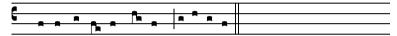
## O filii et filiæ





1. O fí-li-i et fí-li-æ, Rex cæ-léstis, Rex gló-ri-æ, O sons and daughters, let us sing; The King of heaven, the glorious King



Morte surré- xit hó- di-e, alle-lú-ia. This day from death rose triumphing,

- Et mane prima sabbati, Ad ostium monumenti Accesserunt discipuli, alleluia.
- Et Maria Magdalene,
  Et Jacobi et Salome,
  Venerunt corpus ungere,
  alleluia.
- In albis sedens Angelus Praedixit mulieribus:
   In Galilaea est Dominus, alleluia.
- Et Joannes Apostolus Cucurrit Petro citius, Monumento venit prius, alleluia.
- Discipulis astantibus,
  In medio stetit Christus,
  Dicens: Pax vobis
  omnibus, alleluia

- 2. On Sunday morn by break of day, His dear disciples haste away Unto the tomb wherein He lay, alleluia.
- 3. Nor Magdalen, nor Salome, Nor James' mother now delay To embalm the precious corpse straightway, alleluia.
- 4. An Angel clothed in white they see, When thither come, and thus spake he, "The Lord is gone to Galilee."
- 5. The dear beloved apostle, John Much swifter than St. Peter run, And first arrived at the tomb, alleluia.

alleluia.

6. That night th' apostles met in fear; Amidst them came their Lord most dear,

And said, "My peace be on all here," alleluia.

- 7. Ut intellexit Didymus Quia surrexerat Jesus, Remansit fere dubius, alleluia.
- Vide Thoma, vide latus,
  Vide pedes, vide manus,
  Noli esse incredulus, alleluia.
- Quando Thomas Christi latus,
   Pedes vidit atque manus,
   Dixit: Tu es Deus meus,
   alleluia.
- 10. Beati qui non viderunt, Et firmiter crediderunt, Vitam aeternam habebunt, alleluia
- In hoc festo sanctissimo Sit laus et jubilatio, BENEDICAMUS DOMINO, alleluia.
- De quibus nos humillimas Devotas atque debitas DEO dicamus GRATIAS, alleluia.

- 7. When Thomas first the tidings heard, how they had seen the risen Lord, be doubted the disciples' word, alleluia.
- 8. "My piercéd side, O Thomas, see; my hands, my feet, I show to thee; not faithless, but believing be," alleluia.
- No longer Thomas then denied, he saw the feet, the hands, the side; "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried, alleluia.
- 10. How blest are they who have not seen,And yet whose faith has constant been,For they eternal life shall win, alleluia.
- 11. On this most solemn feast let's raise Our hearts to God in hymns of praise, And let us bless the Lord always, alleluia.
- 12. Our grateful thanks to God let's give In humble manner, while we live, For all the favours we receive, alleluia.

Jean Tisserand O.F.M., d. 1494 Translation from Evening Office, 1748 and Divine Office, 1763 Verses 6–9, J. M. Neale, 1818–66