

COME, COME YE SAINTS

Arranged By: Judy Checketts Hatch

Words by: William Clayton
Music: English Folk Song

majestically, in strict time

SOPRANO
ALTO

TENOR
BASS

Piano *mf*

7 *mf*

Come, come ye Saints, no toil nor lab-or fear, But with joy, wend your way. Though hard to you this

12 SSA

journ-ey may ap-pear, Grace shall be, as your day. T'is bet-ter far for us to strive our

17

SATB

use-less cares— from us to drive. Do this and joy, your hearts will swell! All is well! All is well!

23

Soprano, Alto

Why should we mourn, or

28

think our lot is hard? 'Tis no so, all is right. Why should we think to earn a great re-ward

33 *mf*

if we now shun the fight? Gird up your loins fresh cour-age take our God will nev us for-sake. And

39

soon we'll have this tale to tell! All is well! All is well!

46 *mf*

We'll find the place which God for us pre-pared far a-way

52

in the west. Where none shall come to hurt or make a-fraid. There the saints will be blessed. We'll

57

f make the air with mus-ic ring shout prais-es to our God and King. A-bove the rest these words we'll tell!

63

All is well! All is well!

Rit.

69 *f*

And should we die be - fore our jour - ey's through, Happy day! All is well!

73 *mf*

We then are free from toil and sor row too; With the just we shall dwell! But if our lives are

78 *mf* *f* *m*

spared a gain_ to see the Saints their rest ob-tain, Oh, how we'll make this chor - us swell! All is well!

84

Rit. f ff fff

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

Rit. f ff fff