Come, Come, Ye Saints

With conviction

1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear; But with joy wend your way.

4. And should we die before our journey's through, Happy day! All is well!

Though hard to you this journey may appear, Grace shall be as your day.

We then are free from toil and sorrow, too; With the just we shall dwell!

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Come, Come, Ye Saints

v. 4 gradually cresc.

bet-ter far for us to strive Our use-less cares from us to drive; Do this, and joy your
if our lives are spared a-gain To see the Saints their rest ob-tain, Oh, how we'll make this

v. 4 gradually cresc.

hearts will swell— All is well! All is well!
cho - rus swell— All is well! All is well!

Fine

2. Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right. Why should we think to

melody

mp (altos only)

<sop. & alto>

mp
Come, Come, Ye Saints

28

earn a great re-w ard If we now shun the fight? Gird up your loins; fresh cour-age take. Our

33

God will nev- er us for-sake; And soon we’ll have this tale to tell— All is well! All is well!

Lightly, slightly faster

39

mf unison

3. We’ll find the place which God for us pre-pared, Far a-way in the West,
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid; There the Saints will be blessed. We'll
make the air with music ring, Shout praises to our God and King; Above the rest these words we'll tell— All is well! All is well!