

This joyful Eastertide, away with sin and sorrow!

My Love, the Crucified, hath sprung to life this morrow.

(Refrain:) Had Christ, that once was slain, ne'er burst his three-day prison, our faith had been in vain; but now is Christ arisen, arisen, arisen, arisen.

Death's flood hath lost its chill, since Jesus crossed the river: Lord of all life, from ill my passing life deliver. (*Refrain*)

My flesh in hope shall rest, and for a season slumber, till trump from east to west shall wake the dead in number. (Refrain)

Words: George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848-1934)

Music: Melody from Psalmen, 1685, harmonised by Charles Wood (1866-1926)