416 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:
Lord and King; Oh, how we'll make this cho-rus swell: All is well! All is well!

Music: *Sacred Harp*, 1844; alt.
Text: William Clayton, 1846; alt. Joseph F. Green, 1960

ALL IS WELL
10 6. 10 6. 8 8. 8 6.