

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.
Praise we Him Whose love divine
gives His guests His blood for wine,
gives His body for the feast,
love the victim, love the priest.

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.
Christ the Lamb, Whose blood was shed.
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
with sincerity and love
eat we manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky,
powers of hell beneath Thee lie;
death is conquered in the fight;
Thou has brought us life and light.
Now Thy banner Thou dost wave;
vanquished Satan and the grave;
angels join His praise of tell -
see o'erthrown the prince of hell.

Paschal triumph, paschal joy,
only sin can this destroy;
from the death of sin set free
souls re-born, dear Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise.
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
ever with the Spirit be.