Come, Come, Ye Saints

With conviction $\frac{3}{4}$ = 66–84

1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear; But with joy wend your way.

2. Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? Tis not so; Though hard to you this journey may appear,

3. We’ll find the place which God for us prepared, Far away all is right. Why should we think to earn a great reward,

4. And should we die before our journey’s through, Happy day! In the West, Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;

Grace shall be as your day. 'Tis better 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 useless cares from us to drive; Do

courage take. Our God will never us forsake; And

musical ring Shout praises to our God and King; A-

spared again To see the Saints their rest obtain, 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 W. Clayton, 1814–1879
Music: English folk song

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