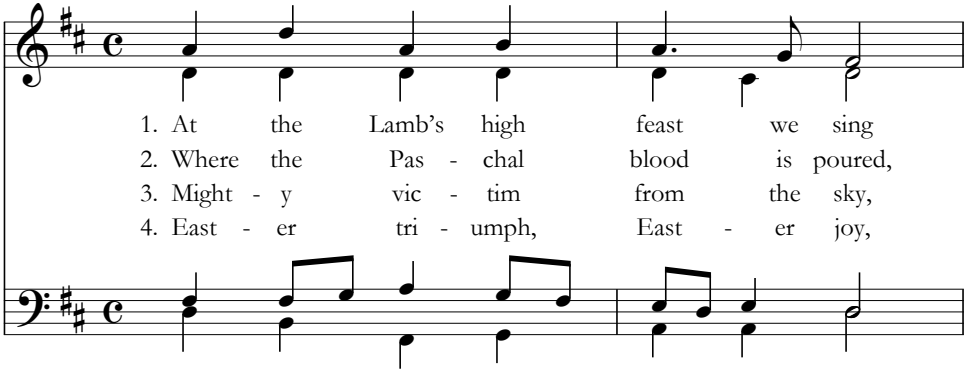
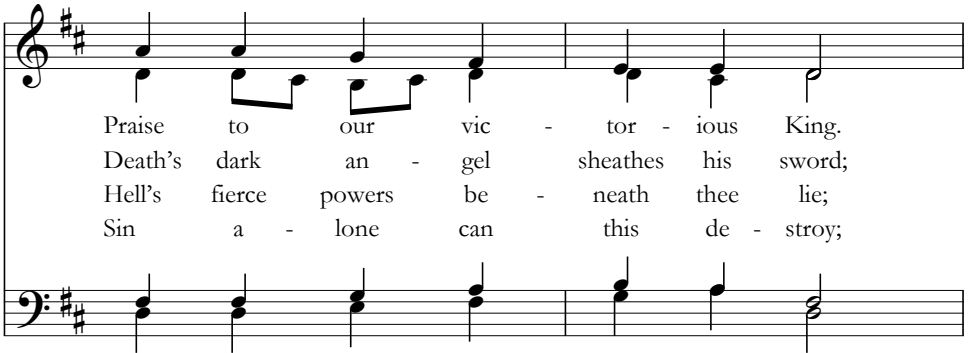


AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING

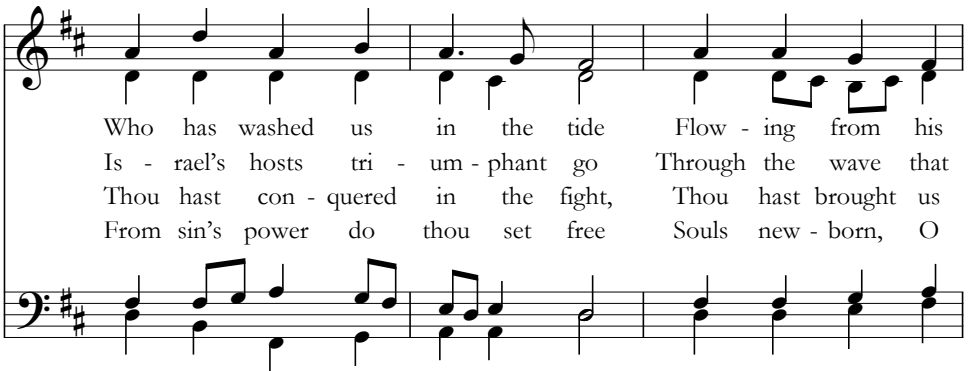
SALZBURG (HINTZE), 7.7.7.7.D; JAKOB HINTZE, 1678; HARM. J. S. BACH (1685-1750)
TEXT: AD REGIAS AGNI DAPES, 1632; TR. ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1849



1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing
2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured,
3. Might - y vic - tim from the sky,
4. East - er tri - umph, East - er joy,



Praise to our vic - tor - ious King.
Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;
Hell's fierce powers be - neath thee lie;
Sin a - lone can this de - stroy;



Who has washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his
Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go Through the wave that
Thou hast con - quered in the fight, Thou hast brought us
From sin's power do thou set free Souls new - born, O

pier - ced side. Praise we him, whose love di - vine
 drowns the foe. Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
 life and light: Now no more can death ap - pall,
 Lord, in thee. Hymns of glo - ry and of praise,

Gives his sac - red blood for wine, Gives his Bod - y
 Pas - chal vic - tim, Pas - chal bread; With sin - cer - i -
 now no more the grave en - thrall; Thou hast o - pened
 Ris - en Lord, to thee we raise; Ho - ly Fa - ther,

for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.
 ty and love Eat we man - na from a - bove.
 par - a - dise, And in thee thy saints shall rise.
 praise to thee, With the Spi - rit, ev - er be.