O sons and daughters
O filii et filiae

Joyously

Choir

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

Solo (or full Soprano)

O sons and daugh - ters let us sing!  The King of Heav'n the glor - ious King

Full Choir

O'er death to - day rose tri - umph ing.  Al - le - lu - ia!

This Eas - ter morn at break of day,

The faith - ful wo - men went their way

To seek the tomb where Je - sus lay.  Al - le - lu - ia!

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Text attributed to Jean Tisserand
Translation: John Mason Neale
arranged by Henry Walford Davies (1869 - 1941)
An Angel clad in white they see, Who sat, and spake unto the three:

"Your Lord doth go to Galilee." Alleluia!

That night the Apostles met in fear; Amongst them came their Lord most dear,

And said, "My peace be on all here." Alleluia!

How blest are they who have not seen,

And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For eternal life shall win, Alleluia!

On this most Holy Day of days To God your hearts and voices raise allarg.

S.
A.
T.
B.
Org.

On this most Holy Day of days To God your voices raise,

days To God your voices raise,

God your hearts and voices raise,

To God your hearts and voices raise allarg.
maestoso

In laud and jubilee and praise:

maestoso

Alleluia!

rit.

maestoso

Alleluia!