'TWAS A CONFLICT WHILE IT LASTED



2. See him on the cross suspended, left to bear the load alone, unassisted, unattended, those who had confessed him, gone.To be one with him is treason, in the sight of those who rule.'Tis a dark and fearful season; love has felt it, and grown cool.

3. Now behold him, single-handed, wrestling with the mighty foe.'Tis the awful price demanded; the amount we cannot know;'tis too high for such as we are, and, perhaps, for angels too.Yet, so much above us they are, what we know not, they may know.

4. Fearful struggle! but no longer does the issue hang in doubt.Strong the foe is, but "one stronger" comes in pow'r, and casts him out.Sing, O earth! ye heavens, sing ye! make a loud, a joyful sound.Hills, and vales, and mountains, ring ye, joy to all the world around!

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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