

Come, Come, Ye Saints

♩ = 66-84 *With conviction*


1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor la - bor fear; But with joy
 2. Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so;
 3. We'll find the place which God for us pre - pared, Far a - way
 4. And should we die be - fore our jour - ney's through, Hap - py day!



wend your way. Though hard to you this jour - ney may ap - pear,
 all is right. Why should we think to earn a great re - ward
 in the West, Where none shall come to hurt or make a - fraid;
 All is well! We then are free from toil and sor - row, too;



Grace shall be as your day. 'Tis bet - ter far for
 If we now shun the fight? Gird up your loins; fresh
 There the Saints will be blessed. We'll make the air with
 With the just we shall dwell! But if our lives are

us to strive Our use - less cares from us to drive; Do
 cour - age take. Our God will nev - er us for - sake; And
 mu - sic ring, Shout prais - es to our God and King; A -
 spared a - gain To see the Saints their rest ob - tain, Oh,

this, and joy your hearts will swell— All is well! All is well!
 soon we'll have this tale to tell— All is well! All is well!
 -bove the rest these words we'll tell— All is well! All is well!
 how we'll make this cho - rus swell— All is well! All is well!

Text: William Clayton, 1814–1879
 Music: English folk song

Doctrine and Covenants 61:36–39
 Doctrine and Covenants 59:1–4