1. 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 sacred blood for wine,
gives his body for the feast, Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

J. Hintze (1622-1702), harm. J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

2. Where the paschal blood is poured, death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumph go through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, paschal victim, paschal bread;  
with sincerity and love eat we manna from above.

3. Might-y victim from the sky, hell's fierce pow'rs beneath thee lie;  
thee hast conquered in the fight, thou hast brought us life and light.  
Now no more can death appal, now no more the grave en thrall:  
though hast o pened Paradise, and in thee thy saints shall rise.

4. Easter triumph, Easter joy, sin alone can this destroy;  
from sin's pow'r do thou set free souls new born, O Lord, in thee.  
Hymns of glory and of praise, risen Lord, to thee we raise;  
Holy Father, praise to thee, with the Spirit, ever be.

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