1. At the Lamb’s High Feast we sing, Praise to our victorious King: Wash’d our garments in the sheaths his sword; Israel’s hosts triumphant.

2. Where the Paschal Blood is pour’d, Death’s dark angel Tide Flowing from His pierced Side, go Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we Him Whose love Divine Gives the Christ, the Lamb Whose Blood was shed, Paschal
At the Lamb's High Feast we sing Praise to our vic-
torious King: Wash'd our garments in the Tide
flowing from His pierced Side, Praise we
Through the wave that drowns the foe. Christ, the

THE SAME FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

1. At the Lamb's High Feast we sing Praise to our vic-
2. Where the Paschal Blood is pour'd, Death's dark angel

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Him Whose love Divine, Gives the guests His Lamb Whose Blood was shed, Paschal Victim,

Blood for wine, Gives His Body for the Paschal Bread; With sincerity and

Feast, Love the Victim, Love the Priest. love Eat we Manna from above.

3.
Mighty Victim from the sky, Powers of hell beneath Thee lie; Death is conquered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light Now Thy banner Thou dost wave; Vanquished Satan and the grave: Angels join His praise to tell, See o'erthrown the prince of hell.

4.
Paschal triumph, Paschal joy, Only sin can this destroy; From the death of sin set free, Souls re-born, dear Lord, in Thee. Hymns of glory, songs of praise, Father unto Thee we raise; Risen Lord, all praise to Thee Ever with the Spirit be.

[Translation by R. Campbell.] (153) [Attributed to Joseph Haydn.]