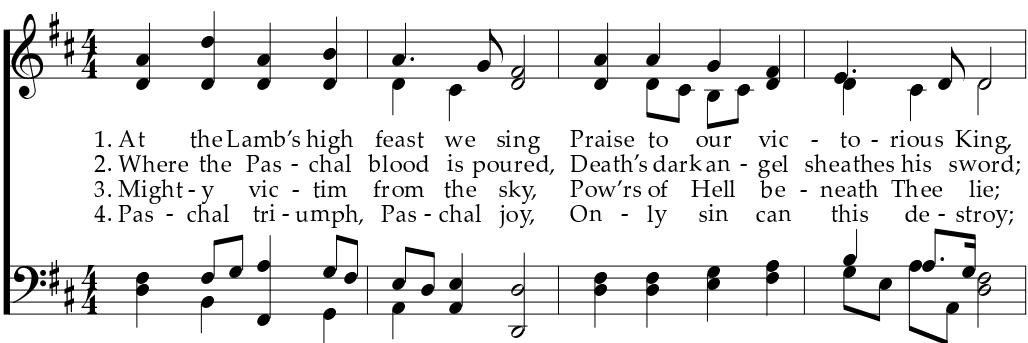



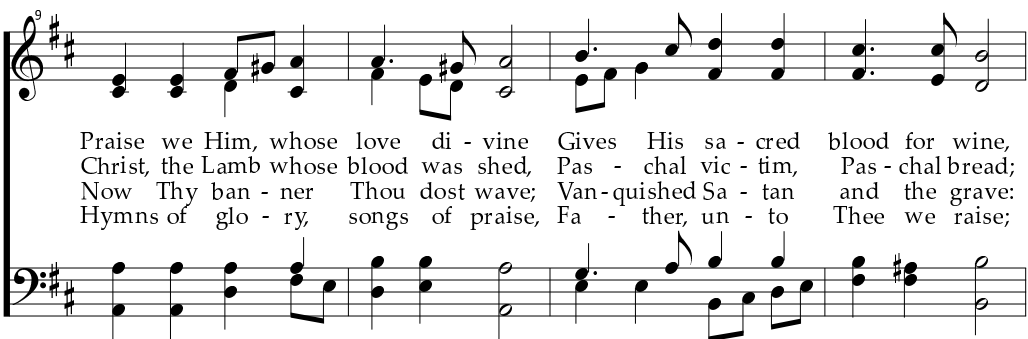
## At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing



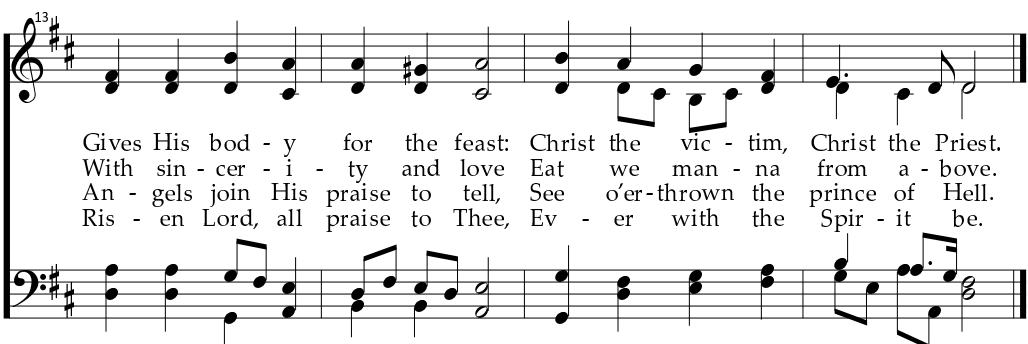
1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,  
 2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;  
 3. Might - y vic - tim from the sky, Pow'rs of Hell be - neath Thee lie;  
 4. Pas - chal tri - umph, Pas - chal joy, On - ly sin can this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



Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side;  
 Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
 Death is bro - ken in the fight; Thou hast brought us life and light.  
 From sin's pow'r do Thou set free Souls re - born, O Lord, in Thee.



Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred 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: 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.