

# EASTERTIDE

## Ye sons and daughters of the Lord (No. 1)

### O Filii et filiae

Jean Tisserand (1494)  
Tr. Rev. E. Caswall

Processional

Traditional Melody from  
"Airs sur les Hymnes sacres,  
Odes et Noels" (Paris 1623)  
Edited and Arr. by N.A.M.

*Maestoso*

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

*mf* %

1. Ye sons and daughters of the Lord! The King of glo - ry,  
2. All in the ear - ly morn - ing grey Went ho - ly wom - en

*mf*

King a - dored, This day Him - self from death re - stored. Al -  
on their way, To see the tomb where Je - sus lay. Al -

Refrain

*rit.* %

le - lu - ia! *ff*  
le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

*rit.*

3. Of spices pure a precious store  
In their pure hands those women bore,  
To anoint the Sacred Body o'er. Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
4. Then straightway One in white they see,  
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord; but He  
Is ris'n, and gone to Galilee." Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
5. This told they Peter, told they John,  
Who forthwith to the tomb are gone;  
But Peter is by John outrun. Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
6. That selfsame night, while out of fear  
The doors were shut, their Lord most dear  
To His Apostles did appear. Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
7. But Thomas when of this he heard,  
Was doubtful of his brethren's word;  
Wherefore again there comes the Lord. Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
8. "Thomas, behold My Side," saith He;  
"My Hands, My Feet, My Body see,  
And doubt not, but believe in Me?" Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
9. When Thomas saw that wounded Side,  
The truth no longer he denied;  
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried. Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
10. Oh, blest are they who have not seen  
Their Lord, and yet believe in Him:  
Eternal life awaiteth them. Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
11. Now let us praise the Lord most high,  
And strive His Name to magnify  
On this great day, through earth and sky: Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
12. Whose mercy ever runneth o'er,  
Whom men and Angel Hosts adore,  
To Him be glory ever more. Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!