

## Now the Green Blade Rises



1 Now the green blade ris - es from the bur - ied grain,  
2 In the grave they laid him, love by ha - tred slain,  
3 Forth he came at Eas - ter like the ris - en grain,  
4 When our hearts are win - try, griev - ing, or in pain,



wheat that in dark earth man - y days has lain;  
think - ing that he would nev - er wake a - gain,  
he that for three days in the grave had lain;  
your touch can call us back to life a - gain,



love lives a - gain, that with the dead has been;  
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps un - seen;  
raised from the dead, my liv - ing Lord is seen;  
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been;



love is come a - gain like wheat a - ris - ing green.

Text: John MacLeod Campbell Crum, 1872–1958

Music: NOËL NOUVELET, French carol

Text from *Oxford Book of Carols*, © Oxford University Press 1928. All rights reserved.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.