

AD CENAM AGNI

1. The Lamb's high banquet we await
in snow-white robes of royal state:
and now, the Red Sea's channel past,
to Christ our Prince we sing at last.
2. Upon the Altar of the Cross
His Body hath redeemed our loss:
and tasting of his roseate Blood,
our life is hid with Him in God.
3. That Paschal Eve God's arm was bared,
the devastating Angel spared:
by strength of hand our hosts went free
from Pharaoh's ruthless tyranny.
4. Now Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
the Lamb of God that knows no stain,
the true Oblation offered here,
our own unleavened Bread sincere.
5. O Thou, from whom hell's monarch flies,
O great, O very Sacrifice,
Thy captive people are set free,
and endless life restored in Thee.
6. For Christ, arising from the dead,
from conquered hell victorious sped,
and thrust the tyrant down to chains,
and Paradise for man regains.
7. We pray Thee, King with glory decked,
in this our Paschal joy, protect
from all that death would fain effect
Thy ransomed flock, Thine own elect.
8. To Thee who, dead, again dost live,
all glory Lord, Thy people give;
all glory, as is ever meet,
to Father and to Paraclete. Amen