

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 which 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

cour-age 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

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

rit.

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