

Come, All Ye Saints Who Dwell on Earth

65

Cheerfully ♩ = 52-69

1. Come, all ye Saints who dwell on earth, Your cheer-ful voic-es raise,
 2. His love is great; he died for us. Shall we un-grate-ful be,
 3. The straight and nar-row way we've found! Then let us trav-el on,
 4. And there we'll join the heav'n-ly choir And sing his praise a-bove,

Our great Re-deem-er's love to sing, And cel-e-brate his praise,
 Since he has marked a road to bliss And said, "Come, fol-low me,"
 Till we, in the ce-les-tial world, Shall meet where Christ is gone,
 While end-less a-ges roll a-round, Per-fect-ed by his love,

Our great Re-deem-er's love to sing, And cel-e-brate his praise.
 Since he has marked a road to bliss And said, "Come, fol-low me"?
 Till we, in the ce-les-tial world, Shall meet where Christ is gone.
 While end-less a-ges roll a-round, Per-fect-ed by his love.

Text: William W. Phelps, 1792-1872. Included in the first
 LDS hymnbook, 1835.

Luke 9:23
 2 Nephi 31:19-21

Music: William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868