

At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

Campbell

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing
praise to our victorious King,
who has washed us in the tide
flowing from his wounded 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.
2. 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.
Christ, the Lamb whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
with sincerity and love
eat we manna from above.
3. Mighty victim from on high,
pow'rs of hell beneath you lie;
death is conquered in the fight,
you have brought us life and light.
Vict'ry's banner now you wave,
conqu'ring Satan and the grave;
see the prince of darkness quelled,
heaven's gates are open held.
4. Easter triumph, Easter joy,
sin alone can these destroy;
souls from sin and death set free
glory in their liberty.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto you we raise;
and to you, our risen King,
with the Spirit, praise we sing.