



1. This joy - ful Eas - ter - tide, a - way with sin and sor - row.  
2. My flesh in hope shall rest, and for a sea - son slum - ber,  
3. Death's flood hath lost its 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 threeday pris - on,



our faith had been in vain: but now hath Christ a - ris - en, a -



ris - en, a - ris - en, a - ris - en!