

# Come, All Ye Saints Who Dwell on Earth 65

*Cheerfully* ♩ = 52-69



1. Come, all ye Saints who dwell on earth, Your cheer-ful voic-es raise,
2. His love is great; he died for us. Shall we un-grate-ful be,
3. The straight and nar-row way we've found! Then let us trav-el on,
4. And there we'll join the heav'n-ly choir And sing his praise a - bove,



Our great Re-deem-er's love to sing, And cel - e - brate his praise,  
 Since he has marked a road to bliss And said, "Come, fol - low me,"  
 Till we, in the ce - les - tial world, Shall meet where Christ is gone,  
 While end-less a - ges roll a - round, Per - fect - ed by his love,



Our great Re-deem-er's love to sing, And cel - e - brate his praise.  
 Since he has marked a road to bliss And said, "Come, fol - low me"?  
 Till we, in the ce - les - tial world, Shall meet where Christ is gone.  
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*Text:* William W. Phelps, 1792-1872. Included in the first  
 LDS hymnbook, 1835.

*Music:* William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

Luke 9:23  
 2 Nephi 31:19-21