At the Lamb's high feast





At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our victorious King, Who hath washed us in the tide Flowing from his piercèd side. Alleluia!

Praise we Him, whose love divine Gives His sacred blood for wine, Gives His body for the feast, Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest. Alleluia!

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. Alleluia!

Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Paschal Victim, paschal Bread; With sincerity and love Eat we Manna from above. Alleluia! Mighty Victim from the sky, Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie; Thou hast conquered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light; Alleluia!

Now no more can death appall, Now no more the grave enthrall; Thou hast opened Paradise, And in Thee Thy saints shall rise. Alleluia!

Paschal triumph, Easter joy, Only sin can this destroy; From sin's death do Thou set free Souls reborn, O Lord, in Thee. Alleluia!

Hymns of glory and of praise, Father, to Thee we raise; Risen Lord, all praise to Thee, Ever with the Spirit be. Alleluia!

Robert Campbell