

At the Lamb's high feast we sing

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.

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.

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.

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.