

637 This Joyful Eastertide

1. This joy - ful Eas - ter - tide, A - way with care and sor - row!
 2. My flesh in hope shall rest, And for a sea - son slum - ber;
 3. Death's flood hath lost his chill, Since Je - sus crossed the riv - er:

My love, the Cru - ci - fied, Hath sprung to life this mor - row.
 Till trump from east to west, Shall wake the dead in num - ber.
 Lov - er of souls, from ill My pass - ing soul de - liv - er.

Had Christ, that once was slain, Ne'er burst His three-day pris - on, Our faith had been in

vain; But now hath Christ a - ris - en, a - ris - en, a - ris - en, a - ris - en!