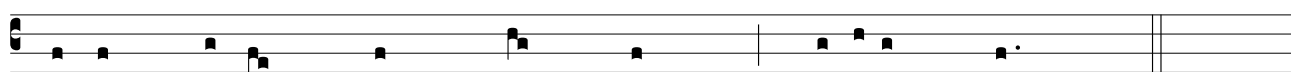
3. Surrexit di- e terti- a, Caelestis clarus gra- ti- a,



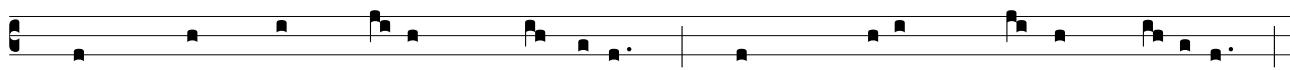
Insomemus et cantemus, allelú- ia. R. Allelúia.



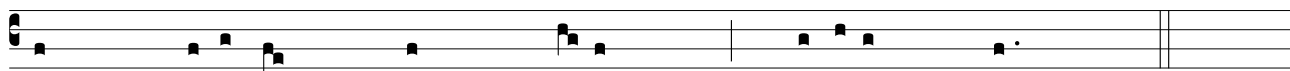
4. Sunt clausa stygis osti- a, Et caeli pa- tent atri- a,



Gaude- amus et pet- amus, allelú- ia. R. Allelúia.



5. Per tu- a Jesus vulnera, Nos male morta libera,



Ut vivamus et canamus, allelú- ia. R. Allelúia.