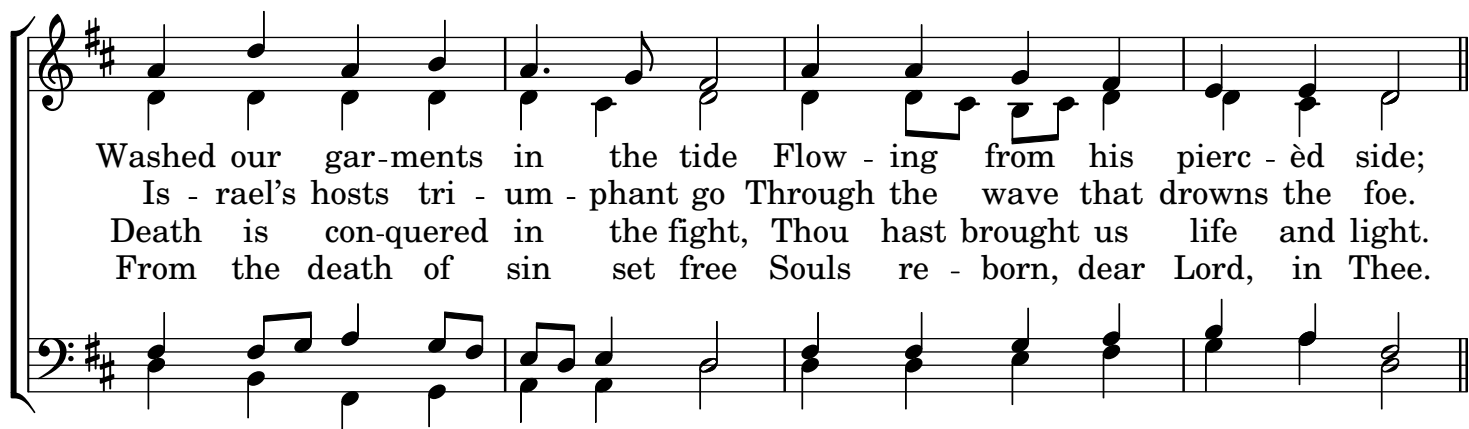
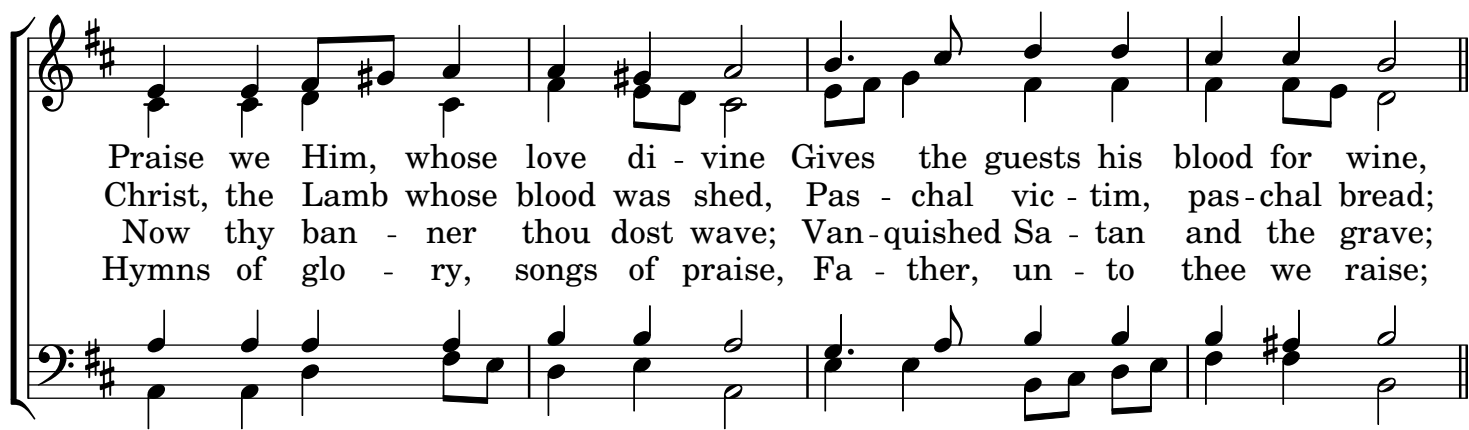


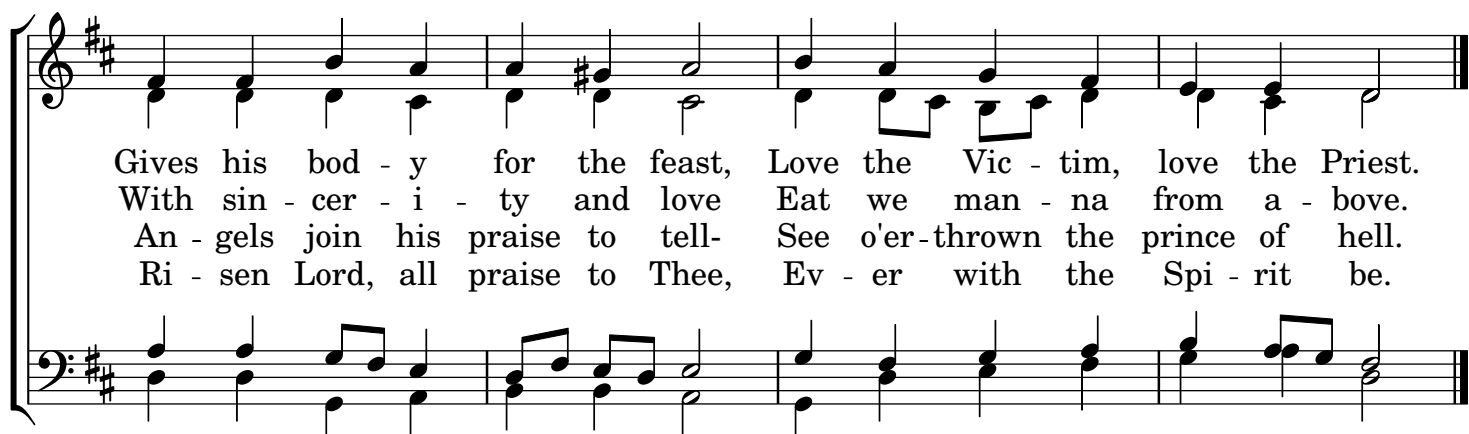
1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
 2. Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;
 3. Might - y vic - tim from the sky, Pow'rs of hell be - neath Thee lie;
 4. Pas - chal tri - umph, pas - chal joy, On - ly sin can this de -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



Washed our gar - ments in the tide Flow - ing from his pierc - 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 the guests his blood for wine,
 Christ, the Lamb 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, Love the Vic - tim, love 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.
 Ri - sen Lord, all praise to Thee, Ev - er with the Spi - rit be.