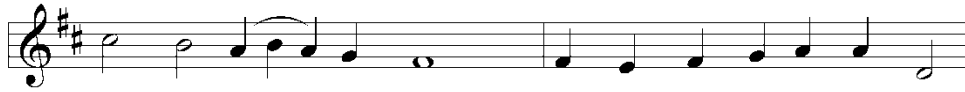


### 633 At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing



1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to  
 2 Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His  
 3 Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dread  
 4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal



our vic - to - rious King, Who has washed us in the tide  
 sa - cred blood for wine, Gives His bod - y for the feast—  
 an - gel sheathes the sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go  
 vic - tim, pas - chal bread; With sin - cer - i - ty and love



Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Through the wave that drowns the foe. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Eat we man - na from a - bove. Al - le - lu - ia!

5 Mighty Victim from the sky,  
 Hell's fierce pow'rs beneath You lie;  
 You have conquered in the fight,  
 You have brought us life and light.  
 Alleluia!

6 Now no more can death appall,  
 Now no more the grave enthrall;  
 You have opened paradise,  
 And Your saints in You shall rise.  
 Alleluia!

7 Easter triumph, Easter joy!  
 This alone can sin destroy;  
 From sin's pow'r, Lord, set us free,  
 Newborn souls in You to be.  
 Alleluia!

8 Father, who the crown shall give,  
 Savior, by whose death we live,  
 Spirit, guide through all our days:  
 Three in One, Your name we praise.  
 Alleluia!

## 642 O Living Bread from Heaven



1 O liv - ing Bread from heav - en, How well You  
2 My Lord, You here have led - me To this most  
3 You gave me all I want - ed; This food can  
4 Lord, grant me then, thus strength - ened With heav'n - ly



feed Your guest! The gifts that You have giv - en  
ho - ly place And with Your - self have fed - me  
death de - stroy, And You have free - ly grant - ed  
food, while here My course on earth is length - ened,



Have filled my heart with rest. Oh, won - drous food of  
The trea - sures of Your grace; For You have free - ly  
The cup of end - less joy. My Lord, I do not  
To serve with ho - ly fear. And when You call my



bles - sing, Oh, cup that heals our woes! My heart, this  
giv - en What earth could nev - er buy, The bread of  
mer - it The fa - vor You have shown, And all my  
spir - it To leave this world be - low, I en - ter,



gift pos - sess - ing, With prais - es o - ver - flows.  
life from heav - en, That now I shall not die.  
soul and spir - it Bow down be - fore Your throne.  
through Your mer - it, Where joys un - min - gled flow.

## 818 In Thee Is Gladness



1 In Thee is glad - ness A - mid all sad - ness, Je - sus,  
2 Since He is ours, ——— We fear no pow - ers, Not of



sun - shine of my heart. By Thee are giv - en The gifts of  
earth nor sin nor death. He sees and bless - es In worst dis -



heav - en, Thou the true Re - deem - er art. Our souls Thou  
tress - es; He can change them with a breath. Where - fore the



wak - est, Our bonds Thou break - est; Who trusts Thee sure - ly Has built se -  
sto - ry Tell of His glo - ry With hearts and voic - es; All heav'n re -



cure - ly; He stands for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! Our hearts are  
joic - es In Him for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! We shout for



pin - ing To see Thy shin - ing, Dy - ing or liv - ing  
glad - ness, Tri - umph o'er sad - ness, Love Him and praise Him



To Thee are cleav - ing; Naught can us sev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!  
And still shall raise Him Glad hymns for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!