

# This joyful Eastertide

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Dutch Carol  
arr. Charles Wood

This joy-ful East-er-tide, a-way with sin and sor-row! My  
My flesh in hope shall rest, and for a sea-son slum-ber: Till  
Death's flood hath lost his chill, since Je-sus cross'd the riv-er: Lov-

love, the cru-ci-fied, hath sprung to life this mor-row. Had  
trump from east to west shall wake the dead in num-ber. Had  
-er of souls, from ill my pass-ing soul de-liv-er. Had

Christ, that once was slain, ne'er burst his three day pri-son, our

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

ris-en, a-ris-en, a-ris-en.