

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 pierc'ed 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 loud and jubilee and praise:
To God your hearts and voices raise.
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!