

# At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

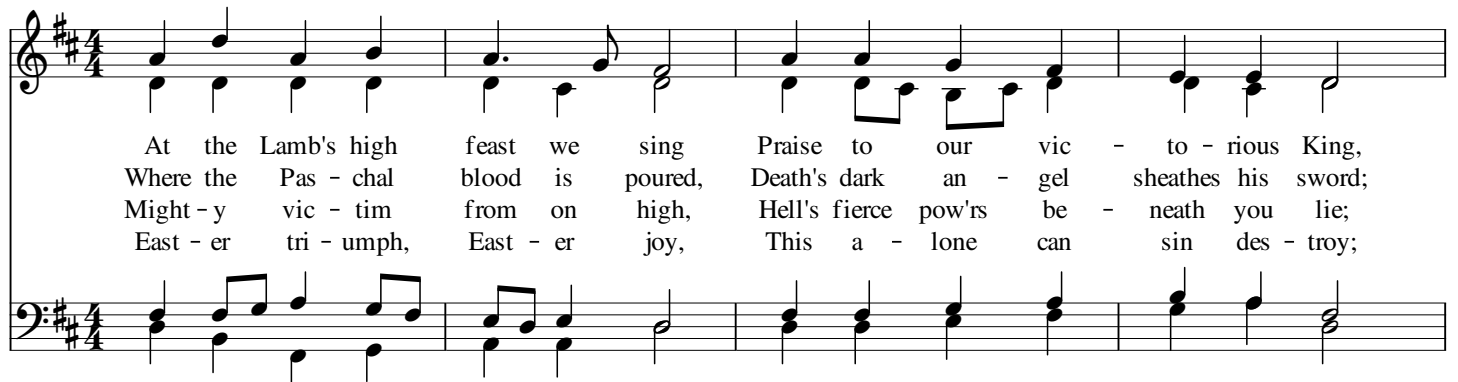
SALZBURG

Latin, 4th Century

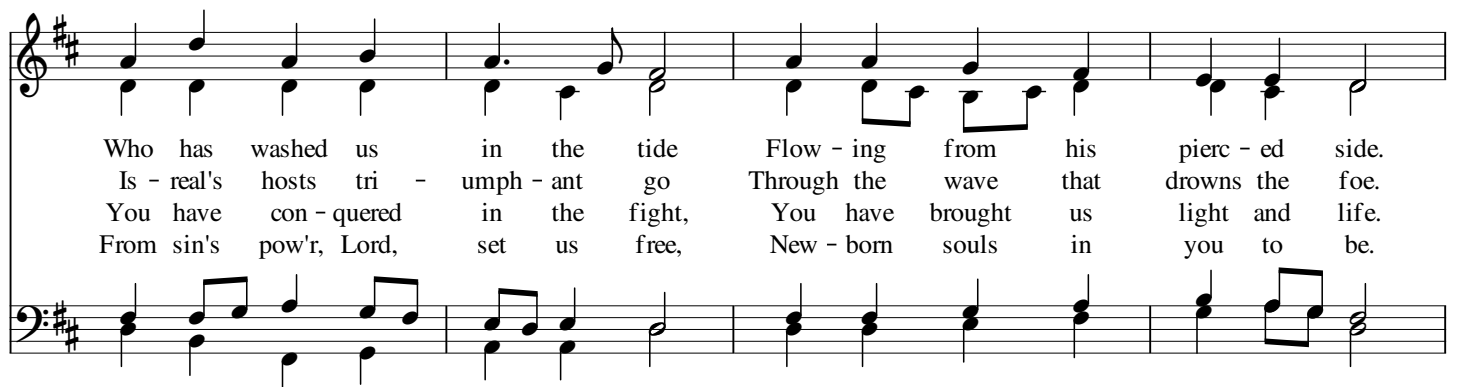
tr. Robert Campbell (1814-1868)

Jakob Hintze (1622-1707)

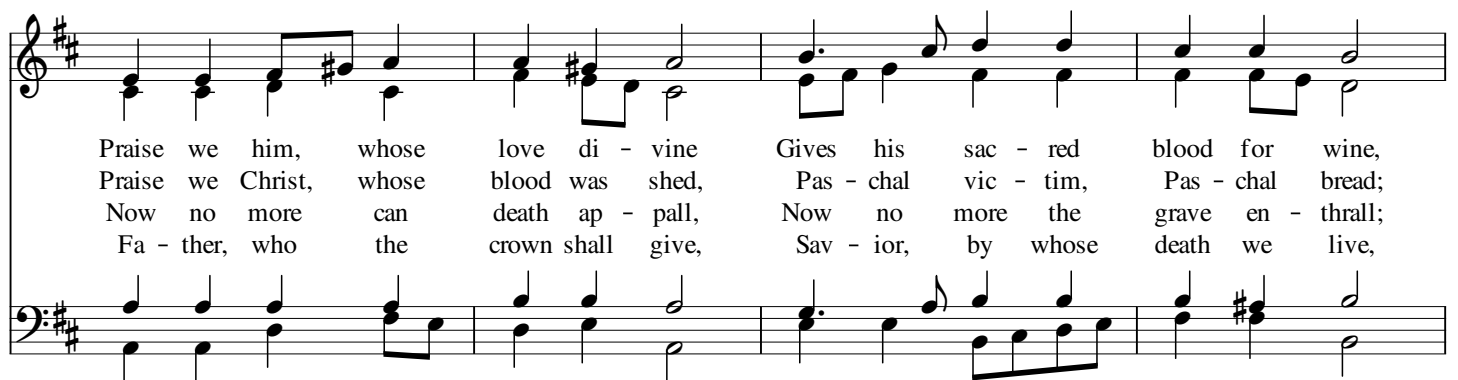
J S Bach (1685-1750)



At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,  
Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;  
Might - y vic - tim from on high, Hell's fierce pow'rs be - neath you lie;  
East - er tri - umph, East - er joy, This a - lone can sin des - troy;



Who has washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his pierc - ed side.  
Is - real's hosts tri - umph - ant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
You have con - quered in the fight, You have brought us light and life.  
From sin's pow'r, Lord, set us free, New - born souls in you to be.



Praise we him, whose love di - vine Gives his sac - red blood for wine,  
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal vic - tim, Pas - chal bread;  
Now no more can death ap - pall, Now no more the grave en - thrall;  
Fa - ther, who the crown shall give, Sav - ior, by whose death we live,



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.  
You have o - pened par - a - dise, And in you your saints shall rise.  
Spir - it, guide through all our days: Three in One, your name we praise.