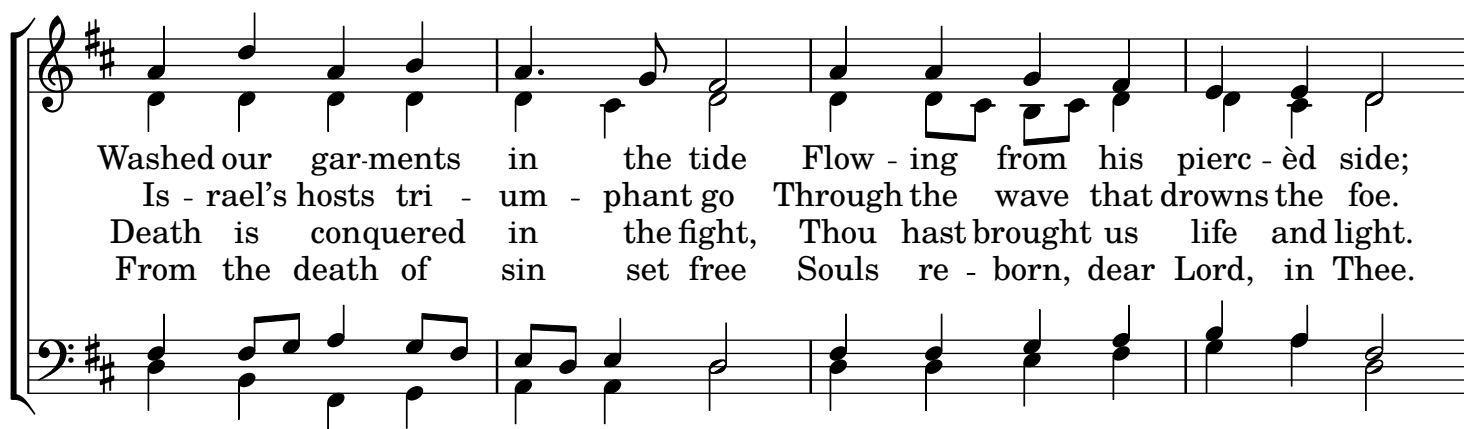
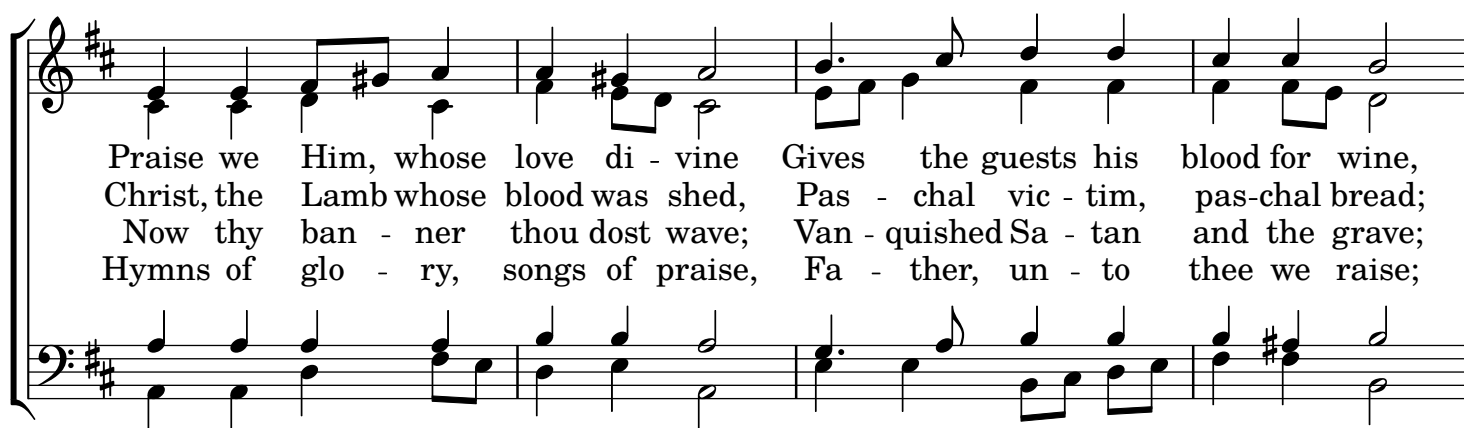


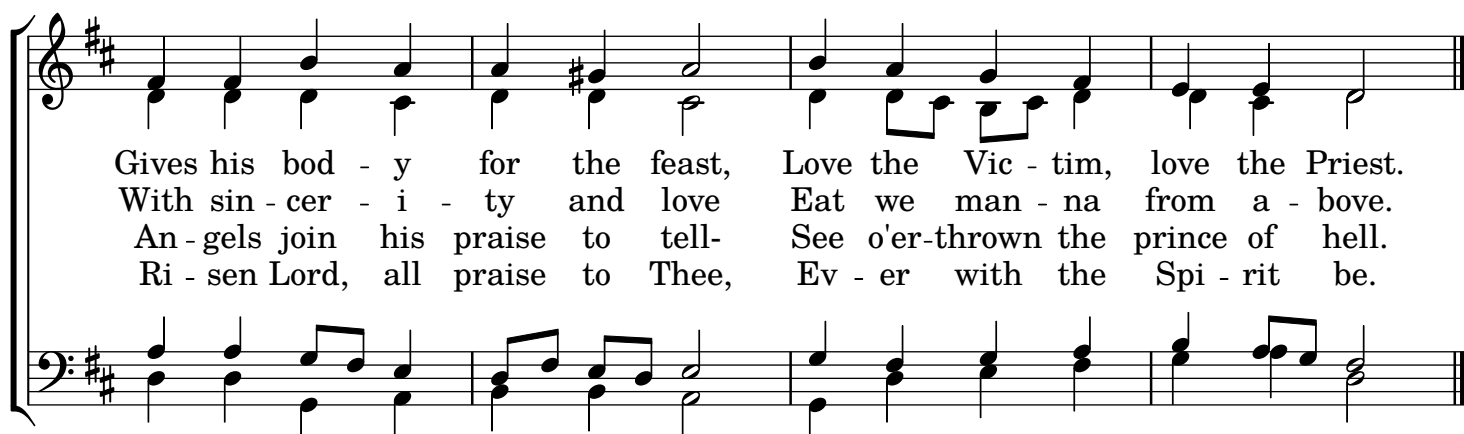
1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
 2. Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;
 3. Might - y vic - tim from the sky, Pow'rs of hell be - neath Thee lie;
 4. Pas - chal tri - umph, pas - chal joy, On - ly sin can this de -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