1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our victorious King,
2. Where the Paschal blood is poured, Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
3. Mighty Victim from the sky, Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;

4. Oh. Who hath washed us in the tide Flowing from his pierced side;
Oh. Israel's hosts triumphant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Oh. Thou hast conquered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light;

Oh. Praise we Him, whose love divine Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Oh. Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
Oh. Now no more can death appall, Now no more the grave enthral;

Oh. Gives His body for the feast, Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.
Oh. With sincerity and love Eat we Manna from above.
Oh. Thou hast opened Paradise And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Amen.