O SONS AND DAUGHTERS, LET US SING

O FILII ET FILLEÆ, 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 very early morning
3 An angel clad in white they

sing. The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
grey Went holy women on their way
see, Who sat and spake unto the three:
4 When met in fear the chosen few,  
   Amid them stood in aspect new  
   Their Lord, Who said 'Be peace to you.'  
   Alleluia!

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

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

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

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