

O Sons and Daughters, Let Us Sing!  
Jean Tisserand(?-1494)  
French melody.

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

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

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

That night th'apostles met in fear;  
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,  
And said, "My peace be on all here."  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

When Thomas first the tidings heard,  
How they had seen the risen Lord,  
He doubted the disciples' word.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

"My pierced side, O Thomas, see;  
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;  
Not faithless but believing be."  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

No longer Thomas then denied;  
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;  
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

How blessed are they who have not seen,  
And yet whose faith has constant been;  
For they eternal life shall win.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

On this most holy day of days  
Our hearts and voices, Lord, we raise  
To Thee, in jubilee and praise.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!