

Come, Come, Ye Saints

1. Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor la - bor fear; But with joy, wend your way.
 2. The world of care is with us ev - 'ry day; Let it not this ob - scure:
 3. Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so, all is right.
 4. We'll find the rest which God for us pre - pared When at last He will call,

Though hard to you the jour - ney may ap - pear, Grace shall be as your day.
 Here we can serve the Mas - ter on the way, And in Him be se - cure.
 Why should we think to earn a great re - ward, If we now shun the fight?
 Where none shall come to hurt or make a - fraid; He will reign o - ver all.

We have a liv - ing Lord to guide, And we can trust Him
 Gird up your loins; fresh cour - age take; Our God will nev - er
 'Tis bet - ter far for us to strive Our use - less cares from
 We'll make the air with mu - sic ring, Shout prais - es to our

to pro - vide. Do this, and joy your hearts will swell:
 us for - sake, And so our song no fear can quell:
 us to drive; And soon we'll have this tale to tell: All is well! All is well!
 Lord and King; Oh, how we'll make this cho - rus swell: