

Now the Green Blade Riseth

Words: J. M. C. Crum (1872 - 1958)

Melody: Trad. French carol

Emi A Emi Ami B7 Emi

1. Now the green blade ris - eth from the bur - ied grain,
 2. In the grave they laid him, Love whom men had 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,

A Emi Ami B7 Emi

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

B7 Emi B7

Love lives a - gain, that with the dead has been:
 laid in the earth like grain that sleeps un - seen:
 Quick from the dead my ris - en Lord is seen:
 Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:

Emi A Emi Ami B7 Emi

Love is come a - gain like wheat that spring-eth green.