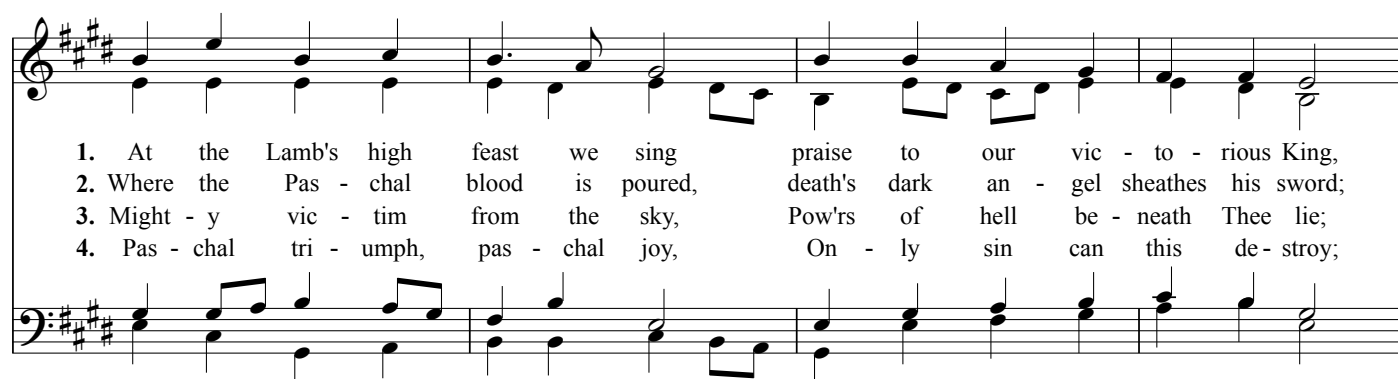
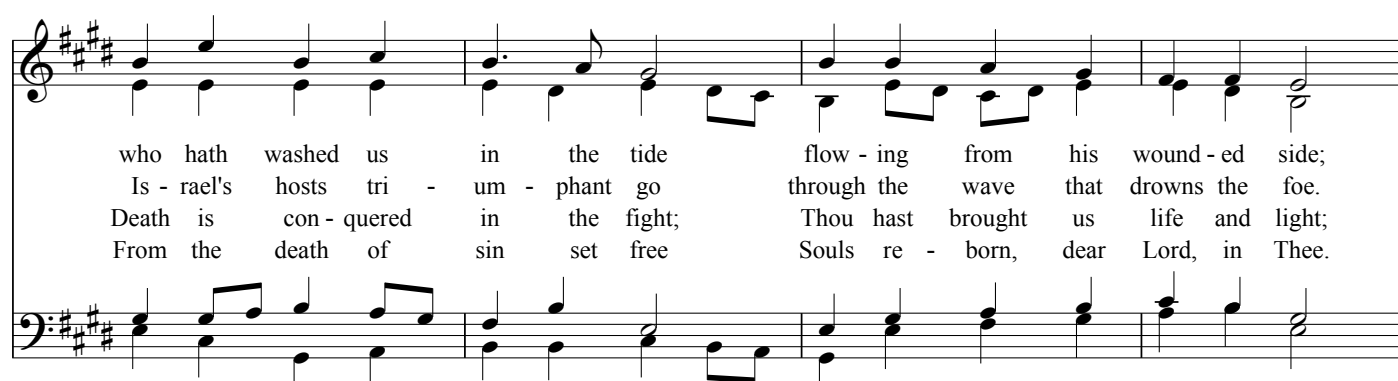


353 • At The Lamb's High Feast We Sing

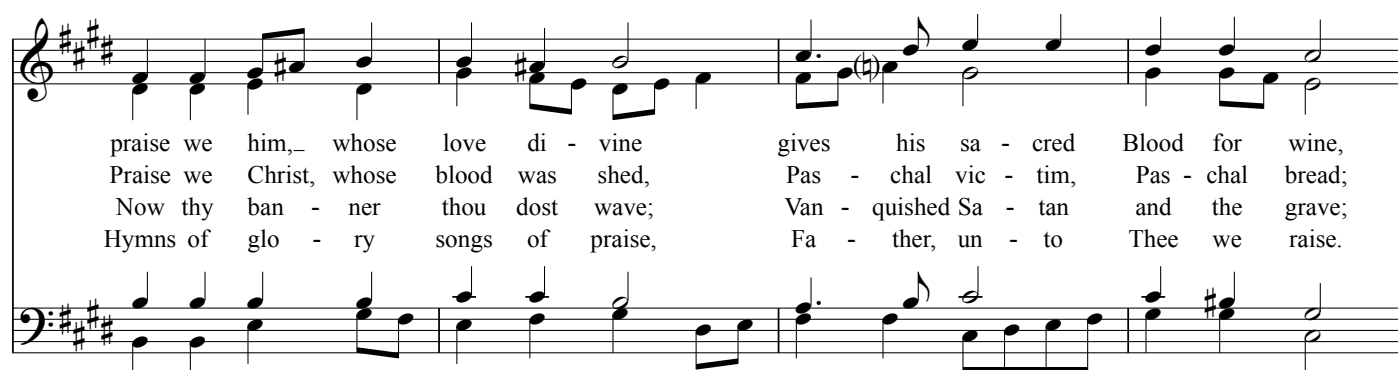
Tune: SALZBURG (77 77D) Text: Ad Regias Agni Dapes



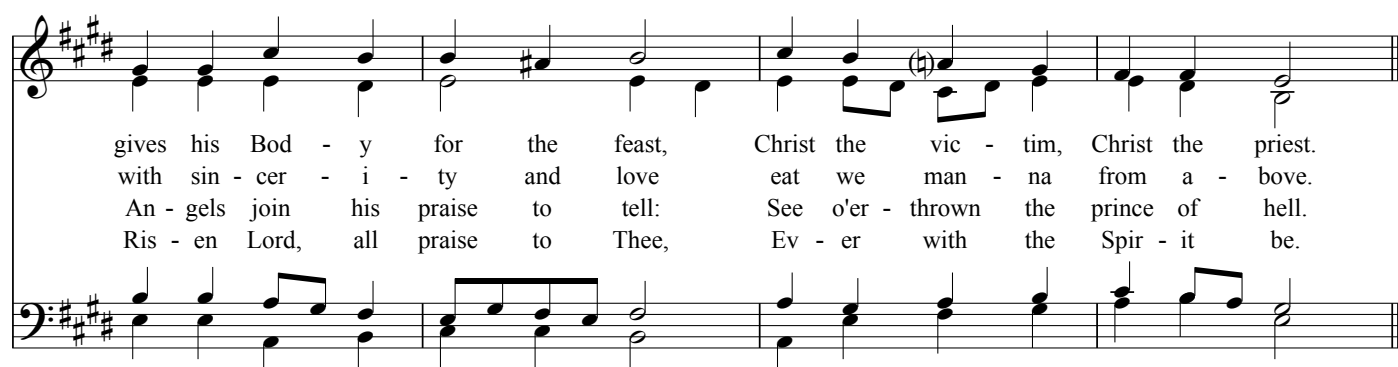
1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing praise to our vic - to - rious King,
2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;
3. Might - y vic - tim from the sky, Pow'rs of hell be - neath Thee lie;
4. Pas - chal tri - umph, pas - chal joy, On - ly sin can this de - stroy;



who hath washed us in the tide flow - ing from his wound - ed side;
Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go through the wave that drowns the foe.
Death is con - quered in the fight; Thou hast brought us life and light;
From the death of sin set free Souls re - born, dear 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 thy ban - ner thou dost wave; Van - quished Sa - tan and the grave;
Hymns of glo - ry songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to Thee we raise.



gives his Bod - y for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.
with sin - cer - i - ty and love eat we man - na from a - bove.
An - gels join his praise to tell: See o'er - thrown the prince of hell.
Ris - en Lord, all praise to Thee, Ev - er with the Spir - it be.