

This joyful Eastertide,
away with sin and sorrow,
my love, the Crucified,
hath 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 hath Christ arisen.*

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

Death's flood hath lost his chill,
since Jesus crossed the river:
lover of souls, from ill
my passing soul deliver: