

Come, Come, Ye Saints

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

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 Tho' hard to you this jour - ney may ap - pear, Grace shall be as your day.
 Why should we think to earn a great re - ward, If we now shun the fight?
 Where none shall come to hurt or make a - fraid; There the Saints will be blessed.
 We then are free from toil and sor - row too; With the just we shall dwell.

'Tis bet - ter far for us to strive Our use - less cares from
 Gird up your loins, fresh cour - age take, Our God will nev - er
 We'll make the air with mu - sic ring— Should prais - es to our
 But if our lives are spared a - gain To see the Saints, their

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 us to drive; Do this, and joy your hearts will swell— All is well! all is well!
 us for - sake; And soon we'll have this truth to tell— All is well! all is well!
 God and King; A - bove the rest these words we'll tell— All is well! all is well!
 rest ob - tain; O how we'll make this cho - rus swell— All is well! all is well!

Text: William Clayton (1814–1879)

Music: English folk tune

Source: Relief Society Song Book, 1919—no. 22