Come, Come, Ye Saints

With conviction \( \frac{j}{j} = 66-84 \)

1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear; But with joy wend your way. Though hard to you this journey may appear, Grace shall be as your day. 'Tis better far for 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-

2. Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right. Why should we think to earn a great re-ward If we now shun the fight? Gird up your loins; fresh Grace shall be as your day. 'Tis better far for 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-

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 a-fraid; All is well! We then are free from toil and sor-row, too; With the just we shall dwell! But if our lives are spared a-gain To see the Saints their rest ob-tain, Oh,

4. And should we die before our jour-ney's through, Hap-py day! But with joy wend your way. Though hard to you this journey may appear, Grace shall be as your day. 'Tis better far for 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-
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 W. Clayton, 1814–1879
Music: English folk song

Doctrine and Covenants 61:36–39
Doctrine and Covenants 59:1–4