Now the Green Blade Rises

1. Now the green blade rises from the buried grain,
2. In the grave they laid him, love by hated slain,
3. Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
4. When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,

Wheat that in dark earth many days has lain;
Think ing that he would never wake again;
He that for three days in the grave had lain;
Your touch can call us back to life again.

Love lives again, that with the dead has been:
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
Raised from the dead, my living Lord is seen:
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:

Love is come again like wheat arising green.

Text: 11 10 10 11; ‘Now the green blade riseth’ by J M Crum, 1872–1958, [alt.].
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