

**O Sons and Daughters,
Let Us Sing**

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WORDS: Jean Tisserand, 15th cent.; trans. by John Mason Neale, 1851, alt.

**1. O sons and
daughters,
let us sing!
The King of heaven,
the glorious King,**

**o'er death and hell
rose triumphing.**

Refrain

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

**2. That Easter morn
at break of day,
the faithful women
went their way**

**to seek the tomb
where Jesus lay.**

Refrain

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

**3. An angel clad
in white they see,
who sat and spake
unto the three,**

**“Your Lord doth go
to Galilee.”**

Refrain

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

**4. That night the
apostles
met in fear;
amidst them came
their Lord most dear,**

**and said, “My peace
be on all here.”**

Refrain

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

**5. On this most holy
day of days
our hearts and voices,
Lord, we raise**

to thee, in
jubilee and praise.

Refrain

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

**6. When Thomas first
the tidings heard,
how they had seen
the risen Lord,**

**he doubted the
disciples' word.**

Refrain

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

**7. “My pierced side,
O Thomas, see;
my hands, my feet,
I show to thee;**

**not faithless but
believing be.”**

Refrain

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

**8. No longer Thomas
then denied;
he saw the feet,
the hands, the side;**

**“Thou art my Lord
and God,” he cried.**

Refrain

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

**9. How blest are they
who have not seen,
and yet whose faith
hath constant been,**

**for they eternal
life shall win.**

Refrain

Alleluia!

Alleluia!