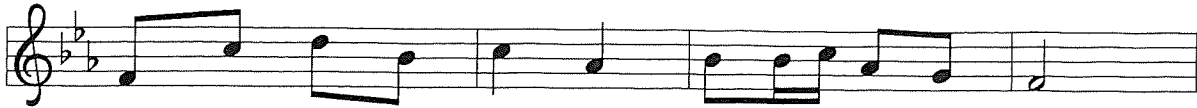
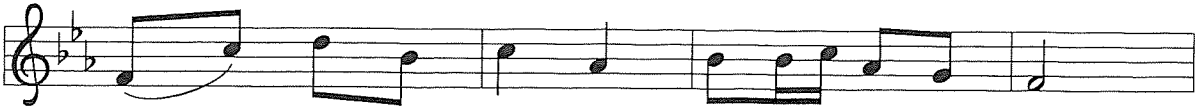


Now the Green Blade Rises



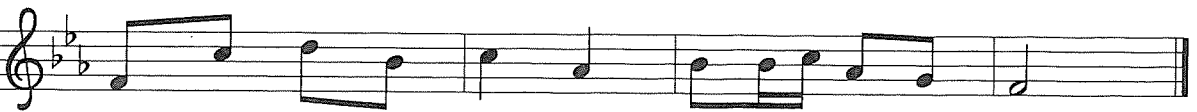
1 Now the green blade ris - es from the bur - ied grain,
 2 In the grave they laid him, love by ha - tred slain,
 3 Forth he came at Eas - ter like the ris - en grain,
 4 When our hearts are win - try, griev - ing, or in pain,



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

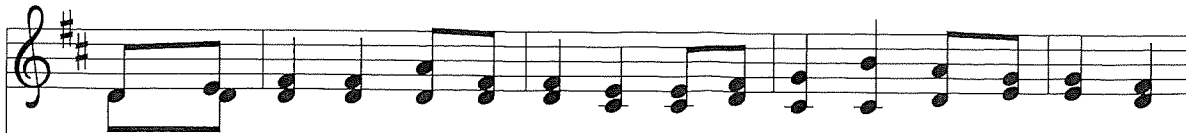
NOËL NOUVELET

11 10 10 11

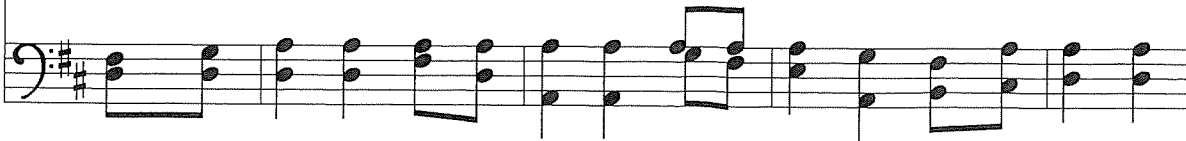
Children of the Heavenly Father

Tryggare kan ingen vara

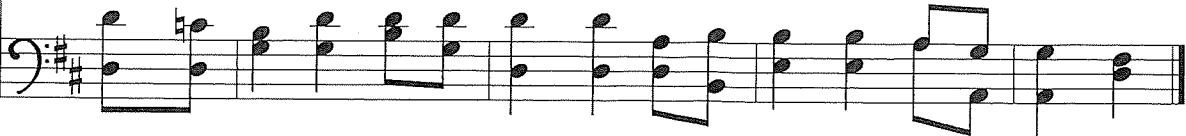
781



Tryg - ga - re kan ing - en va - ra än Guds lil - la bar - na - ska - ra,
1 Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly Fa - ther safe - ly in his bo - som gath - er;
2 God his own doth tend and nour-ish, in his ho - ly courts they flour-ish.
3 Nei - ther life nor death shall ev - er from the Lord his chil - dren sev - er;
4 Though he giv - eth or he tak-eth, God his chil-dren ne'er for - sak - eth;



stjär - nan ej på him - la - fäs - tet, få - geln ej i kän - da näs - tet.
nest - ling bird nor star in heav - en such a ref - uge e'er was giv - en.
From all e - vil things he spares them, in his might - y arms he bears them.
un - to them his grace he show - eth, and their sor - rows all he know - eth.
his the lov - ing pur - pose sole - ly to pre - serve them pure and ho - ly.



Text: Carolina Sandell Berg, 1832-1903; tr. Ernst W. Olson, 1870-1958

Music: Swedish folk tune

Text © 1925 Board of Publication, Lutheran Church in America

TRYGGARE KAN INGEN VARA

LM

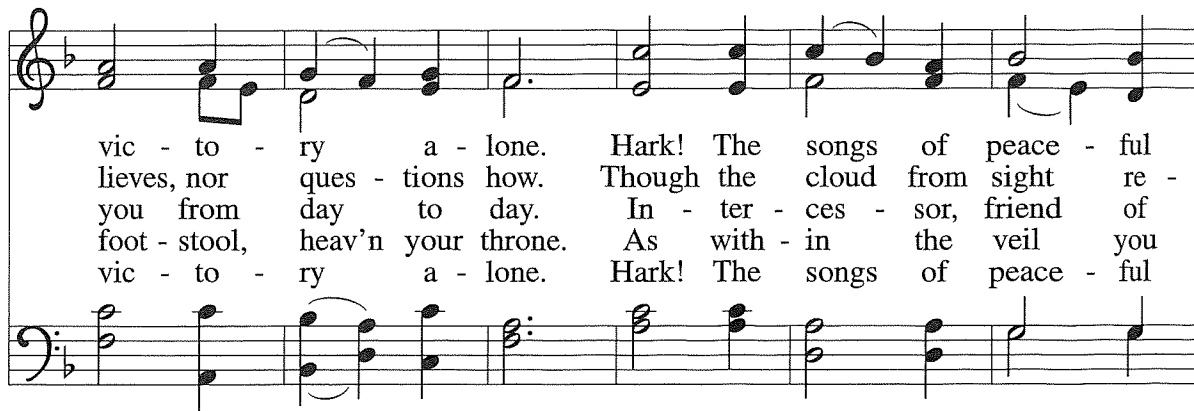
Alleluia! Sing to Jesus



1 Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus; his the scep - ter,
 2 Al - le - lu - ia! Not as or - phans are we left in
 3 Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of heav - en, here on earth our
 4 Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, Lord om - nip - o -
 5 Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus; his the scep - ter,



his the throne; Al - le - lu - ia! his the tri - umph, his the
 sor - row now; Al - le - lu - ia! he is near us; faith be -
 food, our stay; Al - le - lu - ia! here the sin - ful flee to
 tent we own; Al - le - lu - ia! born of Mar - y, earth your
 his the throne; Al - le - lu - ia! his the tri - umph, his the



vic - to - ry a - lone. Hark! The songs of peace - ful
 lieves, nor ques - tions how. Though the cloud from sight re -
 you from day to day. In - ter - ces - sor, friend of
 foot - stool, heav'n your throne. As with - in the veil you
 vic - to - ry a - lone. Hark! The songs of peace - ful



Zi - on thun - der like a might - y flood: "Je - sus
 ceived him when the for - ty days were o'er, shall our
 sin - ners, earth's re - deem - er, hear our plea where the
 en - tered, robed in flesh, our great high priest, here on
 Zi - on thun - der like a might - y flood: "Je - sus