

# O Sons and Daughters, Let us Sing!

Attributed to: Jean Tisserand (d. 1494)

Translated: John Mason Neale

Music: Tim TenClay

1. O sons and daugh-ters let us sing! The king of hea - ven, the  
2. That night the a-po - stles met in fear; a - mong them came their  
3. When Tho - mas first the ti - dings heard, how they had seen the  
4. My pierc - ed side, O Tho - mas see; my hands my feet, I  
5. No long - er Tho - mas then de - nied; he saw the feet, the  
6. How blest are they who have not seen, and yet whose faith hath

4  
glor - rious king, o'er death and hell rose tri - ump - ing. A - lle-lu - ia!  
Lord most dear, and said, "my peace be with you here." A - lle-lu - ia!  
ri - sen Lord, he doubt - ed the di - ci - ples word. A - lle-lu - ia!  
show to thee; not faith - less, but be - lie - ving be." A - lle-lu - ia!  
hands, the side; "thou art my Lord and God," he cried. A - lle-lu - ia!  
4  
con - stant been, for they e - ter - nal life shall win. A - lle-lu - ia!

8  
A - lle - lu - ia!  
A - lle - lu - ia!  
A - lle - lu - ia!  
A - lle - lu - ia!  
8  
A - lle - lu - ia!