

Three Days

M.D. Ridge, 1938–2017

Casey McKinley
Acc. by Scot Crandal

INTRO (♩ = ca. 82)

D D/F# Gmaj7

mf

D D/F# Gmaj7

VERSE

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

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

mp

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Parts for Solo Instrument in C (30140519) and Cello (30140520) are available online. Visit ocp.org.

1. dead. "Take up your cross," he told us who
 2. dawn. His tomb, they said, was emp - ty, his
 3. healed, God's cov - e - nant of mer - cy in

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

1. fol - lowed where he led. Would we now hang in
 2. bro - ken bod - y gone. Who could be - lieve their
 3. mys - ter - y re - vealed. Two thou - sand years are

G/B A/C# D G A Bm A/C#

mf

1. tor - ment with thieves on ev - ery side, our Pass - o - ver
 2. sto - ry? The dead do not a - rise, yet he walks a -
 3. one day in God's e - ter - nal sight, and yes - ter - day's

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

1. shat - tered, our hope cru - ci - fied?
 2. mong us, and with our own eyes
 3. sor - rows are this day's de - light.

G Em7 G Asus4 A

mp

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

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

mp

1. grief. Three days we clung to - geth - er where
 2. wine. Hearts burn - ing bright with - in us, we've
 3. sword, yet death has no do - min - ion: the

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

1, 2

1. he had washed our feet.
 2. seen his glo - ry shine.
 3. ris - en Christ is

G/B A/C#

1, 2
 D D/F# Gmaj7

D D/F# Gmaj7 *D.S.*

Final

3. Lord! The ris - en Christ is

Final

D D/F# Gmaj7

rit.

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

D D/F# Gmaj7 D

rit.

Three Days

(Guitar/Choral)

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

mp

Soprano/Alto

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

mp

Baritone

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

mf

S

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

mf

B

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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 -

Asus4 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.

Assembly Edition

THREE DAYS

Casey McKinley



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



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



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



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



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



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

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