

## 379

## Now the Green Blade Rises



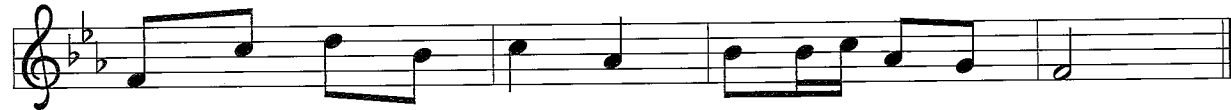
1 Now the green blade ris - es from the bur - ied grain,  
 2 In the grave they laid him, love by ha - tred slain,  
 3 Forth he came at Eas - ter like the ris - en grain,  
 4 When our hearts are win - try, griev - ing, or in pain,



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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## Canticle of the Turning



1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the  
 2 Though I am small, my . . . God, my all, you . . .  
 3 From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a  
 4 Though the na - tions rage from . . . age to age, we re -



God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the  
 work great . . . things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the  
 stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your  
 mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.  
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be.  
 jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant . . . from his throne.  
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my  
 Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to  
 The hun - gry poor shall . . . weep no more, for the  
 This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my  
 those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the  
 food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry  
 prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be



name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?  
 strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.  
 mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.  
 crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.



My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus-tice burn.



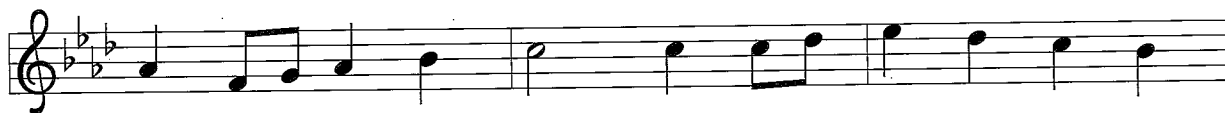
Wipe a-way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a-bout to turn.

## All Who Love and Serve Your City

724



1 All who love and serve your cit - y, all who  
 2 In your day of loss and sor - row, in your  
 3 In your day of wealth and plen - ty, wast - ed  
 4 For all days are days of judg - ment, and the  
 5 Ris - en Lord, shall yet the cit - y be the



bear its dai - ly stress, all who cry for peace and  
 day of help - less strife, hon - or, peace, and love re -  
 work and wast - ed play, call to mind the word of  
 Lord is wait - ing still, draw - ing near a world that  
 cit - y of de - spair? Come to - day, our judge, our



jus - tice, all who curse and all who bless,  
 treat - ing, seek the Lord, who is your life.  
 Je - sus, "You must work while it is day."  
 spurns him, of - f'ring peace from Cal - v'ry's hill.  
 glo - ry. Be its name "The Lord is there!"