1. At the Lamb’s high feast we sing
2. Where the Paschal blood is poured,
3. Mighty victim from the sky,
4. Easter triumph, Easter joy,

Praise to our victorious King,
Death’s dark angel sheathes his sword;
Hell’s fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Sin alone can this destroy;

Who has washed us in the tide
Flowing from his
Israel’s hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us
From sin’s power do thou set free
Sons new-born, O
Pierced side. Praise we him, whose love divine
drowns the foe. Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
life and light: Now no more can death appall,
Lord, in thee. Hymns of glory and of praise,

Gives his sacred blood for wine, Gives his Body
Paschal victim, Paschal bread; With sincerity
now no more the grave enthral; Thou hast opened
Risen Lord, to thee we raise; Holy Father,

for the feast, Christ the victim, Christ the priest.
ty and love Eat we manna from above.
paradise, And in thee thy saints shall rise.
praise to thee, With the Spirit, ever be.