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, came their Lord, most dear and said, "My peace be triumphant, on all here."

2 That night the apostles met in fear; a midst them seen the risen Lord, he doubted the dis feet, I showed to thee; not faith less, but be feet, the hands, the side; "Thou art my Lord and -ci ple s' Al le lu ia! Al le lu ia!

3 When Thomas first the tidings heard, who they had faith has constant been, for they eternal -liev ing be." God," he cried. life shall win.

4 "My pierced side, O Thomas, see; my hands, my How blest are they who have not seen, and yet whose