



1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic -
2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel
Introit. Joy - ful - ly cry out to God All the earth; Al -



to - rious King. Who has washed us in the tide
sheathes his sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - umph - ant go
le - lu - ia; Sing a psalm un - to his name,



Flow - ing from his wound - ed side. Praise we him, whose
Through the wave that drowns the foe. Praise we Christ, whose
Praise him for his glo - rious fame. Say to God, "How



love di - vine Gives his sa - cred Blood for wine,
blood was shed, Pas - chal vic - tim, Pa - chal bread!
grand your deeds," Ev - er mind - ful of our needs;



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.
Shouts of joy to God all raise; Rend - er Him most glo - rious praise.

*Text: Ad regias Agni dapes; Latin, 4th cent.; tr. by Robert Campbell, 1814-1868.
Psalm 66: 1, 2, 3; Jubilate Deo omnis terra; Introit, Easter 3; adapted, Greg Heislman, © 2020.
Tune: SALZBURG, 77 77 D*