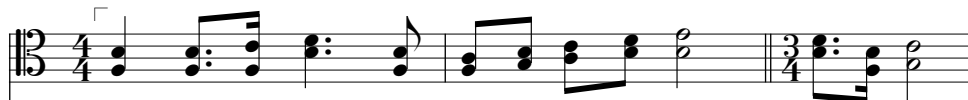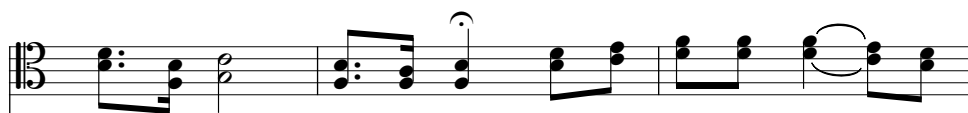# 326 Come, Come, Ye Saints

(Men's Choir)

Resolutely ♩ = 66-84

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 58:2–4

Joshua 1:9