

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)

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