Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!

1 O sons and daughters
2 That Easter morn at
3 An angel clad in
4 When Thomas as first the

of the King, whom heavenly hosts in glory break of day, the faithful women went their white they see, who sat and spoke unto the tidings heard that some had seen the risen

sing, today the grave has lost its sting. way to seek the tomb where Jesus lay. three, "Your Lord has gone to Galilee," Lord, he doubted the disciples' word.

Final ending

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Lord have mercy!

ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!