

Three Days

M.D. Ridge, 1938–2017

Casey McKinley
Choral arr. by Scot Crandal

INTRO (♩ = ca. 82)

D D/F# Gmaj7 D D/F# Gmaj7

mf

(Pno)

VERSES

D D/F# G D A/C# Bm Asus4

Soprano/Alto *mp*

1. Three days our world was bro - ken; the Lord of life lay
 2. Three days—and on the third day, the wom - en came at
 3. Three days our world was bro - ken and in an in - stant

Baritone *mp*

G D D/F# G D A/C# G/B A/C#

1. dead. "Take up your cross," he told us who fol - lowed where he
 2. dawn. His tomb, they said, was emp - ty, his bro - ken bod - y
 3. healed, God's cov - e - nant of mer - cy in mys - ter - y re -

D S A G A Bm A/C# D A/C# Bm A

1. led. Would we now hang in tor - ment with thieves on ev - ery
 2. gone. Who could be - lieve their sto - ry? The dead do not a -
 3. vealed. Two thou - sand years are one day in God's e - ter - nal

B *mf*

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G D/F# Em7 D/F# G Em7 G

1. side, our Pass - o - ver shat - tered, our hope cru - ci -
 2. rise, yet he walks a - mong us, and with our own
 3. sight, and yes - ter - day's sor - rows are this day's de -

A sus4 A D *mp* D/F# G D A/C# Bm A

1. fied? — Three days we hid in si - lence, in bit - ter fear and
 2. eyes — we've seen him at this ta - ble; we've shared his bread and
 3. light. — Though still Christ's bod - y suf - fers, pierced dai - ly by the

mp

G D/F# Em7 D/F# G A G/B A/C#

1. grief. Three days we clung to - geth - er where he had washed our
 2. wine. Hearts burn - ing bright with - in us, we've seen his glo - ry
 3. sword, yet death has no do - min - ion: the ris - en Christ is

1, 2 D D/F# Gmaj7 D D/F# Gmaj7 D.S.

1. feet.
 2. shine.

Final
 D D/F# Gmaj7 D D/F# *rit.* Gmaj7 D

3. Lord! The ris - en Christ is Lord! The ris - en Christ is Lord!

rit.