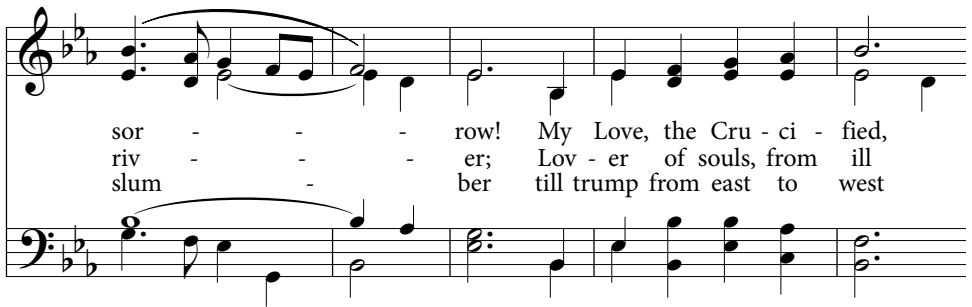


# This Joyful Eastertide

VREUCHTEN



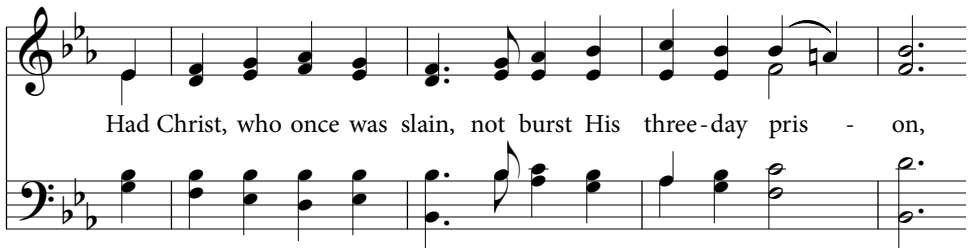
1. This joy - ful East - er - tide, a - way with sin and  
2. Death's flood has lost its chill since Je - sus crossed the  
3. My flesh in hope shall rest and for a sea - son



sor - - - row! My Love, the Cru - ci - fied,  
riv - - - er; Lov - er of souls, from ill  
slum - - - ber till trump from east to west



has sprung to life this mor - - - row:  
my pass - ing soul de - liv - - - er:  
shall wake the dead in num - - - ber:



Had Christ, who once was slain, not burst His three-day pris - on,

WORDS: George Ratcliffe Woodward, 1894

MUSIC: Davids Psalmen, Amsterdam, 1684

6.7.6.7.Ref

our faith had been in vain; but now has Christ a - ris - en, a -

ris - en, a - ris - en; but now has Christ a - ris - en!