

O SONS AND DAUGHTERS, LET US SING

O FILII ET FILIÆ. 8.8.8. WITH REFRAIN

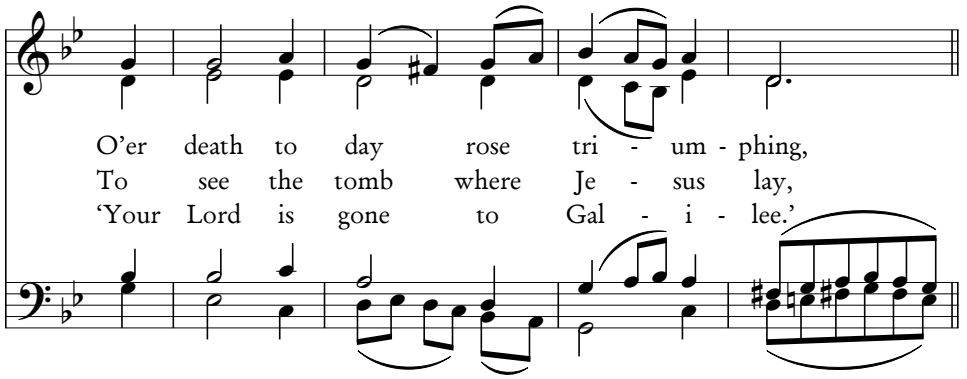
FRENCH MELODY, 15TH CENTURY. SOLESMES VERSION, MODE II.

JEAN TISSERAND (D. 1494) ; TR. JOHN MASON NEALE (1818-1866)

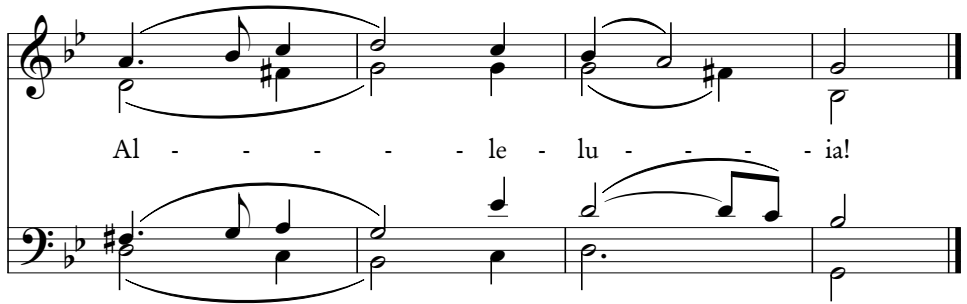
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - - - le - lu - ia! 1 O sons and daughters, let us
2 In ve - ry ear - ly mor - ning
3 An an - gel clad in white they

sing. The King of Heaven, the glo - rious King,
grey Went ho - ly wo - men on their way
see, Who sat and spake un - to the three:



O'er death to day rose tri - um - phing,
To see the tomb where Je - sus lay,
'Your Lord is gone to Gal - i - lee.'



Al - - - - le - lu - - - - ia!

4 When met in fear the chosen few,
Amid them stood in aspect new
Their Lord, Who said 'Be peace to you.'
Alleluia!

7 When Thomas saw that wounded Side,
The truth no longer he denied;
'My Lord and God, 'tis Thou', he cried.
Alleluia!

5 But Thomas, when of this he heard,
Was doubtful of his brethren's word,
Again appeared the Risen Lord.
Alleluia!

8 O blest are they who have not seen
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
Eternal glory they shall win:
Alleluia!

6 My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless but believing be.
Alleluia!

9 Now let us praise the Lord most high,
And strive His Name to magnify
This Day of days through earth and sky.
Alleluia!