

## 470 O Sons and Daughters of the King

- 1 O sons and daughters of the King,  
Whom heav'nly hosts in glory sing,  
Today the grave has lost its sting!  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
- 2 That Easter morn, at break of day,  
The faithful women went their way  
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
- 3 An angel clad in white they see,  
Who sits and speaks unto the three,  
"Your Lord will go to Galilee."  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
- 4 That night the apostles met in fear;  
Among them came their master dear  
And said, "My peace be with you here."  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
- 5 When Thomas first the tidings heard  
That they had seen the risen Lord,  
He doubted the disciples' word.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
- 6 "My pierced side, O Thomas, see,  
And look upon My hands, My feet;  
Not faithless but believing be."  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
- 7 No longer Thomas then denied;  
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;  
"You are my Lord and God!" he cried.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
- 8 How blest are they who have not seen  
And yet whose faith has constant been,  
For they eternal life shall win.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
- 9 On this most holy day of days  
Be laud and jubilee and praise:  
To God your hearts and voices raise.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Text: attr. Jean Tisserand, d. 1494; tr. John  
Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.  
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