

Three Days

Arranged By: Nicholas S.

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

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

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

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

fied? Three — days we hid in si - lence, in
 eyes we've — seen him at this ta - ble; we've
 light. Though still Christ's bod - y suf - fers, pierced

bit - ter fear and grief. Three — days we clung to -
 shared his bread and wine. Hearts burn - ing bright with -
 dai - ly by the sword, yet — death has no do -

geth - er where he had washed our feet. —
 in — us, we've seen his glo - ry shine. —
 min - ion: the ris - en Christ is Lord! —