THREE DAYS

With breadth and strength (d = ca. 69)

Capo 3: (G) (C) (D7/A) (G/B) (C) (D) (Em) (Bm/D)

1. Three days our world was broken; the Lord of life lay dead. “Take up your cross,” he told us who followed where he led. Would we now hang in torment with thieves on ev’ry side, our Passover shattered, our hope crucified? Three days we hid in silence, in bitter fear and grief.

2. Three days—and on the third day, the women came at dawn. His women came, was emptied, his broken body gone. Who could believe their story? The dead do not arise, yet he walks among us, and with our own eyes we’ve seen him at his table; we’ve shared his bread and wine. Hearts burning bright within us, we’ve seen his glory shine. Three days we used to gather where he had washed our feet.

3. Three days our world was broken and in an instant healed, God’s covenant of mercy in mystery revealed. Two thousand years are over. His body in the tomb, they said, was empty, his broken body gone. Who could believe their story? The dead do not arise, yet he walks among us, and with our own eyes we’ve seen him at his table; we’ve shared his bread and wine. Hearts burning bright within us, we’ve seen his glory shine. Three days we used to gather where he had washed our feet.

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