



HOLY SUPPER 2012

Come, Come ye Saints

COMPOSER:
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ARRANGED:
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f Allegro

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, in His house
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, grace shall be
all is right. Why should we think to earn a great re - ward, if we now
full of Light. Where non shall come to hurt or make a - fraid, there the saints
All is well! We then are free from toil and sor - row, too; with the just

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as your day. 'Tis - bet - ter far for - us to strive our - use - less cares from -
shun the fight? Gird - up your loins fresh - cou - rage take our - God will ne - ver -
will shine bright. We'll - make the air with - mu - sic ring shout - prai - ses to our -
we shall dwell. But - if our lives are - spared a - gain to - see the saints their -

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us to drive; do this, and joy your hearts will swell, All is well! All is well!
us for - sake, and soon we'll have this tale to tell, All is well! All is well!
God and King; a - bove the rest these words we'll tell, All is well! All is well!
rest ob - tain; oh how we'll make this cho - rus swell, All is well! All is well!