

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.

I Am the Vine

14

Lenny LeBlanc

C G/B F/A
I am the vine, and you are the branch-

C Am C/G
es; My Fa - ther is the keep - er of the gar -

Dsus D G C
den. I am the vine,

G/B F/A C
true and ev - er - last - ing; If

Dm C/E G C
you a - bide in Me, I will a - bide in you.

Shout to the Lord

A E F#m E D

My Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Lord, there is none like you.

A D A F#m

All of my days I want to praise the won - ders of your

G Bm7/F# E A E

might - y love. My com - fort, my shel - ter,

F#m E D A D

tow - er of ref - uge and strength; let ev - 'ry breath, all that I am

A F#m G Bm7/F# Esus E

nev - er cease to wor - ship you.

A F#m D E A F#m

Shout to the Lord, all the earth; let us sing pow - er and maj - es - ty, praise

D E F#m D

to the King. Moun - tains bow down and the seas will roar at the

E F#m E/G# E A F#m D E

sound of your name. I sing for joy at the work of your hands;

A F#m D E

for - ev - er I'll love you, for - ev - er I'll stand.

F#m D E A

Noth - ing com - pares to the prom - ise I have in you.