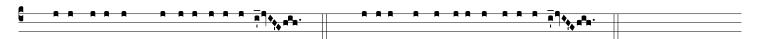


- 1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing praise to our victorious King, Who hath washed us in the tide flowing from His pierced side.
- 2. Praise we Him Whose love divine gives the guests His Blood for wine, gives His Body for the feast, Love the victim, Love the priest.
- 3. Where the Paschal blood is poured, Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword; Israel's hosts triumphant go through the wave that drowns the foe.
- 4. Christ, the Lamb Whose Blood was shed, Paschal victim, Paschal bread; with sincerity and love eat we manna from above.
- 5. Mighty Victim from the sky, powers of hell beneath Thee lie; Death is conquered in the fight; Thou hast brought us life and light.
- 6. Now Thy banner Thou dost wave; vanquished Satan and the grave; see the prince of darkness quelled; heaven's bright gates are open held.
- 7. Paschal triumph, Paschal joy, only sin can this destroy; from sin's death do Thou set free souls re-born, dear Lord, in Thee.
- 8. Hymns of glory, songs of praise, Father, unto Thee we raise; risen Lord, all praise to Thee, ever with the Spirit be. Amen.



- ỳ. Máne nobíscum Dómine, alle-lú-ia.
- R. Quóni-am advesperáscit, alle-lú-ia.
- No. Stay with us O Lord, alleluia.

 Output

 Description:
- R. Because it is towards evening, alleluia.