

O sons and daughters, let us sing

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

O sons and daughters, let us sing!  
The King of heaven, the glorious King,  
over death today rose triumphing.  
Alleluia!

That Easter morn, at break of day,  
the faithful women went their way  
to seek the tomb where Jesus lay.  
Alleluia!

An angel clad in white they see,  
who sat, and spake unto the three,  
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."  
Alleluia!

That night the apostles met in fear;  
amidst them came their Lord most dear,  
and said, "My peace be on all here."  
Alleluia!

On this most holy day of days  
to God your hearts and voices raise,  
in laud and jubilee and praise.  
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Words: attributed to Jean Tisserand, fifteenth century;  
trans. John Mason Neale, 1851;  
These are verses 1-4 and 9 of Neale's hymn; for the remaining verses, [click](#) .  
Music: O filii et filiae  
Meter: 888 with Alleluias