O Sons and Daughters, Let Us Sing!

1 O sons and daughters, let us sing! The King of heaven, the glorious King, o'er death and hell rose.
2 That night the apostles met in fear; amidst them came their Lord most dear and said, "My peace be on all here."
3 When Thomas first the tidings heard, who they had seen the risen Lord, he doubted the disfeet, I show to thee; not faithless, but believing be." The disciples' "Al-leluia! Al-leluia!
4 "My pierced side, O Thomas, see; my hands, my faith has constant been, for they eternal tri umphing.
5 No longer Thomas then denied, he saw the feet, the hands, the side; "Thou art my Lord and life shall win.
6 How blest are they who have not seen, and yet whose faith in God," he cried.