

It Is Finished, All the Pain

Words: Stopford Brooke, 1881.

Music: Nrnbergisches Gesangbuch, 1676.

"It is finished," all the pain
All the sorrow, all the strain;
Death has freed the Lord of life
From the burden of His strife.

"It is finished," all the days,
Led through many weary ways;
Now at last His eyelids close
On the hatred of His foes.

"It is finished," all the love,
Deep as His that dwells above;
Saving others, all He gave,
But Himself He could not save.

"It is finished," Hark! the cry,
Uttered in love's agony,
Is the seal, below, above,
Of the victory of love.