Now the green blade riseth
Judith Ward

Now the green blade riseth from the buried
Wheat that in dark earth many days, many days has lain.

Love lives again, love lives again that
with the dead has been:  \textit{mf}  Love is come again, like wheat that

spring - eth green  \textit{mp}.

\textit{p}  In the grave they laid him, Love whom men had slain,
Think-ing that ne-ver he would wake a-gain, Laid in the

earth like grain that sleeps un-seen:

Love is come a-gain, like wheat that spring-eth green
Forth he came at Easter like the risen

He that for three days in the grave had lain.

Quick from the dead my
risen Lord is seen

Love is come again, love is come again,

like wheat that springeth green.