

David's Psalmen Amsterdam 1685 Arr D G M after Charles Wood











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 is Christ arisen.

- 2. My flesh in hope shall rest,And for a season slumber:Till trump from East to WestShall wake the dead in number.
- 3. Death's flood hath lost his chill, Since Jesus crossed the river: Lover of souls, from ill My passing soul deliver.