

THIS JOYFUL EASTERTIDE

1. This joyful Eastertide,
away with sin and sorrow.
My Lord the Crucified,
has sprung to life this morrow.
Had Christ, that once was slain,
not burst his three-day prison,
Our faith would be in vain;
but now is Christ arisen.

He is risen!

Christ the Lord is risen!

(Repeat 1)

2. Death's flood has lost it's chill,
since Jesus crossed the river:
Lover of souls, from ill my passing soul deliver.
Had Christ, that once was slain,
not burst his three-day prison,
Our faith would be in vain;
but now is Christ arisen.
3. My flesh in hope shall rest,
and for a season slumber,
Till trumpet east to west shall wake the dead in number.
Had Christ, that once was slain,
not burst his three-day prison,
Our faith would be in vain;
but now is Christ arisen.