At the Lamb’s High Feast We Sing

ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN \(\text{[SALZBURG]}\) (7 7 7 7 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 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.

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. Might-y Victor from the sky, Pow’rs of hell beneath Thee lie;
   Death is bro-ken in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light;
   Now Thy ban-ner Thou dost wave; Van-quished Sa-tan and the grave:
   Angels join His praise to tell, See o’er-thrown the prince of hell.

4. Paschal triumph, Paschal joy, Only sin can this de-stroy;
   From sin’s pow’r do Thou set free Souls re-born, O Lord, in Thee.
   Hymns of glo-ry, songs of praise, Fa-ther, un-to Thee we raise;
   Risen Lord, all praise to Thee, Ev-er with the Spir-it be.