

# This joyful Eastertide

tune: *Hoe groot de vrugten sijn*

arr. Charles Wood

ed. Andrew Halladay

**Allegro Moderato**

1. *f* This joy - ful - Eas - ter - tide, A - way with sin and sor - - row!  
2. *mp* My flesh in hope shall rest, And for a sea - son slum - - ber:  
3. *mf* Death's flood hath lost his chill, Since Je - sus cross'd the ri - - ver:

My Love, the Cru - ci - fied, Hath sprung to life this mor - - row.  
Till trump from east to west Shall wake the dead in num - - ber.  
Lo - vers of souls, from ill My pas - sing soul de - li - - ver.

*mf* Had Christ, that once was slain, Ne'er burst His three-day pri - son,

Our faith had been in vain: *p* But now hath Christ a - ri - sen, a -

**molto rit.** (last time)

ri - sen, a - ri - sen, *f* a - ri - - - *p* sen.