This Joyful Eastertide

George Ratcliffe Woodward (1848 - 1934)

Allegro moderato (\( \text{c.} 64 \))

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My love, the Crucified,

way with sin and sorrow!

Hath sprung to life this morrow:

Christ, that once was slain,

Ne'er burst His three-day prison, Our

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faith had been in vain: But now hath Christ arisen, arisen, arisen, arisen,
My flesh in hope shall rest, And
for a season slumber: Till trump from east to
west  Shall  wake  the  dead  in  slumber,  Had

Christ,  that  once  was  slain,  Ne'er  burst  His  three-day  prison,  Our

faith  had  been  in  vain:  But  now  hath  Christ  arisen,  a

risen,  arisen,  arisen,  arisen,  arisen,
Death's flood hath lost his chill, Since a tempo

Jesus Cross'd the river: Lover of souls, from

My passing soul deslumber, Had

Christ, that once was slain, Ne'er burst His three-day prison, Our
faith had been in vain: But now hath Christ arisen, arisen, arisen, arisen.