O Sons and Daughters of the King

1 O sons and daughters of the King, Whom heav’n-ly hosts in glo-ry sing, To-day the grave has lost its sting!
2 On that first morn-ing of the week, Be-fore the day be-gan to break, The Mar-ys went their Lord to seek.
3 An an-gel bade their sorrow flee, For thus he spoke un-to the three, “Your Lord will go to Gal-i-lee.”
4 That night th’a-pos-tles met in fear; A-mong them came their Lord most dear And said, “Peace be un-to you here.”

5 When Thomas afterwards had heard That Jesus had fulfilled his word, He doubted that it was the Lord. Alleluia!
6 “Thomas, behold my side,” said he, “My hands, my feet, my body see; And doubt not, but believe in me.” 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 Blessèd are they that have not seen And yet whose faith has constant been; In life eternal they shall reign. Alleluia!
9 On this most holy day of days To God your hearts and voices raise In laud and jubilee and praise. Alleluia!

Tune: Melchior Vulpius, c. 1570-1615, alt.

EASTER

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