1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear;  But with joy wend your way.  Though hard to you this journey may appear,
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 reward,
3. We'll find the place which God for us prepared,  Far away in the West, Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;
4. And should we die before our journey's through,  Happy day! All is well! We then are free from toil and sorrow, too;

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
cour-age take. Our God will never us for-sake: And
mu-sic ring, Shout praises 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