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Love's redeeming work is done,
fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo, he sets in blood no more!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
death in vain forbids him rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

Lives again our victorious King;
where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save;
where thy victory, O grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
foll'wing out exalted Head;
made like him, like him we rise,
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n:
thee we greet triumphant now;
hail, the Resurrection thou!

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

In the grave they laid Him, Love by hatred slain,
Thinking that never he would wake again,
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
He that for three days in the grave had lain;
quick from the dead, my risen Lord is seen:
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

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