

vv. 1, 4

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

wheat that in dark earth man - y days has lain; love lives a -
 think - ing that nev - er he would wake a - gain, laid in the
 he that for three days in the grave had lain, quick from the
 thy touch can call us back to life a - gain, fields of our

gain, that with the dead has been:
 earth like grain that sleeps un - seen: Love is come a - gain like
 dead my ris - en Lord is seen:
 hearts that (dead and bare have been:)

Refrain

Final Ending

wheat that spring-eth green. dead and bare have been:

Refrain

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

Words: John Macleod Campbell Crum (1872-1958), alt.
 Music: *Noël nouvelet*, medieval French carol; harm. Marcel Dupré (1886-1971);
 adapt. Roy F. Kehl (b. 1935)

$\text{♩} = 76$
 11 10. 10 11

vv. 1-2

1 The King shall come when morn - ing dawns and
 2 Not, as of old, a lit - tle child, to
 3 The King shall come when morn - ing dawns and
 4 and let the end - less bliss be - gin, by
 5 The King shall come when morn - ing dawns and

1 light tri - um - phant breaks; when beau - ty gilds the
 2 bear, and fight, and die; but crowned with glo - ry
 3 earth's dark night is past; O haste the ris - ing
 4 wear - y saints fore - told, when right shall tri - umph
 5 light and beau - ty brings: Hail, Christ the Lord! Thy

1 east - ern hills and life to joy a - wakes.
 2 like the sun that lights the morn - ing sky.
 3 of that morn, the day that e'er shall last;
 4 o - ver wrong, and truth shall be ex - tolled.
 5 peo - ple pray, come quick - ly, King of kings.