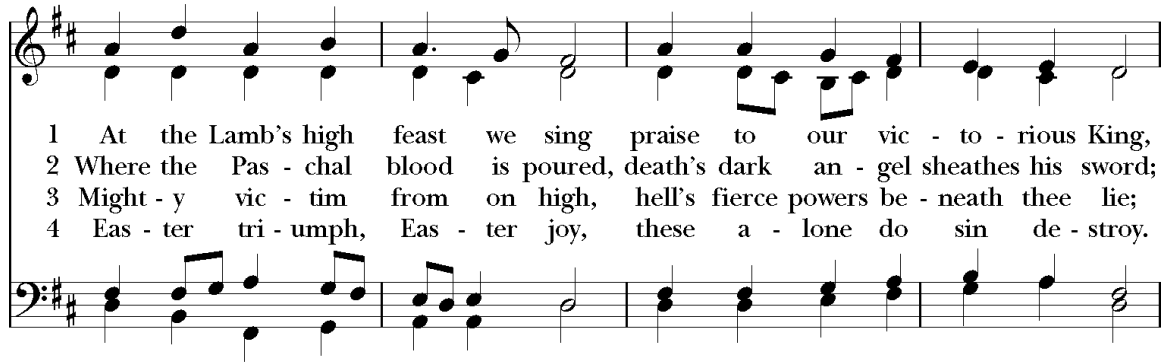
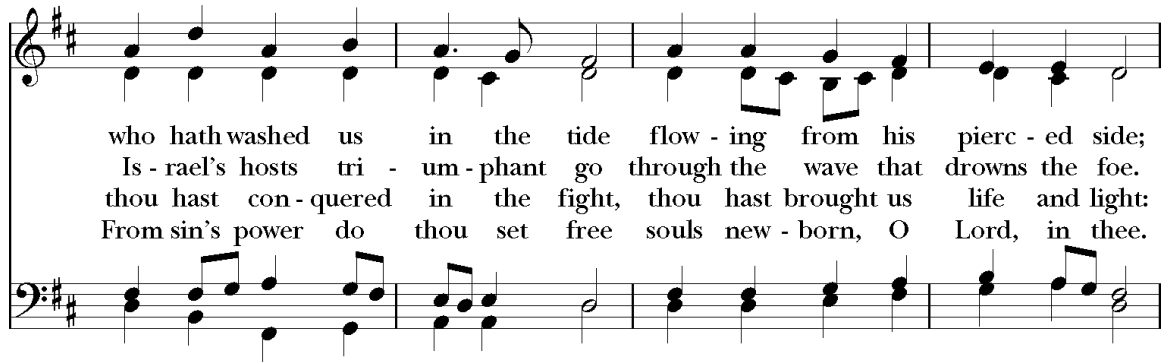


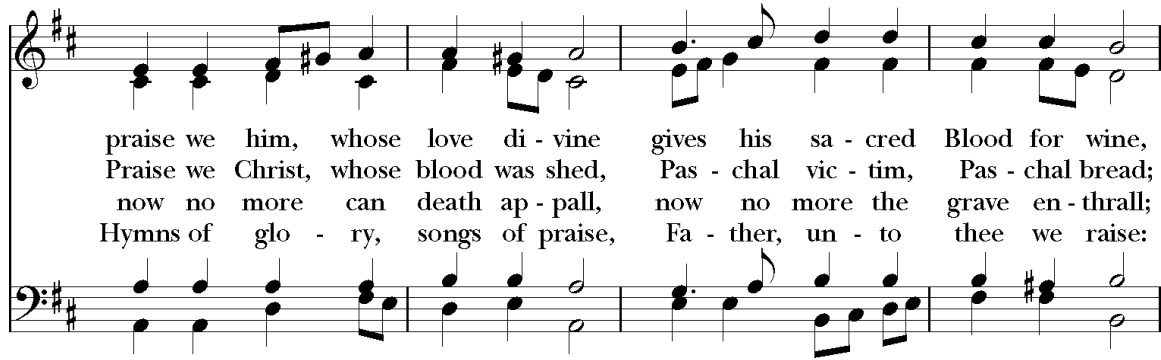
The Hymnal 1982 - #174 At the Lamb's high feast we sing



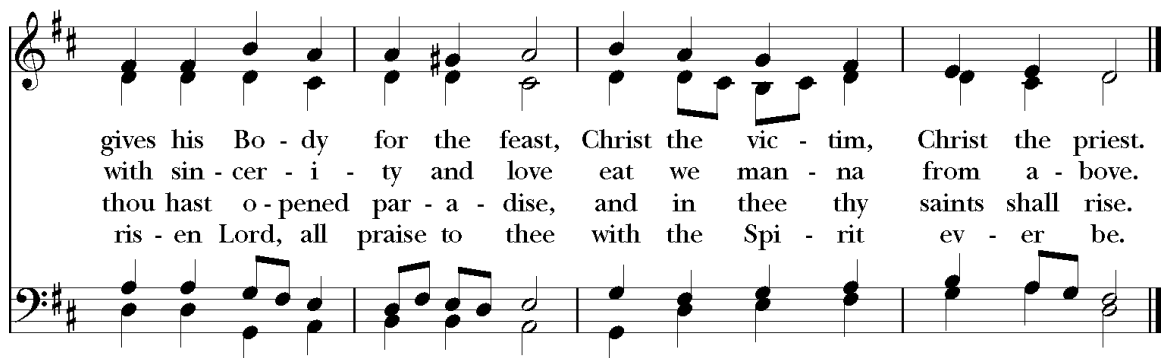
1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing praise to our vic - to - rious King,  
2 Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;  
3 Might - y vic - tim from on high, hell's fierce powers be - neath thee lie;  
4 Eas - ter tri - umph, Eas - ter joy, these a - lone do sin de - stroy.



who hath washed us in the tide flow - ing from his pierc - ed side;  
Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go through the wave that drowns the foe.  
thou hast con - quered in the fight, thou hast brought us life and light:  
From sin's power do thou set free souls new - born, O Lord, in thee.



praise we him, whose love di - vine gives his sa - cred Blood for wine,  
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal vic - tim, Pas - chal bread;  
now no more can death ap - pall, now no more the grave en - thrall;  
Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to thee we raise:



gives his Bo - dy for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.  
with sin - cer - i - ty and love eat we man - na from a - bove.  
thou hast o - pened par - a - dise, and in thee thy saints shall rise.  
ris - en Lord, all praise to thee with the Spi - rit ev - er be.

Words: Latin, 1632; tr. Robert Campbell (1814-1868), alt. Music: *Salzburg*, melody Jakob Hintze (1622-1702); harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing

- praise to our victorious King,  
who hath washed us in the tide  
flowing from his pierced side;  
praise we him, whose love divine  
gives his sacred Blood for wine,  
gives his Body for the feast,  
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.
- 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 blood was shed,  
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;  
with sincerity and love  
eat we manna from above.
- 3 Mighty victim from on high,  
hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;  
thou hast conquered in the fight,  
thou hast brought us life and light:  
now no more can death appall,  
now no more the grave enthrall;  
thou hast opened paradise,  
and in thee thy saints shall rise.
- 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
these alone do sin destroy.  
From sin's power do thou set free  
souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.  
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,  
Father, unto thee we raise:  
risen Lord, all praise to thee  
with the Spirit ever be.

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