

Come, Come Ye Saints

SATB

Text: William Clayton
Music: English folk song

Solo: Come, come ye Saints, no toil nor la-bor fear;

But with joy wend your way. Though hard toyou this

jour-ney may ap-pear, Grace shall be as your day. Tis__

bet-ter far__ for us to strive__ Our use-less cares__ from us to drive; Do

this, and joy your hearts will swell All is well! All is well!

Come, Come Ye Saints

21

Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? Tis not so;
We'll find the place which God for us prepared, Far a-way

24

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;

27

If we now shun the fight? Gird up your loins; fresh
There the Saints will be blessed. We'll make the air with

30

courage take. Our God with ne- ver us for sake; And soon we'll have this
mu- sic ring, Shout prais- es to our God and King; A- bove the rest these

34

1. 2.
tale to tell - All is well! All is well! All is well!
words we'll tell - All is well! All is well!

Come, Come Ye Saints

38

And should we die be - fore our jour - ney's through,

43

Hap - py day! All is well! We then are free from

46

toil and sor-row, too; With the just we shall dwell! But —

49

if our lives — are spared a - gain — To see the Saints — their rest ob-tain, Oh,

53

how we'll make this cho-rus swell All is well! All is well! well!