

## Bethany Dillon

# "On The Third Day"

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Creation brings an offering  
As autumn leaves turn to gold  
The trees bow down in highest praise  
Now made bare before Your throne  
The western sky an amber blaze  
At the end of the day  
For everything must die to rise again  
The winter's chill, a bitter cold  
As sin and shame leave us to fall  
The clouds now full of newborn snow  
For grace to come and save us all  
Within the darkest night of man  
Was found Your saving hand  
For everything must die to rise again  
On the third day behold the King  
On the third day death has no sting  
On the third day we're forgiven and reconciled  
The earth it groans in labor pains  
As flowers stretch to heaven above  
Your creatures sing the prophet's song  
To be a gift of selfless love

The sun is rising in the east  
And Your Spirit is unleashed  
For everything must die to rise again  
On the third day behold the King  
On the third day death has no sting  
On the third day we're forgiven and reconciled  
And so we wait in joyful hope  
For You to come and take us home  
And so we join beneath the cross  
In suffering from whence we go  
The greatest act of sovereign grace  
In the universe displayed  
For everything must die to rise again  
On the third day behold the King  
On the third day death has no sting  
On the third day we're forgiven and reconciled  
On the third day the saints rejoice  
On the third day we lift our voice  
On the third day we're united and glorified  
And everything must die to rise again

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