

The Lamb's high banquet we await

Ad cenam Agni providi, Ambrosian, V cent.
transl. J. M. Neale (1818-1868), alt.

ST. CROIX (L.M.D.)
Charles H. Giffen

1 The Lamb's high ban - quet we a - wait in snow-white robes of roy - al state:
2 That Pas - chal Eve God's arm was bared, the de - vas - ta - ting an - gel spared:
3 O Thou, from whom hell's mon - arch flies, O great, O ve - ry Sac - ri - fice,
4 Ma - ker of all, to Thee we pray, ful - fill in us Thy joy to - day;

1 and now, the Red Sea's chan - nel past, to Christ our Prince we sing at last.
2 by strength of hand our hosts went free from Pha - raoh's ruth - less tyr - an - ny.
3 Thy cap - tive peo - ple are set free, and end - less life re - stored in thee.
4 when death as - sails grant, Lord, that we may share Thy Pas - chal mys - ter - y.

1 Up - on the Al - tar of the Cross His Bo - dy hath re - deemed our loss:
2 Now Christ, our Pas - chal Lamb, is slain, the Lamb of God that knows no stain,
3 For Christ, a - ris - ing from the dead, from con - quered hell vic - to - rious sped,
4 To Thee who, dead, a - gain dost live, All glo - ry, Lord, Thy peo - ple give;

1 and tast - ing of His ros - eate Blood, our life is hid with Him in God.
2 the true ob - la - tion of - fered here, our own un - leav - ened bread sin - cere.
3 and thrust the ty - rant down to chains, and Pa - ra - dise for man re - gains.
4 all glo - ry, as is ev - er meet, to Fa - ther and to Pa - ra - clete.

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Deo gratias

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