

## 0448. Ye Sons and Daughters

Text: Jean Tisserand, d. 1494; Music: *Airs sur les hymnes sacrez*, 1623.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



1. Ye sons and daugh - ters, let us sing!
2. That Eas - ter morn, at break of day,
3. An an - gel clad in white they see,
4. That night thea - pos - ties met in fear;
5. When Thom - as first the tid - ings heard,
6. "My pierc - ed side, O Thom - as, see;
7. No long - er Thorn - as then de - nied,



1. The King of heav'n, the. glo - rious King,
2. The faith - ful wom - en went their way,
3. Who sat, and spoke un - to the three,
4. A - midst them came their Lord most dear,
5. How they had seen the ris - en Lord,
6. My hands, my feet, I show to thee;
7. He saw the feet, the hands, the side;



1. O'er death to - day rose tri - umph - ing.
2. To seek the tomb where Je - sus lay.
3. "Your Lord has gone to Gal - i - lee."
4. And said, "My peace be on all here." Al - le - lu - ia!
5. He doubt - ed the dis - ci - pies' word.
6. Not faith - less, but be - liev - ing be."
7. "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.