1. Now the green blade rises from the buried gain,
wheat that in dark earth many days has lain;
love lives again, that with the dead has been:
Love is come again like wheat rising green.

2. In the grave they laid him, Love by hatred slain,
thinking that he would never wake again,
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
Love is come again like wheat rising green.

3. Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
he that for three days in the grave had lain,
raised from the dead, my living Lord is seen:
Love is come again like wheat rising green.

4. When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,
your touch can call us back to life again,
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:
Love is come again like wheat rising green.