## The Lamb's high banquet we await







The Lamb's high banquet we await In snow white robes of royal state; And now, the Red Sea's channel past, To Christ, our Prince, we sing at last.

Upon the altar of the cross His body hath redeemed our loss; And tasting of His roseate blood Our life is hid with Him in God.

That Paschal eve God's arm was bared; The devastating angel spared: By strength of hand our hosts went free From Pharaoh's ruthless tyranny. Now Christ our Paschal Lamb is slain; The Lamb of God that knows no stain; The true oblation offered here, Our own unleavened bread sincere.

O Thou from whom hell's monarch flies, O great, O very sacrifice, Thy captive people are set free, And endless life restored in Thee.

For Christ, arising from the dead, From conquered hell victorious sped; He thrusts the tyrant down to chains, And Paradise for man regains.

From the Latin