

O filii et filiae

O Sons and Daughters, Let Us Sing

John M. Neale

℞. Alleluia, alleluia,
alleluia!

1. O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heav'n, the glorious King,
o'er death today rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

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

3. An angel clad in white they see,
who sat and spoke unto the three,
"Your Lord has gone to Galilee."
Alleluia!

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

5. When Thomas first the tidings heard,
how they had seen the risen Lord,
he doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

6. "My wounded side, O Thomas, see;
behold my hands, my feet," said he;
"Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

7. No longer Thomas then denied;
he saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"You are my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

8. How blest are they who have not seen,
and yet whose faith has constant been,
for they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

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

Inspiration: "O filii et filiae"; attributed to Jean Tisserand, d. 1494.

Lyrics: 8.8.8 +; John Mason Neale, 1818-1866, in "Mediaeval Hymns and Sequences", 1851.