

# An Absurd Pairing (in the eyes of Americans)...

## Easter.

45

Mendelssohn 7-7-7-7 D.  
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45.

1. *f* 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 - gels heath his sword  
3. Might - y vic - tim from the sky, Hell's fierce pow'rs be - neath Thee lie;

*p* Who hath washed us in the tide *cresc.* Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side;  
Is - rael's hosts tri - umph - ant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
*p* Thou hast conquered in the fight, *cresc.* Thou hast brought us life and light:

*f* Praise we Him Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,  
*f* Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed, Pas - chal vic - tim, Pas - chal bread;  
*f* Now no more can death ap - pall, Now no more the grave en - thrall;

*f* Gives His bod - y for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.  
*f* With sin - cer - i - ty and love, Eat we man - na from a - bove. A - men.  
*f* Thou hast o - pened Par - a - dise, And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4. Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
Sin alone can this destroy;  
From sin's power do Thou set free  
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.  
Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;  
Holy Father, praise to Thee,  
With the Spirit, ever be.

Amen.

*From the Latin.*