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At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

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SALZBURG

JAKOB HINTZE, 1622-1702

HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750



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 on high, Hell's fierce pow'rs be - neath thee lie;
 4 Eas - ter tri - umph, Eas - ter joy, These a - lone do sin 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.
 Thou hast con - quered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light:
 From sins pow'r do thou set free Souls new - born, O Lord, in thee.

Praise we him whose love di - vine Gives his sa - cred 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;
 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.
 Thou hast o - pened Par - a - dise, And in thee thy saints shall rise.
 Ris - en Lord, all praise to thee With the Spi - rit ev - er be.

AD REGLAS AGNI DAPES, 17TH CENT.

TR. BY ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1814-1868, ALT.