AT THE LAMB’S HIGH FEAST

1. At the Lamb’s high feast we sing Praise to our vic-
   torious King, Who has washed us in the tide
   flowing from his wounded side; Praise we him, whose
   new-born souls in you to be. Hymns of glory,

2. Where the Paschal blood is poured, Death’s dark angel
   sheathes his sword; Israel’s hosts triumphant go
   through the wave that drowns the foe. Praise we Christ whose
   might-y victim from the sky, Hell’s fierce pow’rs be-

3. Might-y victim from the sky, Hell’s fierce pow’rs be-
   neath you lie; You have conquered in the fight,
   you have brought us life and light: Now no more can

4. Easter triumph, Easter joy, This alone can
   sin destroy; From sin’s pow’r, Lord, set us free,
   born souls in you to be. Hymns of glory,
1. love divine Gives his sacred blood for wine,
2. blood was shed, Paschal victim, Paschal bread!
3. death appall, Now no more the grave enthrall;
4. songs of praise, Father, unto you we raise.

1. Gives his body for the feast, Christ the victim, Christ the priest.
2. With sincerity and love Eat we manna from above.
3. You have opened Paradise, And in you the saints shall rise.
4. And to you, our risen King, With the Spirit, praise we sing.

Text: 77 77 D; Ad regias Agni dapes; Latin, 4th cent.; tr. by Robert Campbell, 1814–1868, alt.