

At the Lamb's high feast we sing

Words: Latin, 1632;

Translation: Robert Campbell (1814-1868), alt.

Arranged by: Charles H. Giffen, 2011

Tune: SALZBURG (77. 77. D), Jacob Hintze

First stanza harmonization: J. S. Bach

At the Lamb's high feast we sing praise to our vic - to - rious King,

who hath washed us in the tide flow - ing from his pierc - ed side;

praise we him, whose love di - vine gives his sa - cred Blood for wine,

gives his Bo - dy for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.

Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;

Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal vic - tim, Pas - chal bread;

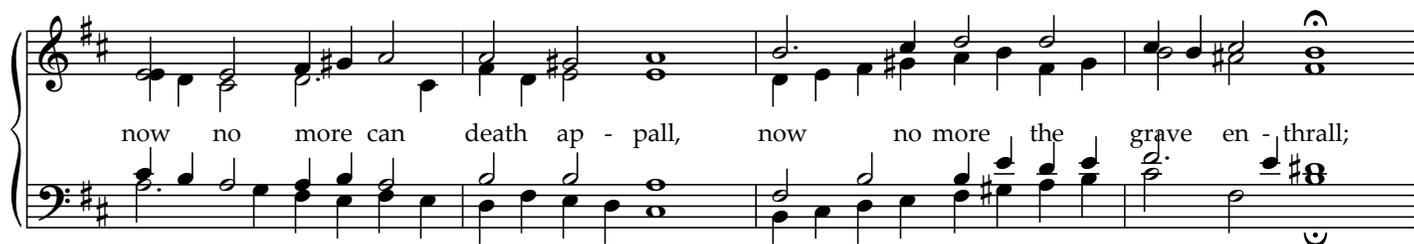
with sin - cer - i - ty and love eat we man - na from a - bove.



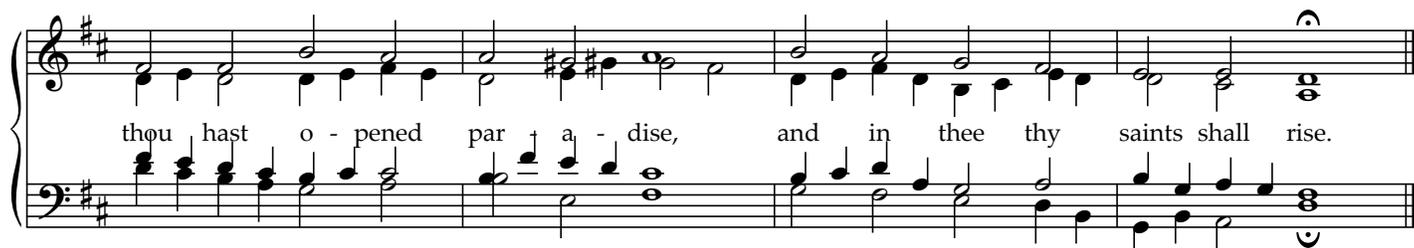
Might - y vic - tim from on high, hell's fierce powers be - neath thee lie;



thou hast con - quered in the fight, thou hast brought us life and light:



now no more can death ap - pall, now no more the grave en - thrall;



thou hast o - pened par a - dise, and in thee thy saints shall rise.

Descant

East - er tri - umph, East - er joy, these a - lone do sin de - stroy.

East - er tri - umph, East - er joy, these a - lone do sin de - stroy.

From sin's power do thou set free souls new - born, O Lord, in thee.

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Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to thee we raise.

Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to thee we raise:

ris - en Lord, all praise to thee with the Spi - rit ev - er be.

ris - en Lord, all praise to thee with the Spi - rit ev - er be.