

This Joyful Eastertide

Woodward

1. This joyful Eastertide,
 away with sin and sorrow!
My love, the crucified,
 has sprung to life this morrow.
- ℞. Had Christ, that once was slain,
 ne'er burst his three-day prison,
our faith had been in vain;
 but now Christ is arisen,
arisen, arisen,
 arisen.**
2. My flesh in hope shall rest
 and for a season slumber:
till trump from east to west
 shall wake the dead in number. **℞.**
3. Death's flood has lost its chill
 since Jesus crossed the river:
he saved us all from ill,
 my soul he did deliver. **℞.**