

Come, Come, Ye Saints

William Clayton

SAB

English Folk Song/ Arr. Martin Green

♩ = 72

Women

Men

Piano

Come, come, ye Saints, no

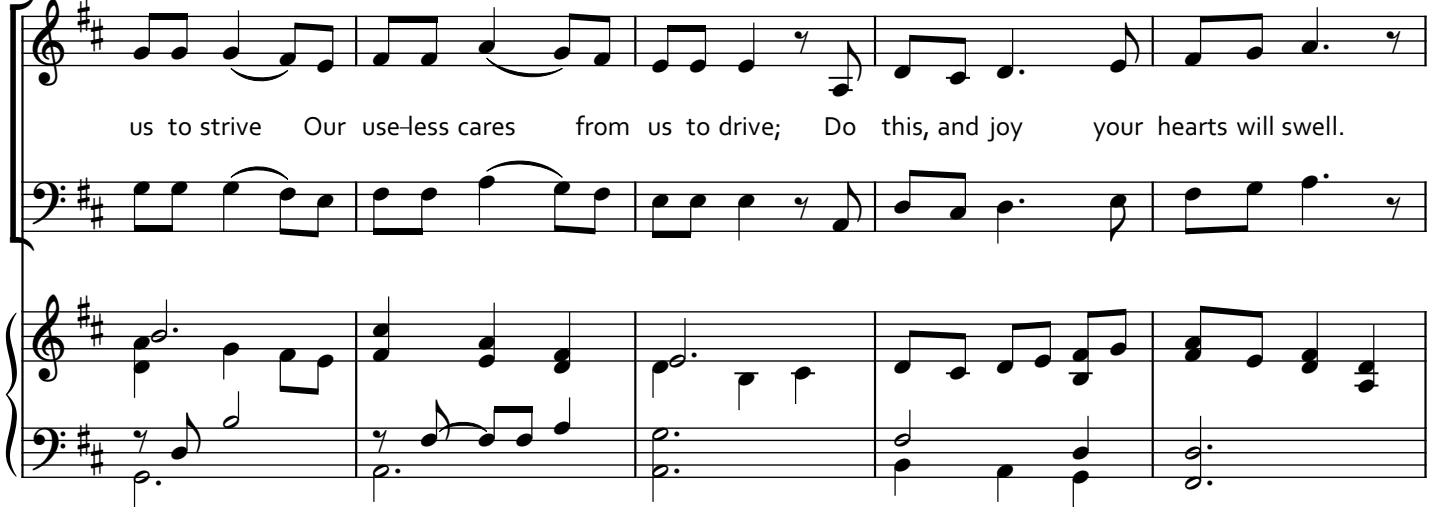
4

toil nor la-bor fear; But with joy wend your way. Though hard to you this

8

jour-ney may ap-pear, Grace shall be as your day. 'Tis bet-ter far for

12



us to strive Our use-less cares from us to drive; Do this, and joy your hearts will swell.

17



All is well! All is well!

23



Why should be mourn or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right.

27

Why should we think to earn a great re-ward

If we now

30

Gird up your loins; fresh cour-age take Our God will nev - er

shun the fight?

34

us for-sake; And soon we'll have this tale to tell All is well! All is well!

39

We'll find the place which God for us pre-pared,

43

Far a-way in the West, Where none shall come to hurt or make a-fraid;

47

There the Saints will be blessed. We'll

50

make the air with mu-sic ring, Shout prais-es to our God and King; Oh, how we'll

55

make this cho-rus swell! All is well! All is well!

61

All is well!

rit. - - -