

## 379

## 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: French carol  
 Text © Oxford University Press

NOËL NOUVELET  
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## 380

## Hallelujah! Jesus Lives!



1 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives! He is now the Liv - ing One;  
 2 Je - sus lives! Why do you weep? Why that sad and mourn - ful sigh?  
 3 Je - sus lives! And thus, my soul, life e - ter - nal waits for you;  
 4 Je - sus lives! Let all re - joice. Praise him, ran - somed of the earth.  
 5 Hal - le - lu - jah! An - gels, sing! Join with us in hymns of praise.



Text: Carl B. Garve, 1763-1841; tr. Jane L. Borthwick, 1813-1897, alt.  
 Music: Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1812-1887

FRED TIL BOD  
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## When Peace like a River

*It Is Well with My Soul*

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1 When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, when  
 2 Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, let  
 3 He lives—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought; my  
 4 Lord, has - ten the day when our faith shall be sight, the

sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, what - ev - er my lot, thou hast  
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, that Christ hath re - gard - ed my  
 sin, not in part, but the whole, is nailed to his cross and I  
 clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trum - pet shall sound and the

taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul.  
 help - less es - tate, and hath shed his own blood for my soul.  
 bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
 Lord shall de - scend; e - ven so it is well with my soul.

*Refrain*

It is well with my soul, it is well, it is well with my soul.  
 It is well with my soul,

## Lift High the Cross

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*Refrain*

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim till

all the world a - dore his sa - cred name.

1 Come, Chris - tians, fol - low where our cap - tain trod,  
 2 All new - born ser - vants of the Cru - ci - fied  
 3 O Lord, once lift - ed on the glo - rious tree,  
 4 So shall our song of tri - umph ev - er be:

*Refrain*

our king vic - to - rious, Christ, the Son of God.  
 bear on their brows the seal of him who died.  
 as thou hast prom - ised, draw us all to thee.  
 praise to the Cru - ci - fied for vic - to - ry!