

# Come, Come, Ye Saints

Hymn # 30 Simplified

William Clayton

With conviction ♩ = 66-84

English folk song

1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor la - bor fear; But with joy  
2. Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so;  
3. We'll find the place which God for us pre - pared, Far a - way  
4. And should we die be - fore our jour - ney's through, Hap - py day!

wend your way. Though hard to you this jour - ney may ap - pear,  
all is right. Why should we think to earn a great re - ward  
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;

Grace shall be as your day. 'Tis bet - ter 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

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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 -  
 spared a - gain To see the Saints their rest ob - tain, Oh,

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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 thses words we'll tell - All is well! All is well!  
 how we'llmake this cho - rus swell - All is well! All is well!

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