Come, Come, Ye Saints

TTB

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,

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Grace shall be as your day. Tis better far for add one man

us to strive Our useless cares from us to drive; Do

this and joy your hearts will swell — All is well!
All is well!

Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? ’Tis not so;

Why should we think to earn a great reward if we now all is right.
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 well!
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; Above the rest, these words will tell —

All is well! All is well!

Ah And should we die before our journey's through.
Ah
Happy day!
All is well!
We then are free from
toil and sorrow too;
Ah
With the just
We shall dwell!
But
if our lives are spared again 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!

rit.