Come, Come, Ye Saints

All is Well

Score

English folk song

With Conviction ♩ = 70

Organ

fff

Come, come, ye Saints no toil nor la - bor fear; But with joy
Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so;
We'll find the place which God for us pre - pared, Far a - way
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 this to earn a great re - ward
in the West, Where none shall come to hurt or make a - fraid;
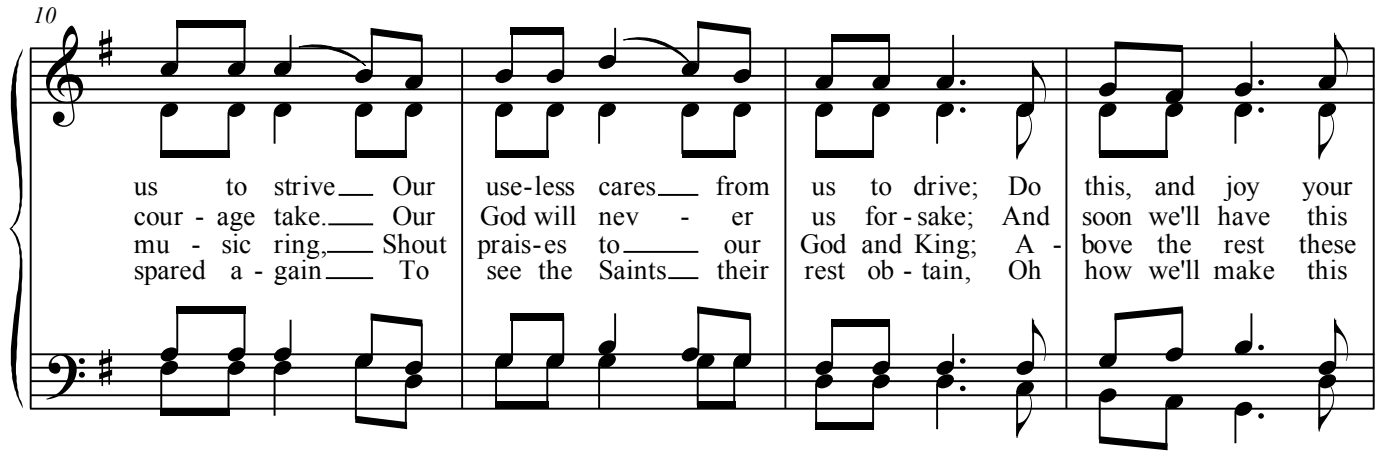All is well! We then are free from toil and sor - row, too;

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
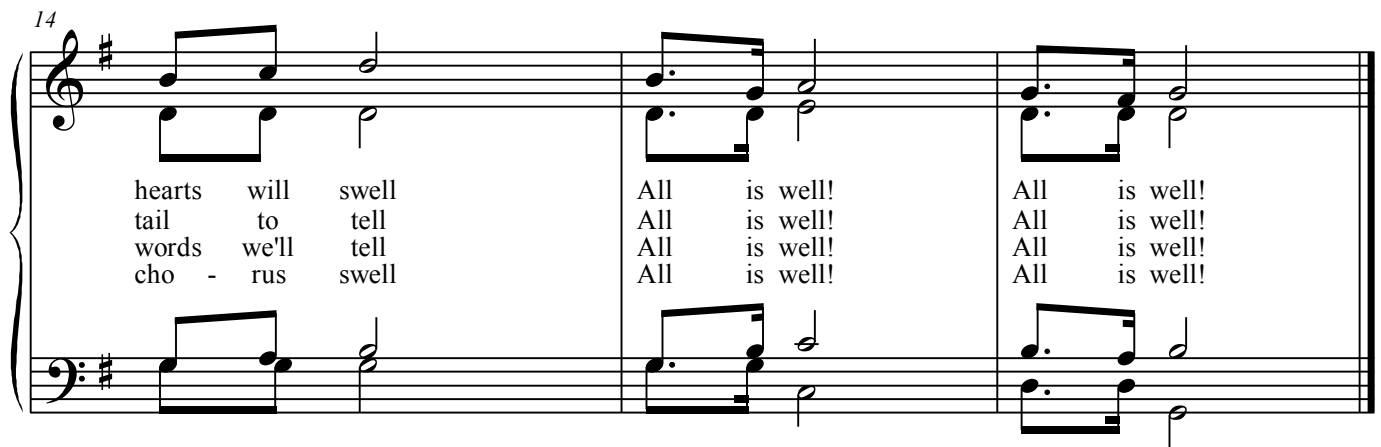With the just we shall dwell! But ___ if our lives ___ are

10

us to strive___ Our
cour - age take.___ Our
mu - sic ring,___ Shout
spared a - gain___ To

use-less cares___ from
God will nev - er
prais-es to_____ our
see the Saints___ their

us to drive; Do
us for - sake; And
God and King; A -
rest ob - tain, Oh

this, and joy your
soon we'll have this
bove the rest these
how we'll make this

14

hearts will swell
tail to tell
words we'll tell
cho - rus swell

All is well!
All is well!
All is well!
All is well!

All is well!
All is well!
All is well!
All is well!