

O Sons and Daughters, Let Us Sing

Text: *attr.* Jean Tisserand; *trans.* J.M Neale

Music: Michael Larkin

O sons and daughters, let us sing
With heavenly host to Christ our King;
Today the grave has lost its sting!
Alleluia!

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

An angel clad in white they see,
Who sits and speaks unto the three,
“Your Lord will go to Galilee,”
Alleluia!

That night the apostles met in fear,
Among them came their Lord most dear,
And said “My peace be with you here.”
Alleluia!

On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise,
In laud and jubilee and praise!
Alleluia! Amen!

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