

Now be Easter-tryst New-trusted

Donald Bell and Maarten Ryder

♩=90 *F* *C* *Dm* *Bb*

Now be Eas-ter tryst new - trys - ted Fel-low-ship past hu-man cheer

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 90. The system contains four measures of music. Above the vocal line, the chords *F*, *C*, *Dm*, and *Bb* are indicated. The lyrics are: "Now be Eas-ter tryst new - trys - ted Fel-low-ship past hu-man cheer".

F *C* *Dm* *Gm7*

Je-sus, met, a - dored, new - trus-ted Here like Ma-ry in the gar - den

The second system of music continues the piece. It contains four measures. Above the vocal line, the chords *F*, *C*, *Dm*, and *Gm7* are indicated. The lyrics are: "Je-sus, met, a - dored, new - trus-ted Here like Ma-ry in the gar - den".

F/A *Bb* *F* *C*

Here like Pe-ter on the shore Still our hun-gering spi-rits glad - den

The third system of music concludes the piece. It contains four measures. Above the vocal line, the chords *F/A*, *Bb*, *F*, and *C* are indicated. The lyrics are: "Here like Pe-ter on the shore Still our hun-gering spi-rits glad - den".

D *Gm* *C* *F*

As Em - ma - us so a - mong us Break the bread, your pre - sence sure.

D *Gm* *C* *F*

1. Now be Easter tryst new-trysted,
 Fellowship past human cheer;
 Jesus, met, adored, new-trusted,
 Here like Mary in the garden,
 Here like Peter on the shore,
 Still our hungering spirits gladden;
 As Emmaus
 So among us
 Break the bread, your presence sure.

2. Souls unleavened, spirits fallow,
 Greet the great Passover feast;
 Bitter herbs of Christ's own sorrow
 Season these, the gifts we offer,
 Thou the lamb, and thou the priest;
 Tasting now, we taste for ever
 Bread of presence,
 Wine to pledge us,
 Covenant till time be ceased.

3. Take up, then, our hearts' thanksgiving
 In the praise of lips and lives,
 Pleading, for our world's sin-grieving,
 Spirit-hunger, time's soul-sorrow,
 Christ's eternal sacrifice,
 For our hope in every morrow,
 Great soul-anchor,
 Till we enter,
 Called to sup, in paradise.