Come, Come, Ye Saints

SATB

William Clayton

English folk song
arr by Linda Pratt

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 useless cares from us to drive;
Do this and joy your hearts will swell — All is well!
All is well!

women unison

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 If we now
shun the fight? Gird up your loins fresh courage take Our

God will never us for sake; And soon we'll have this

tale to tell! All is well. All is
We'll find the place which God for us prepared.
Far away. in the West, Where none shall come to

hurt or make afraid; There the Saints will be blessed. We'll

make the air with music ring Shout praises to our
God and King; And soon we'll have this tale to tell!

All is well.

And should we die before our journey's through,

women unison

men unison

Ah
Hap py day!  All is well!  We then are free from toil and sor-row too;

With the just we shall dwell!

Ah 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 obtain, Oh, how we'll make this chorus swell!

All is well. All is well. Oh, how we'll make this

chorus swell!

All is well! All is rit. well!