NOW THE GREEN BLADE RISES

1. Now the green blade rises from the buried grain,
   Wheat that in dark earth many days has lain;
   Love lives again, that with the dead has been;
   Love is come again like wheat arising green.

2. In the grave they laid him, love by hated slain,
   Laid in the earth like grain, that grain, that
gain, that grain, that

3. Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
   Raised from the dead, my living Lord is seen;
   Love is come again like wheat arising green.

4. When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain,
   Your touch can break our hearts bare have been:
   Grain that sleeps unseen;

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