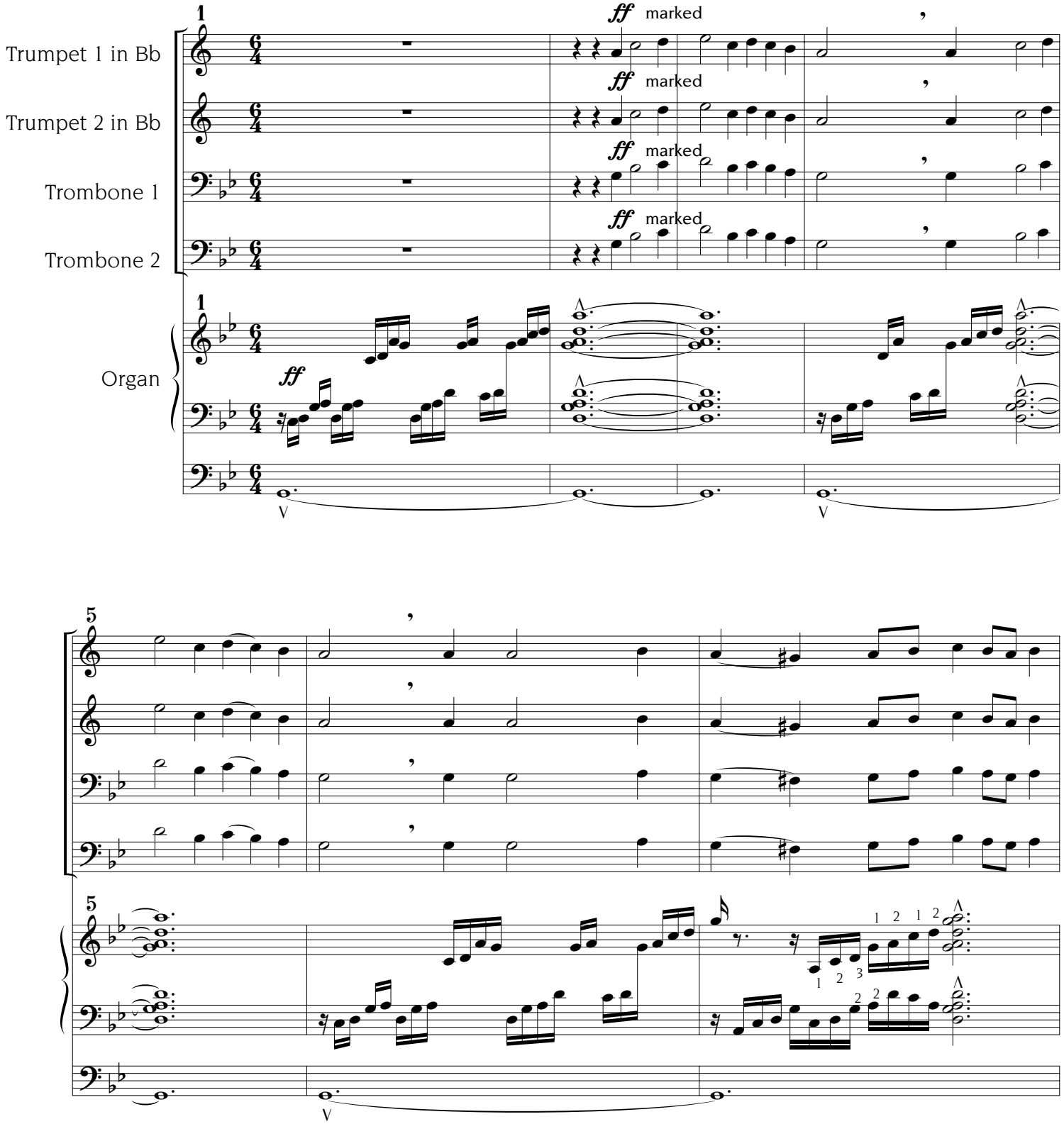
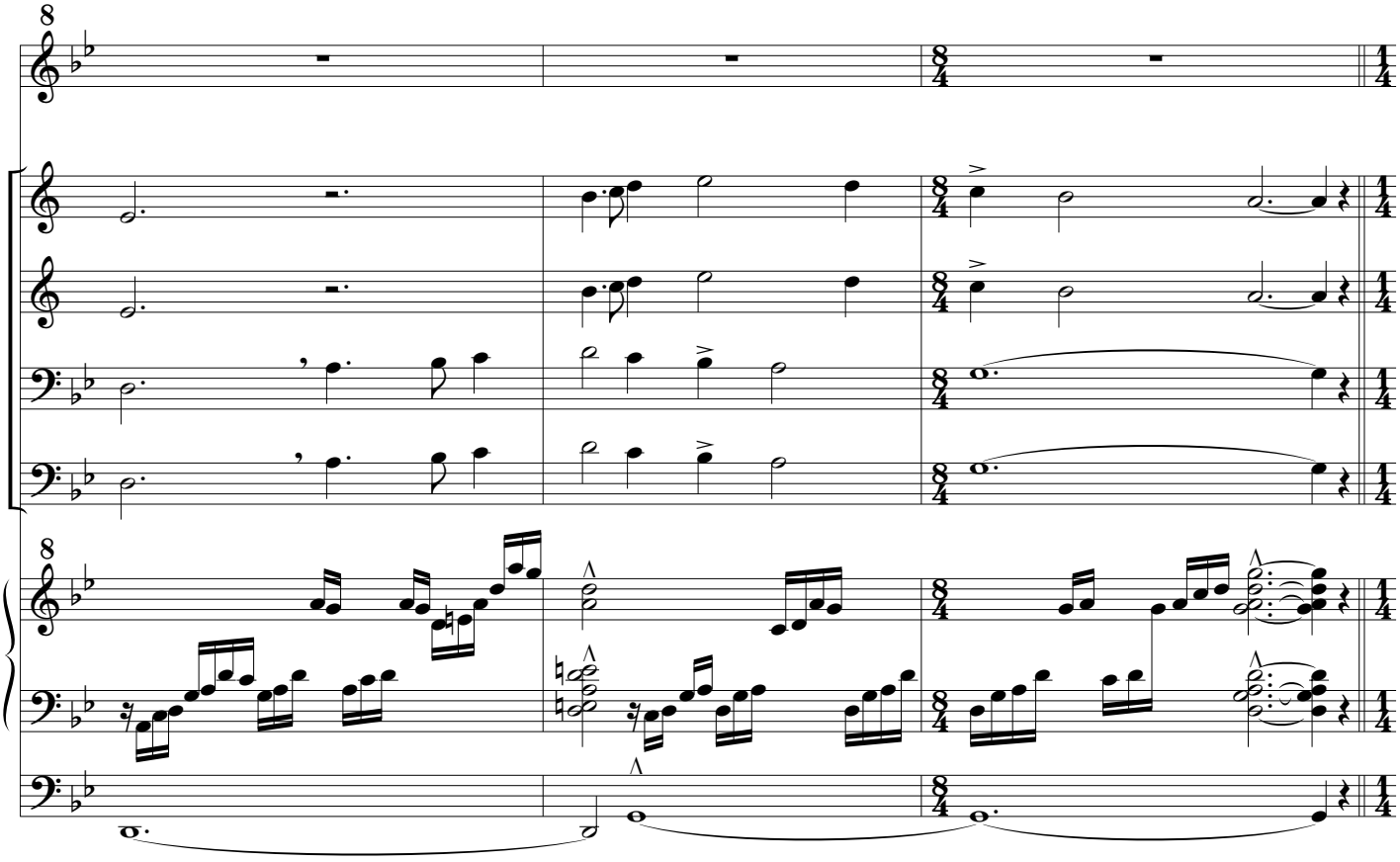
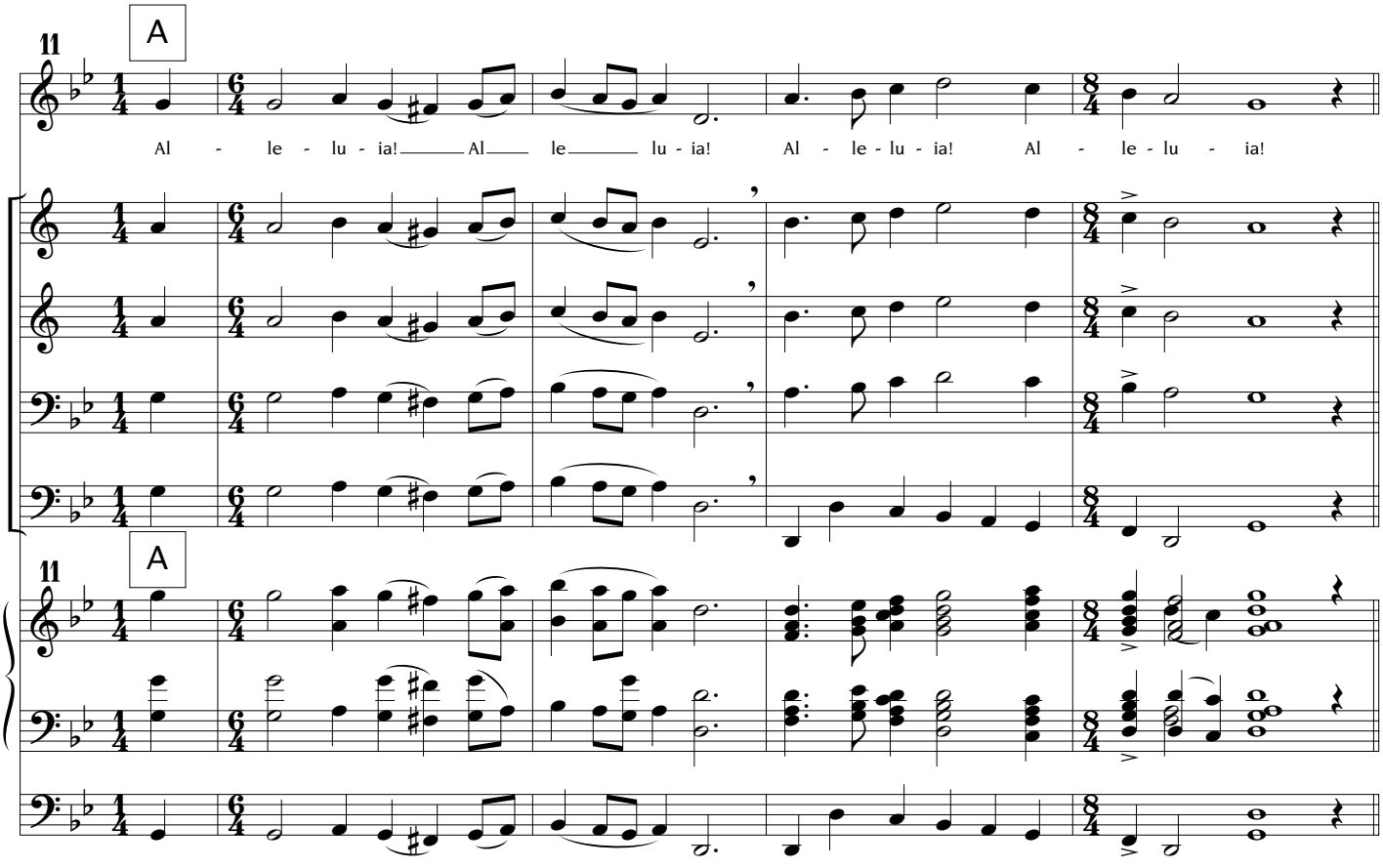
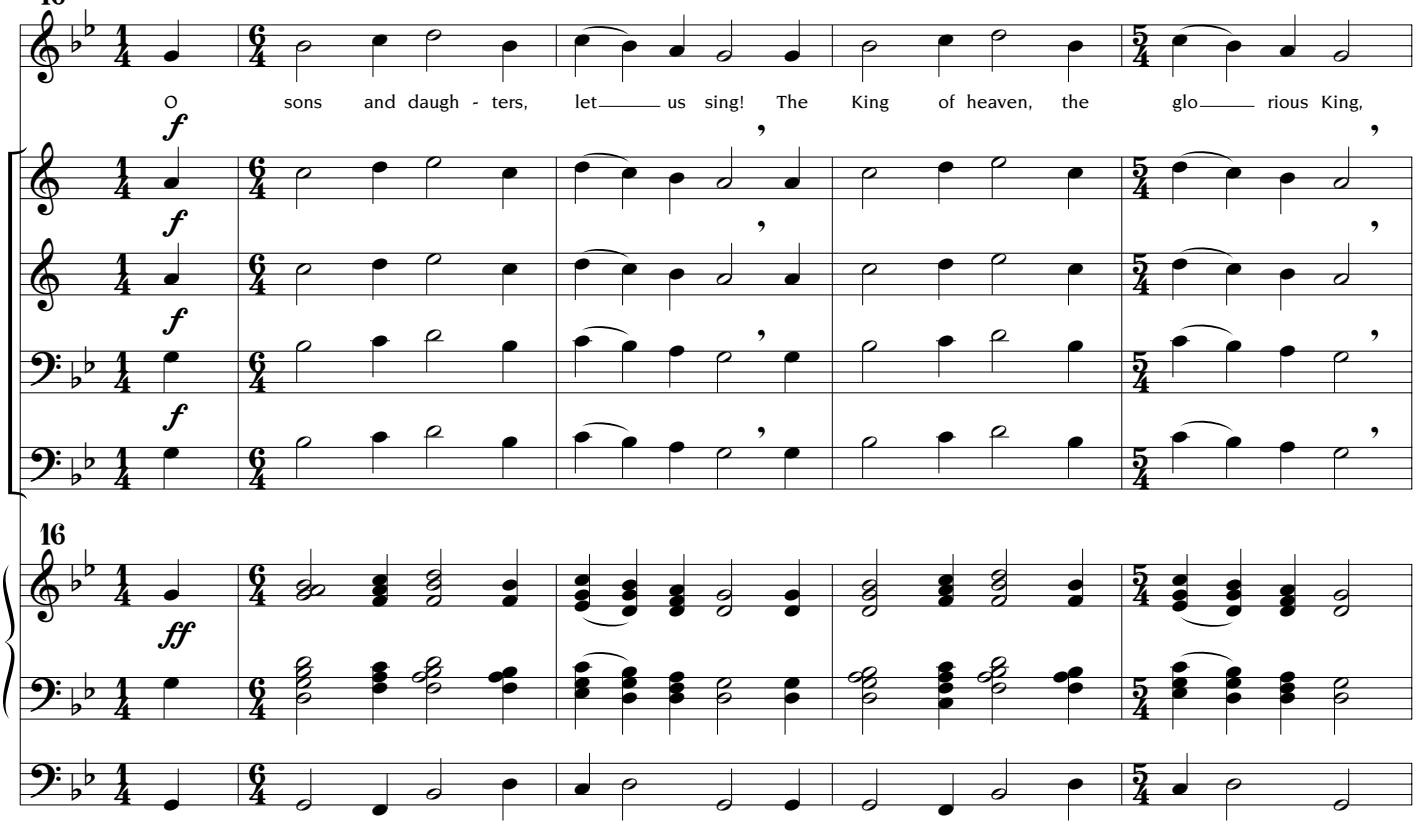
O Sons and Daughters

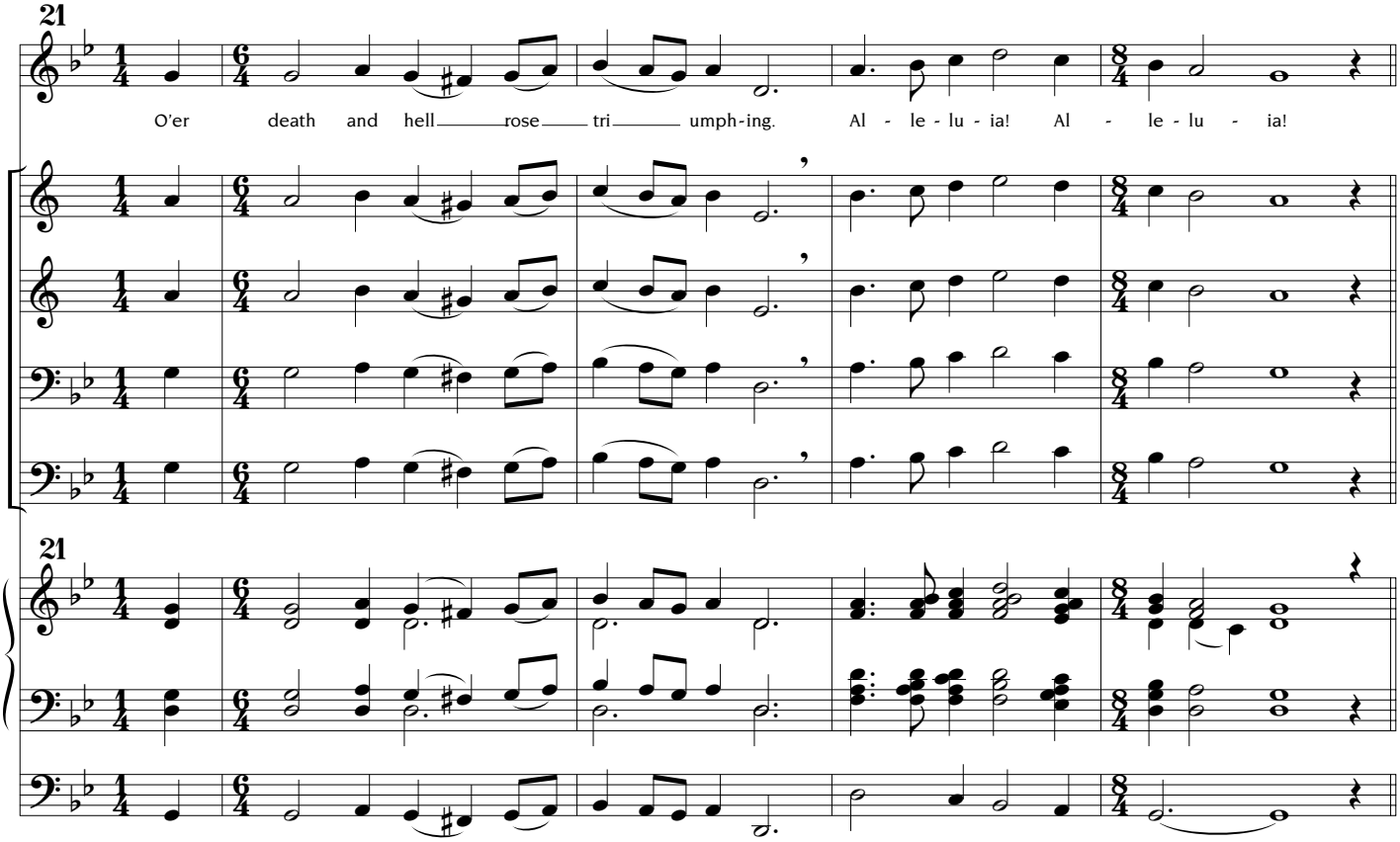
arr. David Friddle

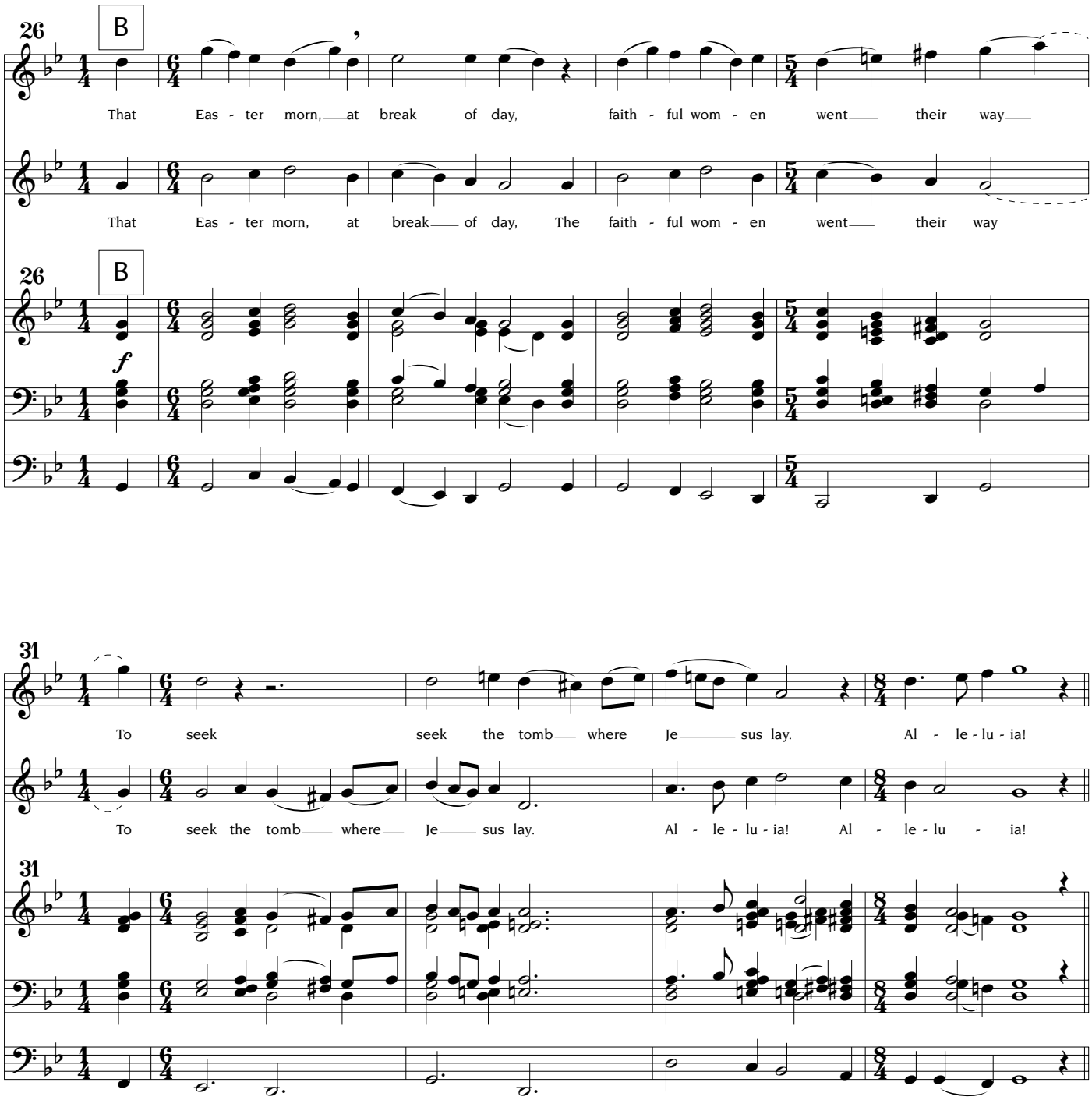


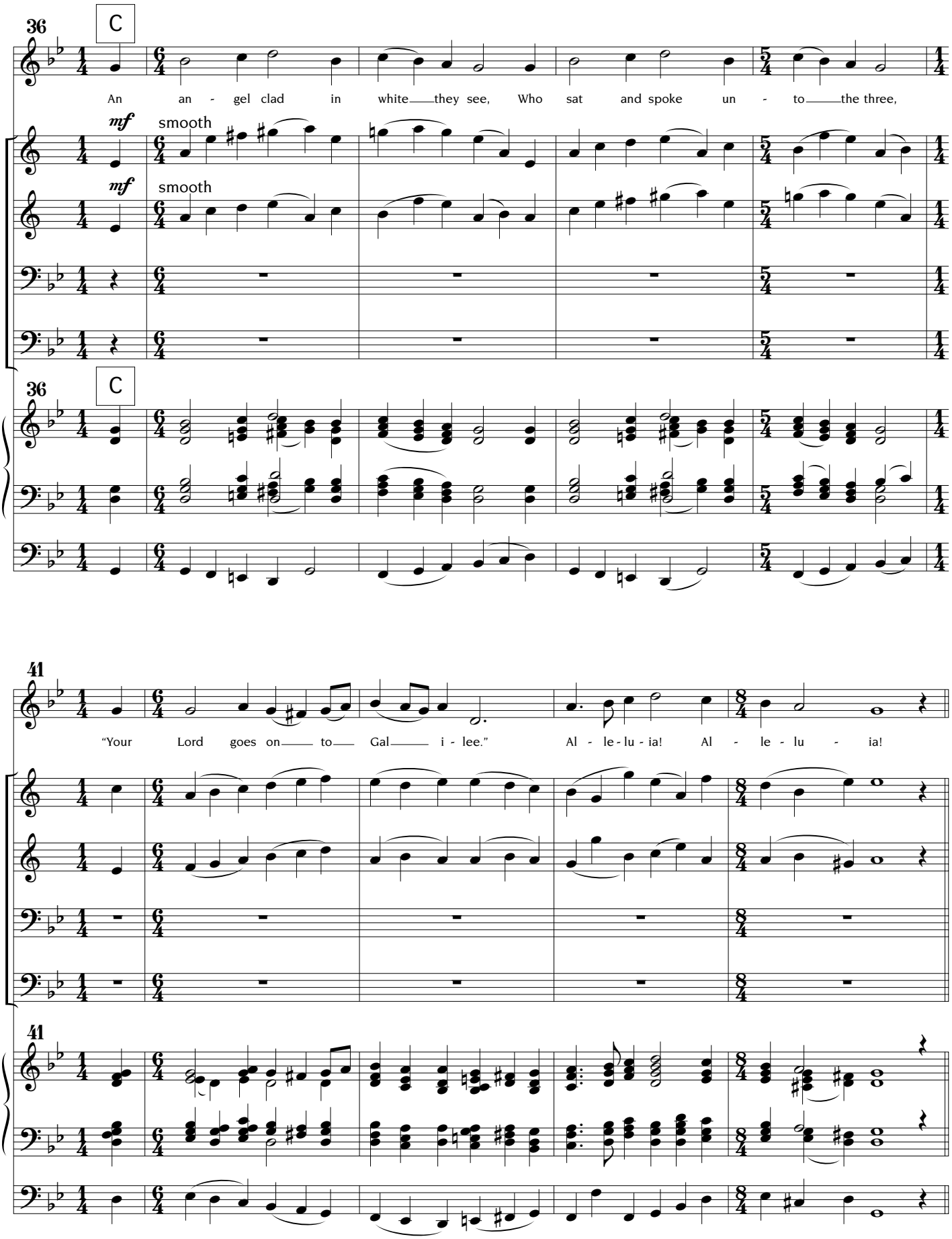


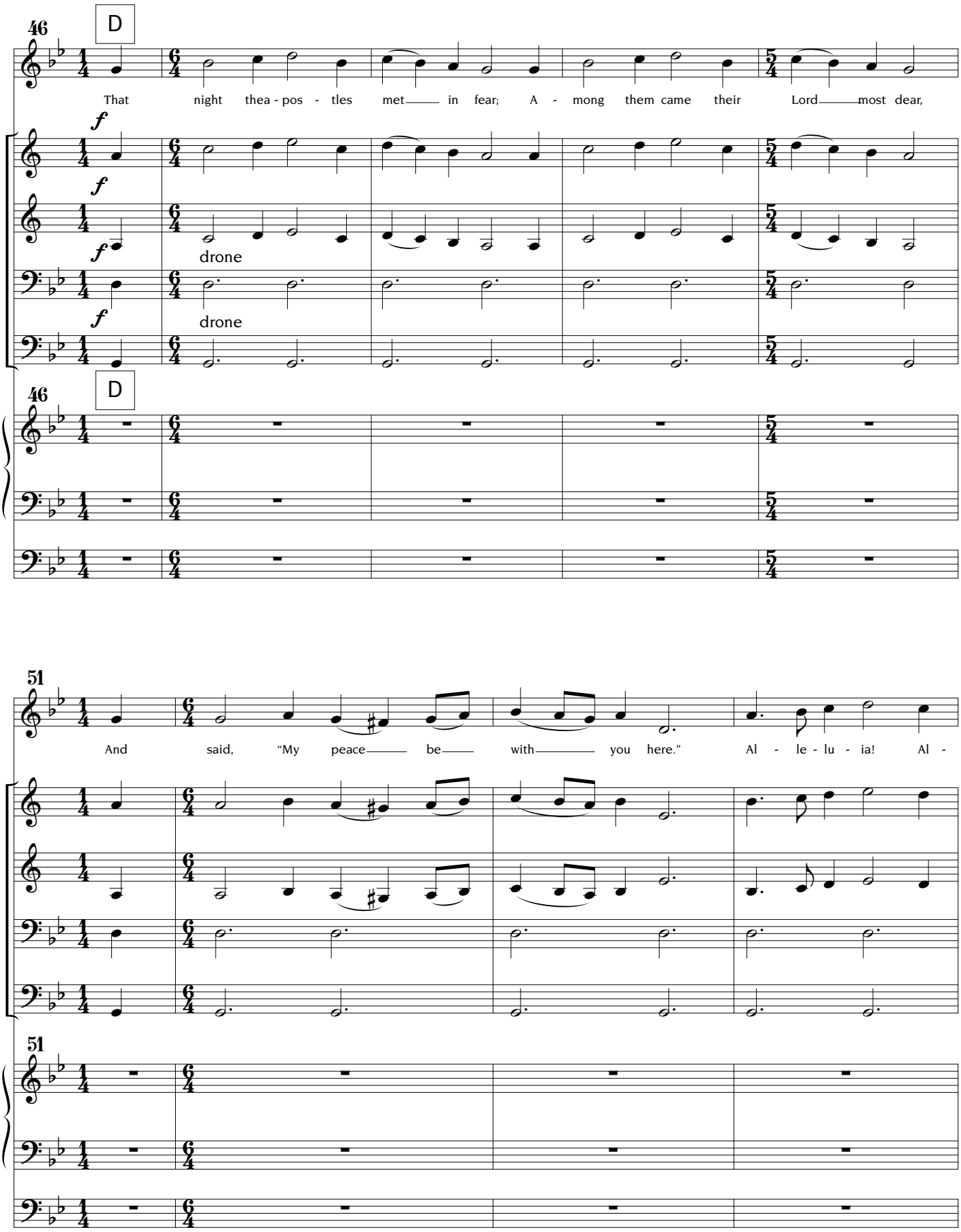

A
Al - le - lu - ia! Al le lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
A

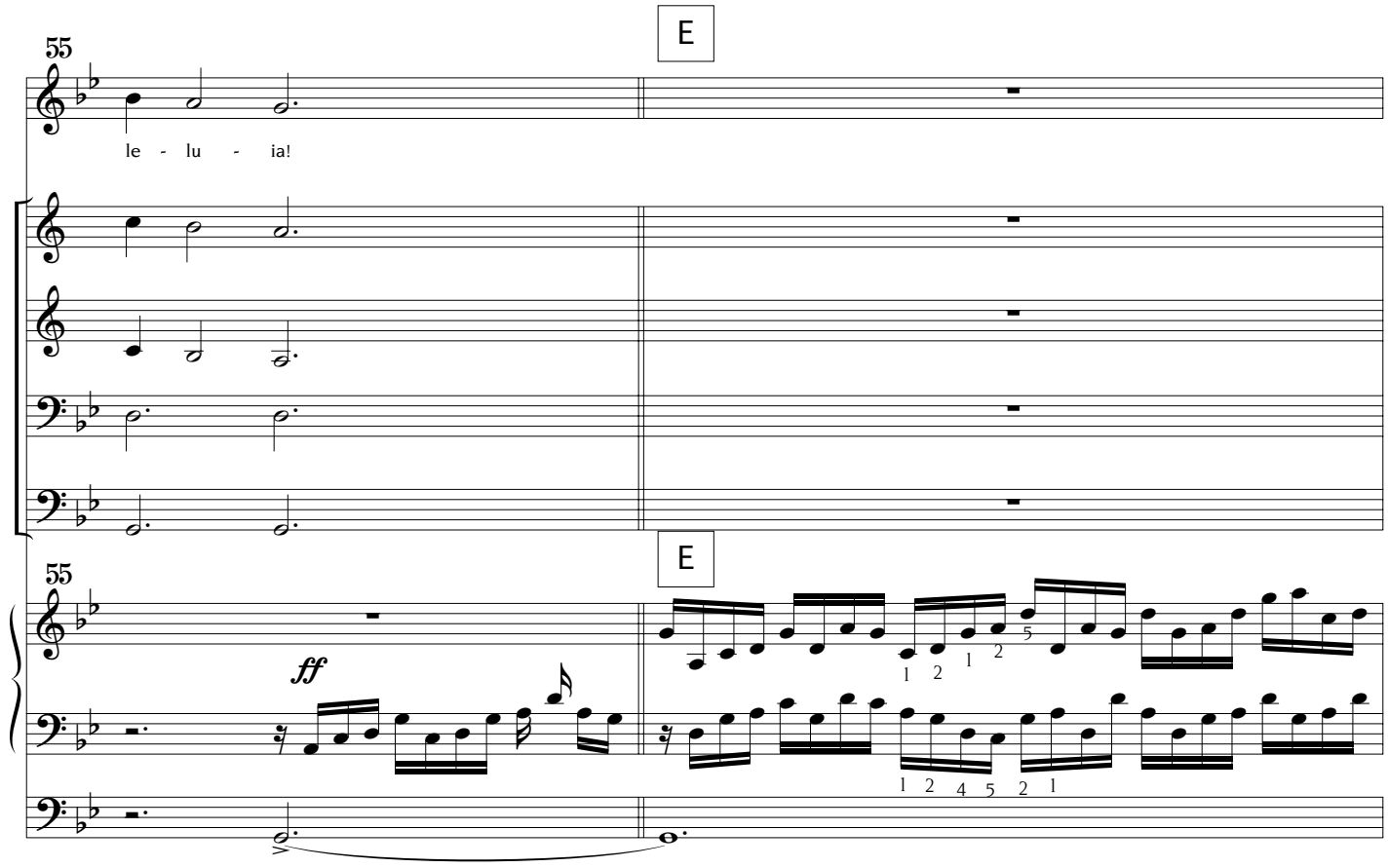

16
O sons and daugh - ters, let us sing! The King of heaven, the glo rious King,
f
16
ff

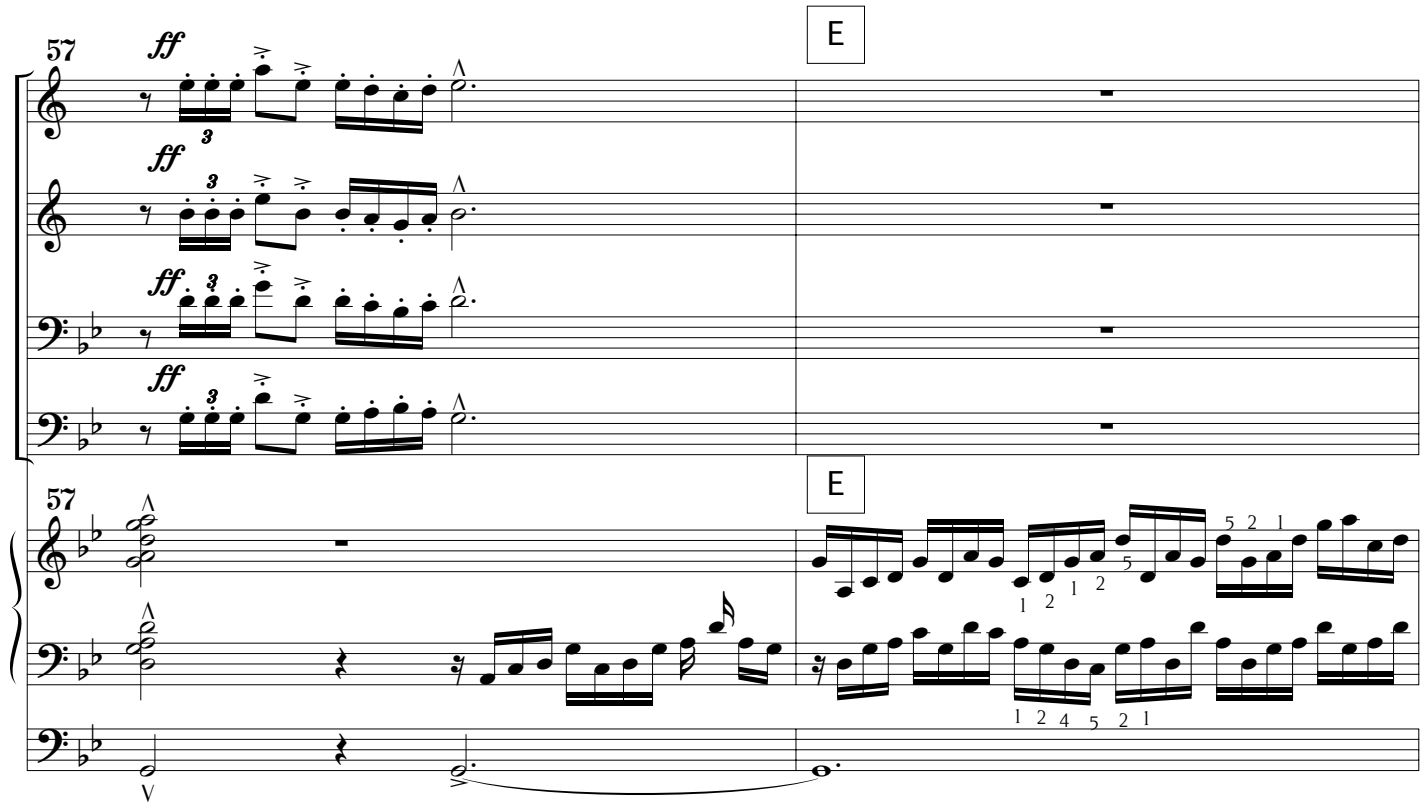

21
O'er death and hell rose tri umph-ing. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
21

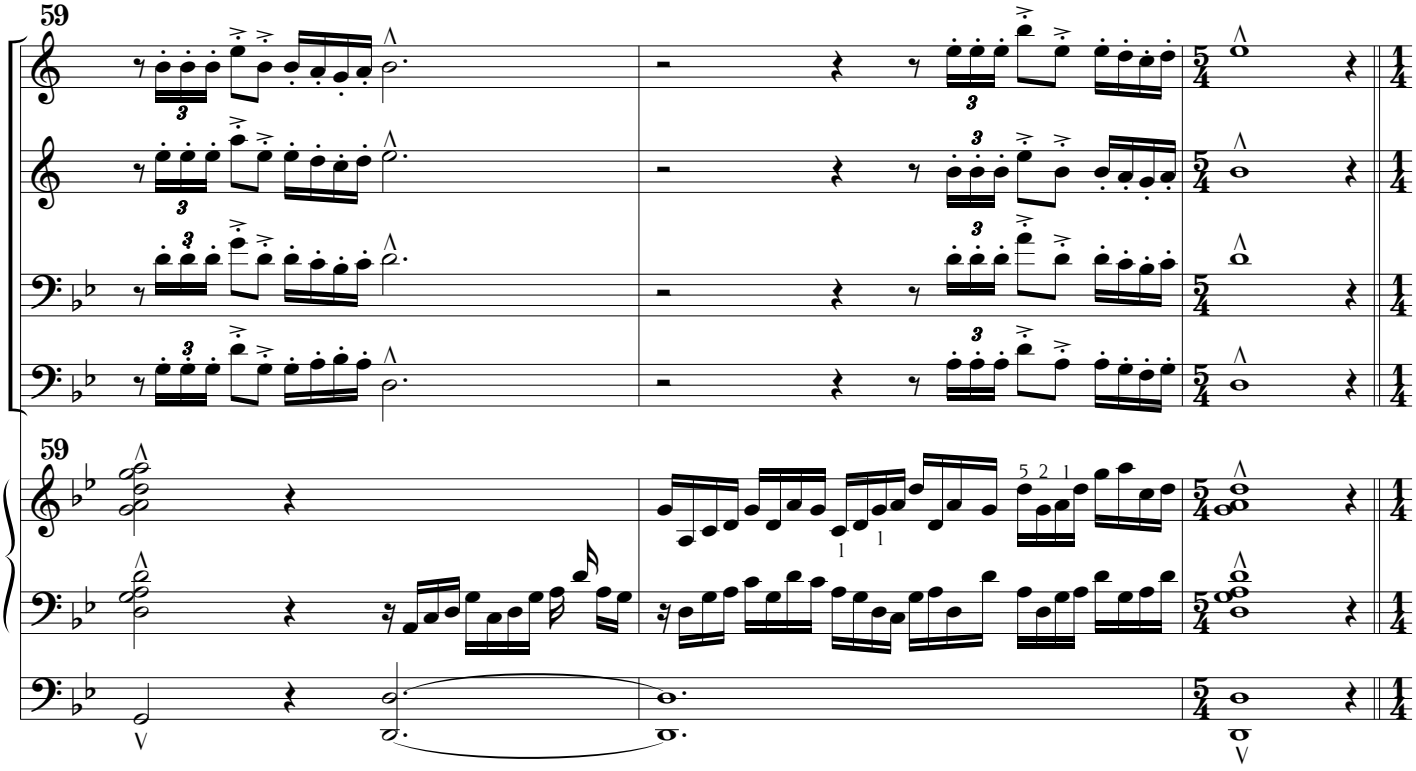

26
B
That Eas - ter morn, at break of day, faith - ful wom - en went their way
That Eas - ter morn, at break of day, The faith - ful wom - en went their way
26
B
f
31
To seek seek the tomb where Je sus lay. Al - le - lu - ia!
To seek the tomb where Je sus lay. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
31

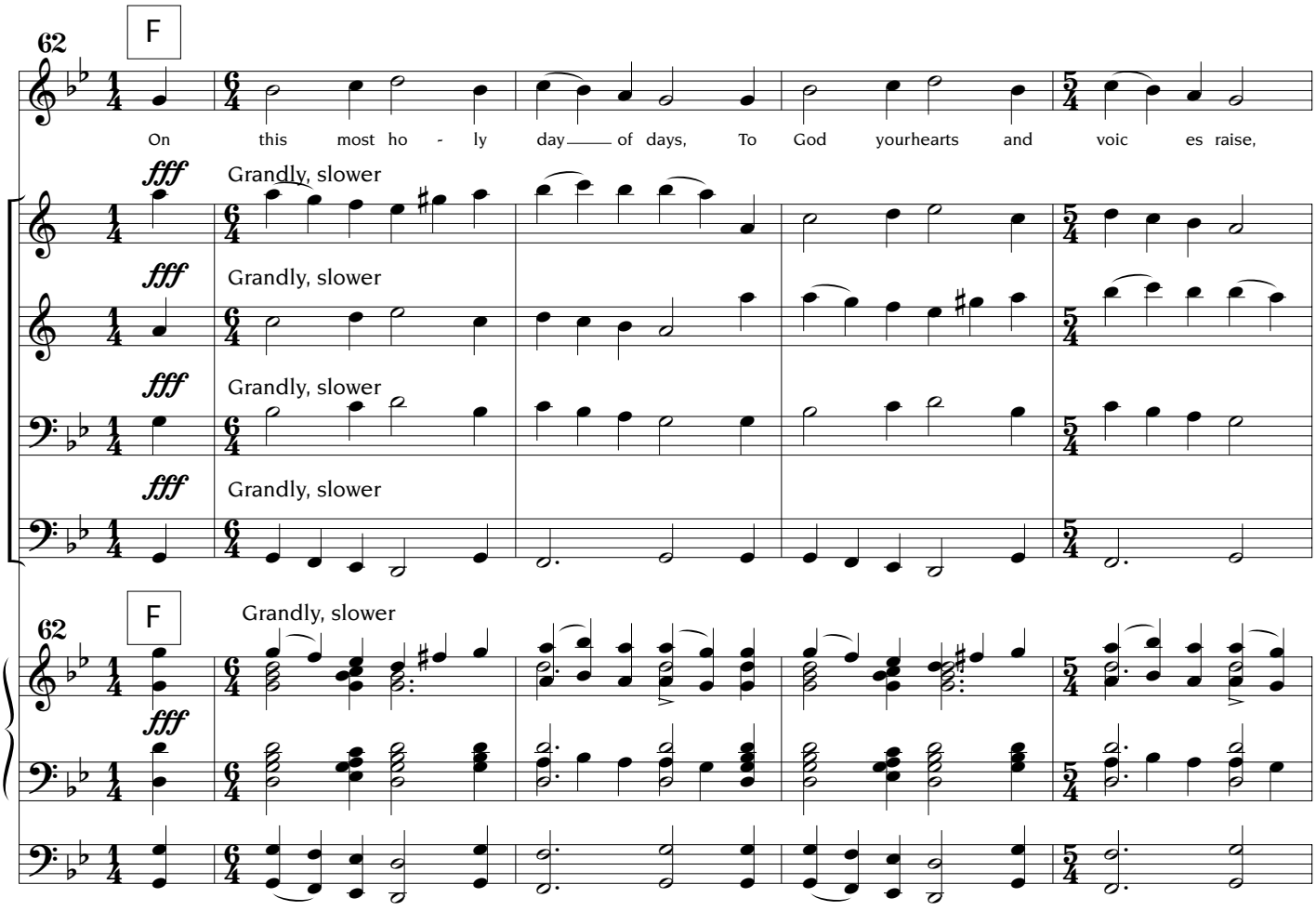

36
C
An an - gel clad in white they see, Who sat and spoke un - to the three,
mf
smooth
mf
smooth
36
C
41
"Your Lord goes on to Gal i - lee." Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
41

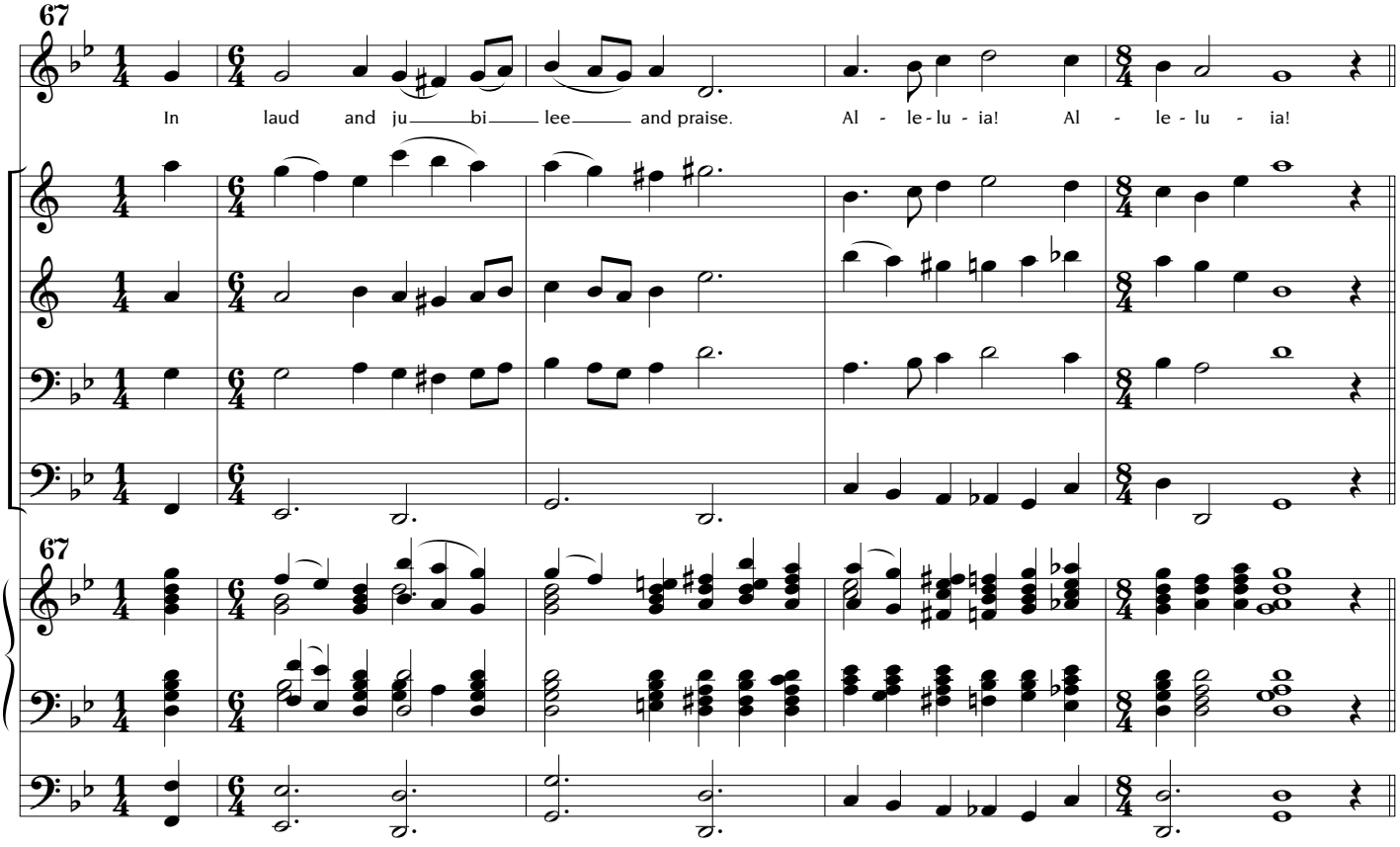

46
D
That night thea - pos - tles met in fear; A - mong them came their Lord most dear,
f
drone
drone
46
D
51
And said, "My peace be with you here." Al - le - lu - ia! Al -
51

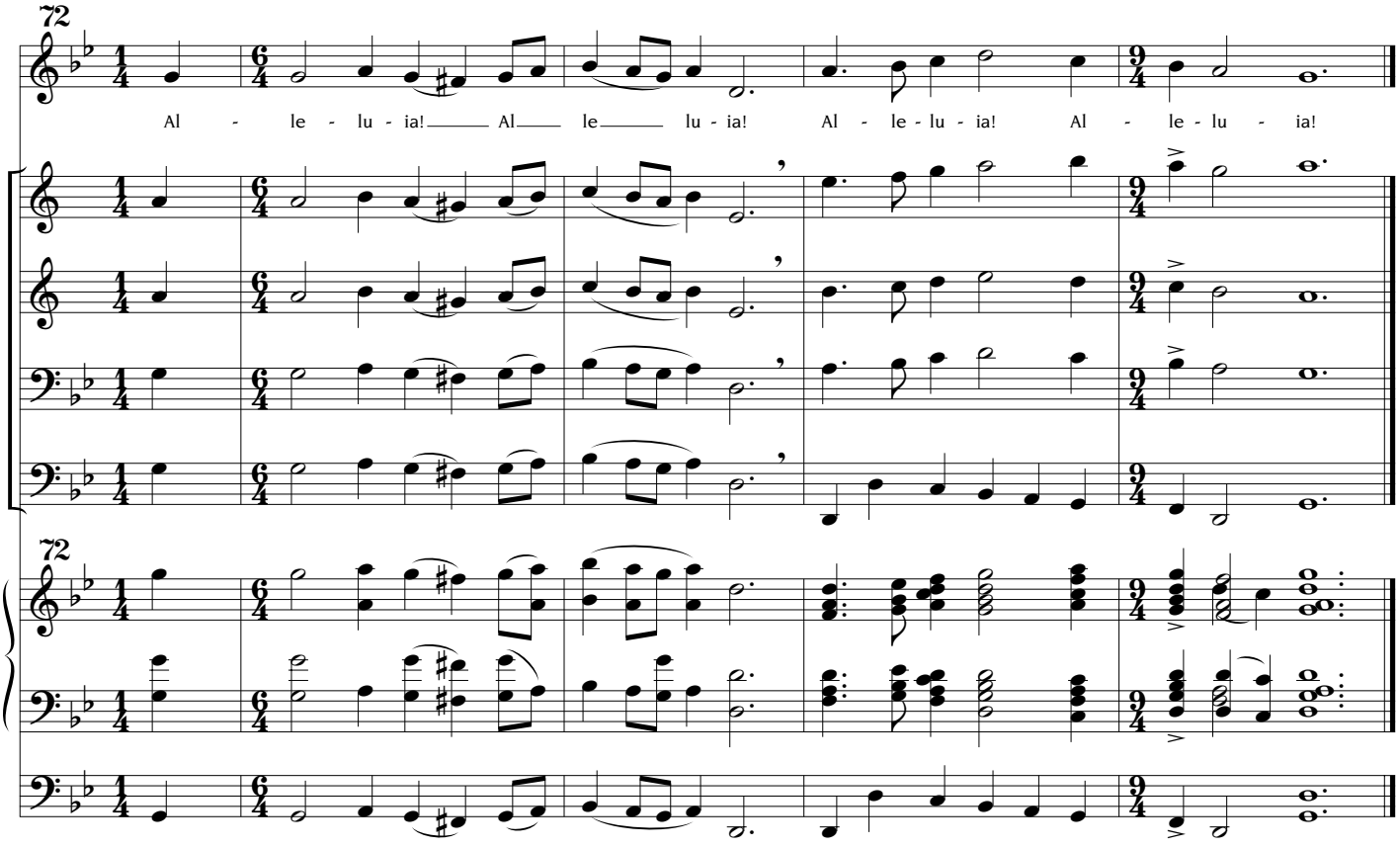

E
55
le - lu - ia!
E
55
ff


E
57
ff
E
57


59
59


62
F
On this most ho - ly day of days, To God yourhearts and voic es raise,
fff
Grandly, slower
62
F
Grandly, slower
fff


67
In laud and ju bi lee and praise. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
67


72
Al - le - lu - ia! Al le lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
72