

At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN [SALZBURG] (7.7.77.D.)

Jakob Hintze, 1678

harm. J. S. Bach

Latin hymn, 17th century

tr. Robert Campbell, 1849

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 the sky, Pow'rs of hell be - neath Thee lie;
 4. Pas - chal tri - umph, Pas - chal joy, On - ly sin can this de - stroy;

Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his pier - ed side;
 Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.
 Death is bro - ken in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light;
 From sin's pow'r do Thou set free Souls re - born, O Lord, in Thee.

Praise we Him, Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,
 Christ, the Lamb Whose blood was shed, Pas - chal Vic - tim, pas - chal Bread;
 Now Thy ban - ner Thou dost wave; Van - quished Sa - tan and the grave:
 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.
 An - gels join His praise to tell, See o'er - thrown the prince of hell.
 Ris - en Lord, all praise to Thee, Ev - er with the Spir - it be.