

This Joyful Eastertide

arr. Thomas McLelland-Young

Joyfully (♩=132)

Soprano

f

1. This joy - ful Ea - ster - tide, A - way with sin and sor -
 2. My flesh in hope shall rest, And for a sea - son slum -
 3. Death's flood hath lost his chill, Since Je - sus cross'd the ri -

Alto

f

1. This joy - ful Ea - ster - tide, A - way with sin and sor -
 2. My flesh in hope shall rest, And for a sea - son slum -
 3. Death's flood hath lost his chill, Since Je - sus cross'd the ri -

Tenor

f

8

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

Bass

f

1. This joy - ful Ea - ster - tide, A - way with sin and sor -
 2. My flesh in hope shall rest, And for a sea - son slum -
 3. Death's flood hath lost his chill, Since Je - sus cross'd the ri -

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

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

8

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

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

REFRAIN

mf *mp*

- row. Had Christ, that once was slain, Ne'er burst his three-day pri - son, Our
- ber.
- ver.

mf *mp*

- row. Had Christ, that once was slain, Ne'er burst his three-day pri - son, Our
- ber.
- ver.

8 *mf* *mp*

mor - row. Had Christ, that once was slain, Ne'er burst his three-day pri - son, Our
- ber.
- li - ver.

mf *mp*

- row. Had Christ, that once was slain, Ne'er burst his three-day pri - son, Our
- ber.
- ver.

mf *cresc.*

faith had been in vain: But now is Christ a - ri - sen, a-

mf *cresc.*

faith had been in vain: But now is Christ a - ri - sen, a-

8 *mf* *cresc.*

faith had been in vain: But now is Christ a - ri - sen, a-

mf *cresc.*

faith had been in vain: But now is Christ a - ri - sen, a-

ff

- ri - sen, a - ri - sen, a - ri-

ff

- ri - sen, a - ri - sen, a - ri - sen, a - ri-

ff

8 - ri - sen, a - ri - sen, a - ri - sen, a - ri-

ff

- ri - sen, a - ri - sen, a - ri - sen, a - ri-

- sen.

- sen.

8 - sen.

- sen.