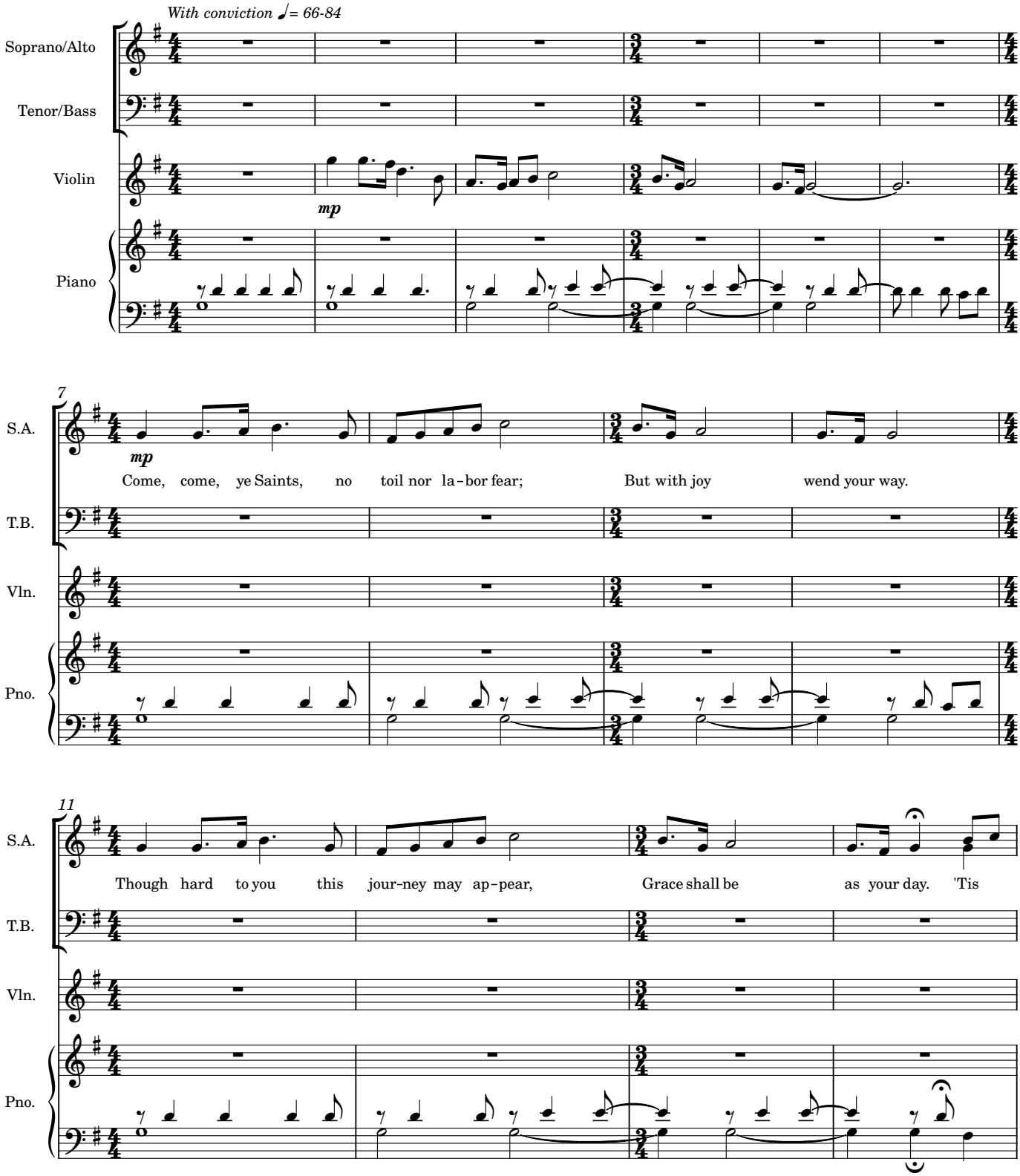
Come, Come, Ye Saints

SATB with Piano and Violin Accompaniment

Text by Isaac Watts
Music by William Croft

Arranged by
AnnMarie Murdock



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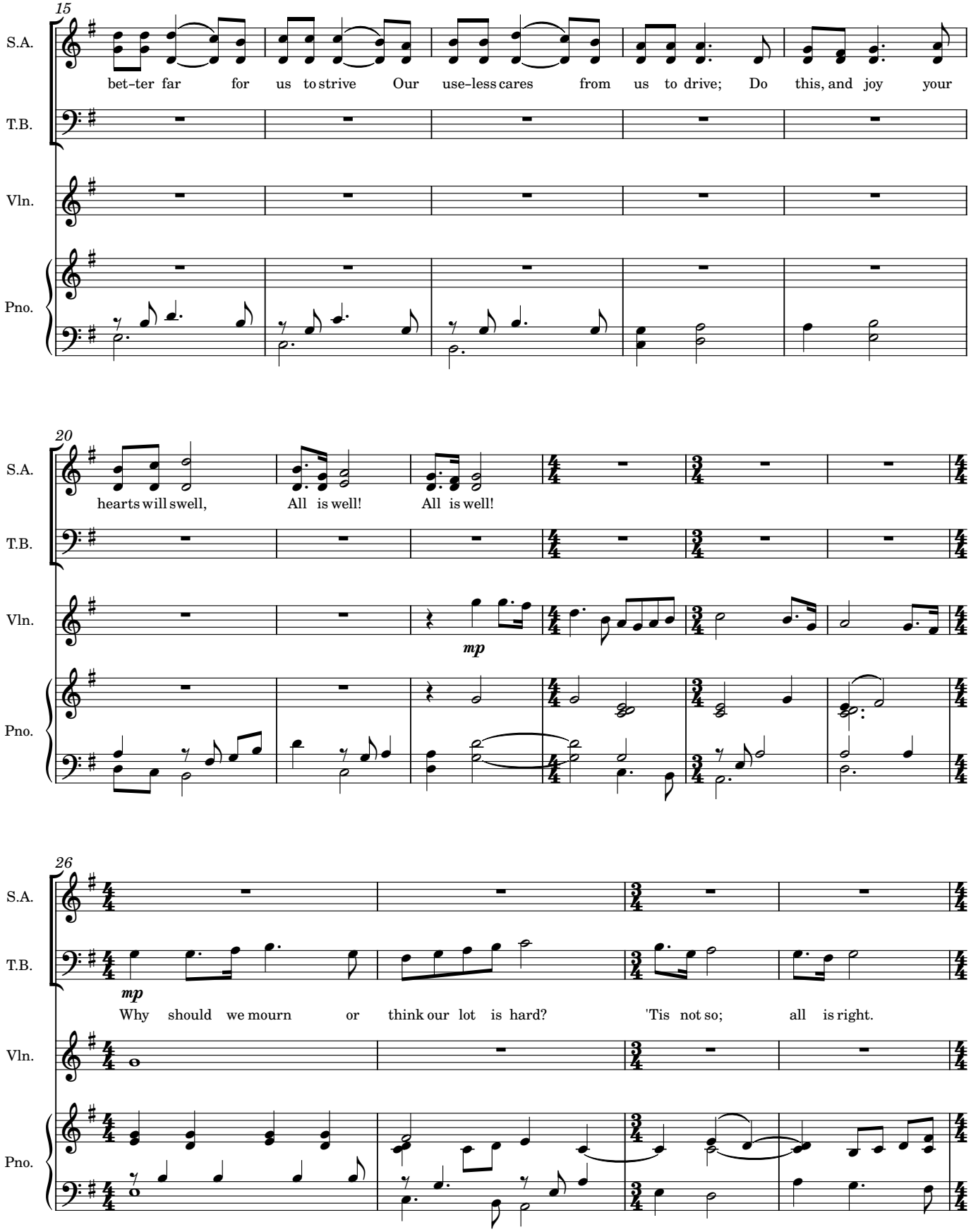

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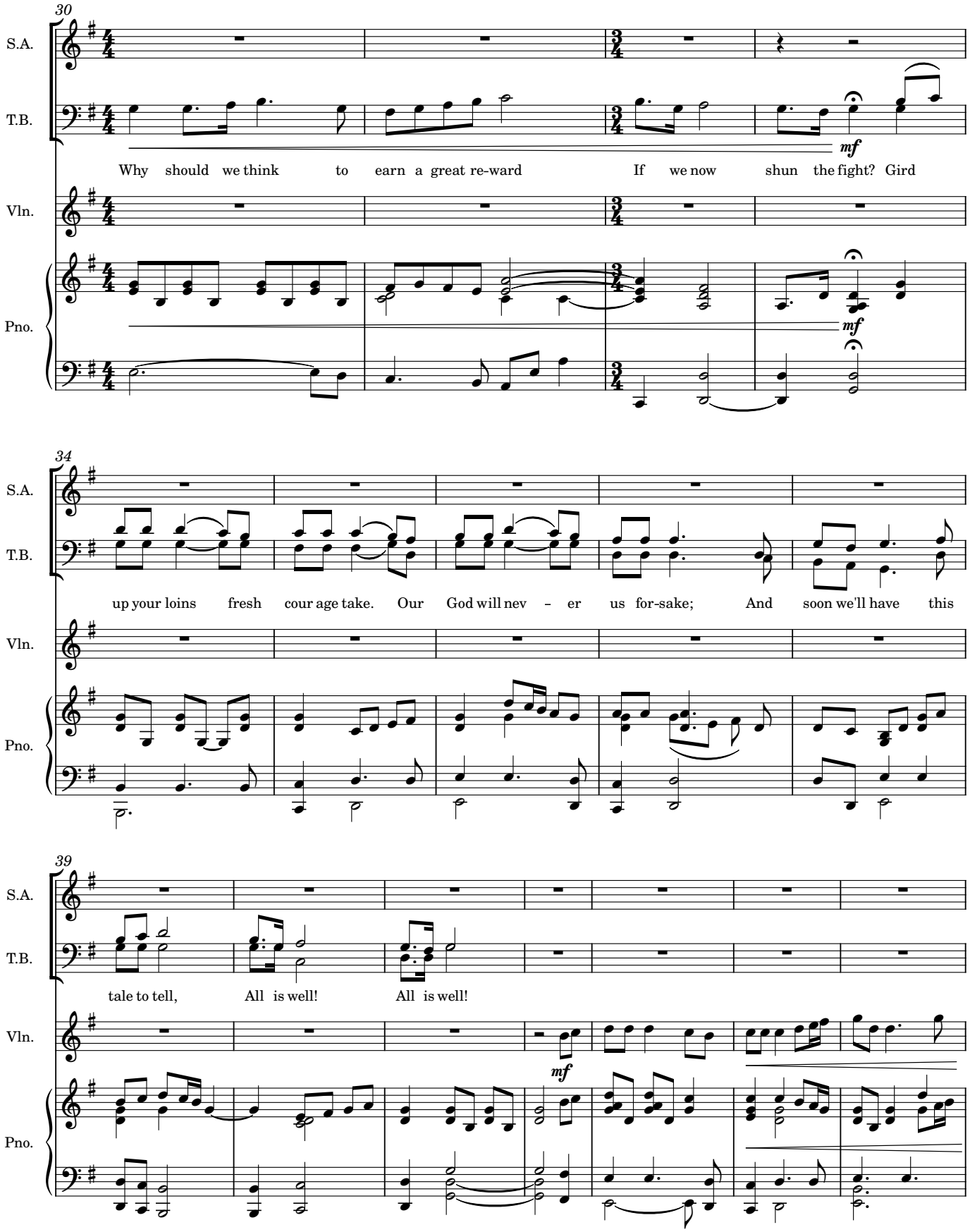

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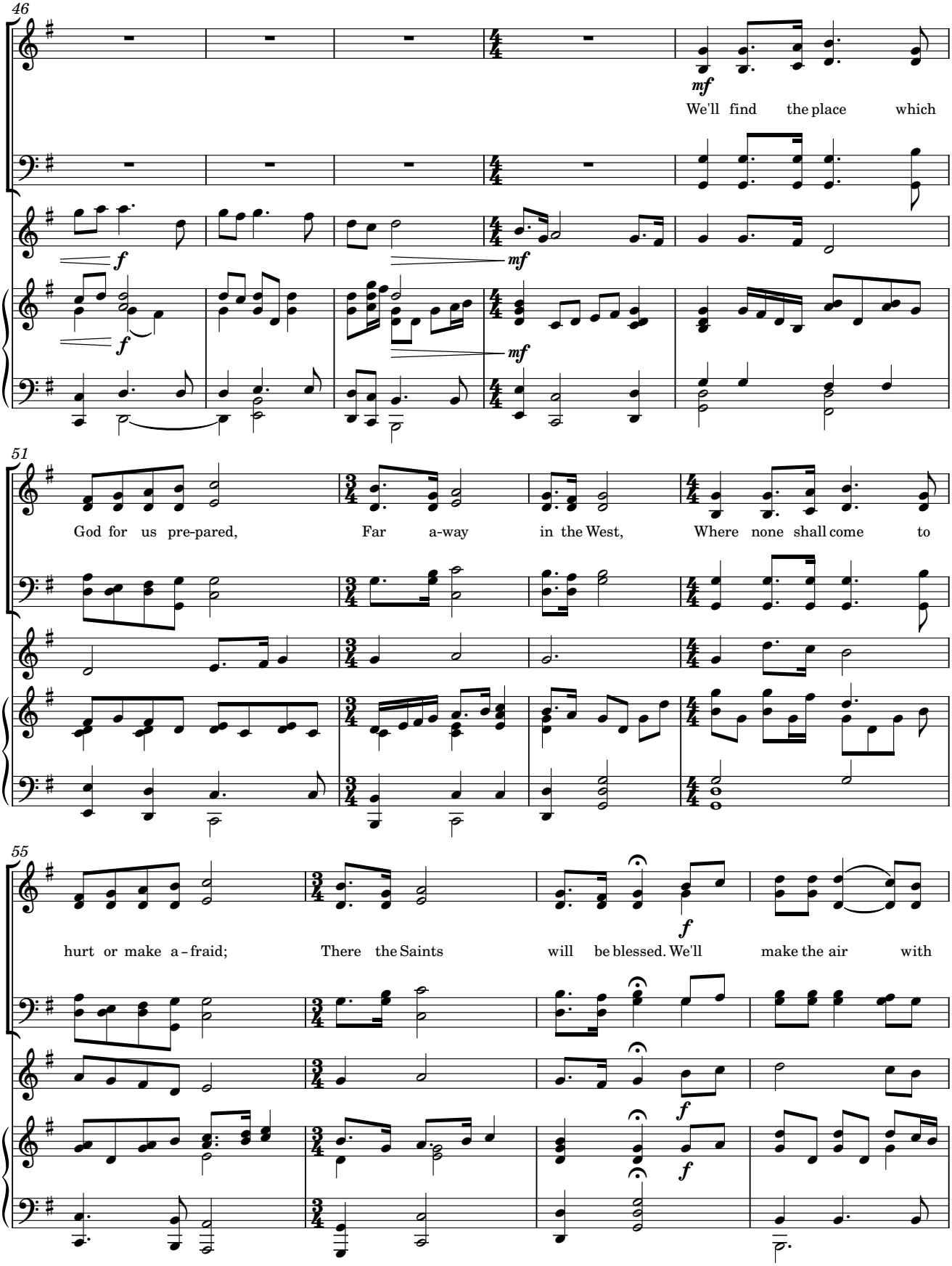

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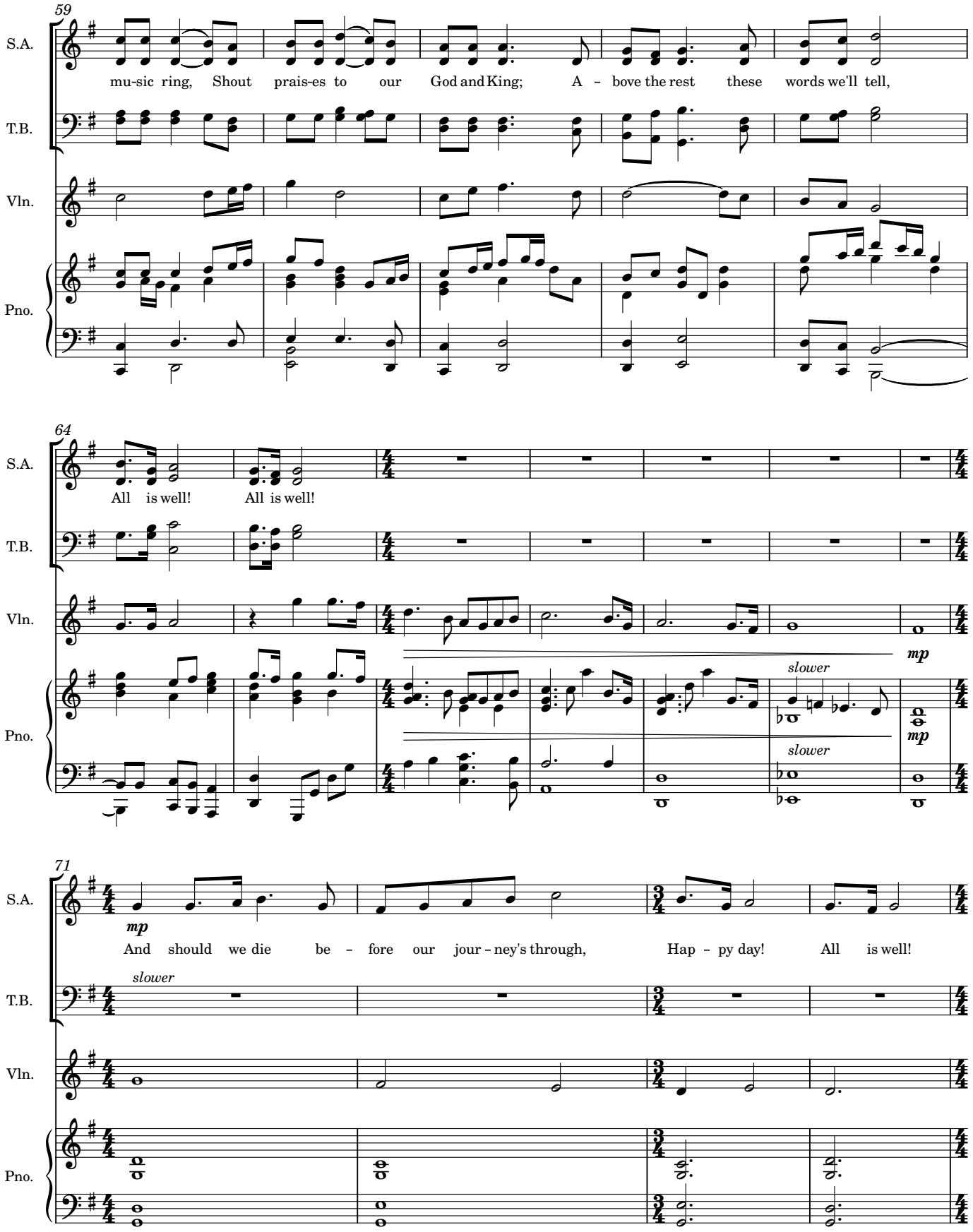

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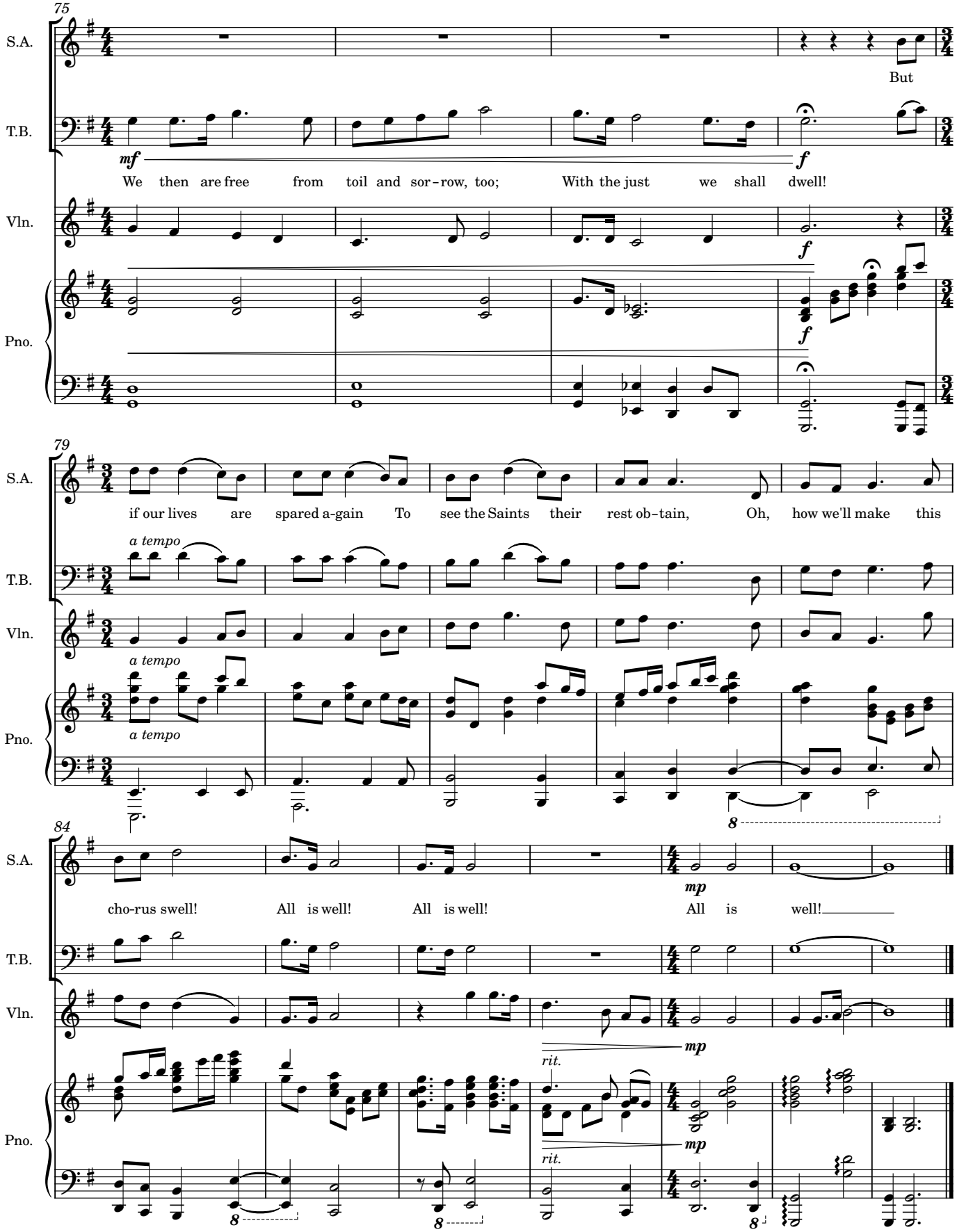

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Hymn #30

Come, Come, Ye Saints

VERSE 1

Women *melody*
Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear;
But with joy wend your way.
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.

S.A. *parts*
'Tis better far for us to strive
Our useless cares from us to drive;
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well! All is well!

VERSE 2

Men *melody*
Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard?
'Tis not so; all is right.
Why should we think to earn a great reward
If we now shun the fight?

Men *melody & bass*
Gird up your loins; fresh courage take.
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—
All is well! All is well!

VERSE 3

S.A.T.B *parts*
We'll find the place which God for us prepared,
Far away in the West,
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;
There the Saints will be blessed.
We'll make the air with music ring,
Shout praises to our God and King;
Above the rest these words we'll tell—
All is well! All is well!

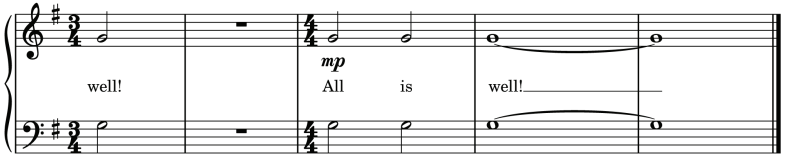
VERSE 4

Women *melody*
And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! All is well!

Men *melody*
We then are free from toil and sorrow, too;
With the just we shall dwell!

ALL *melody*
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
Oh, how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well! All is well!

ALL *unison*
ENDING *(see below)*



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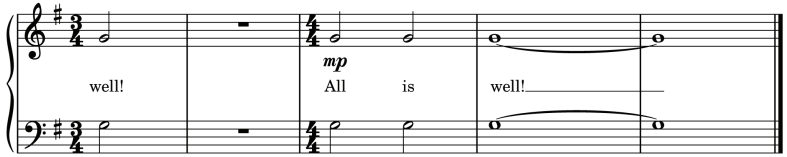

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Violin Part

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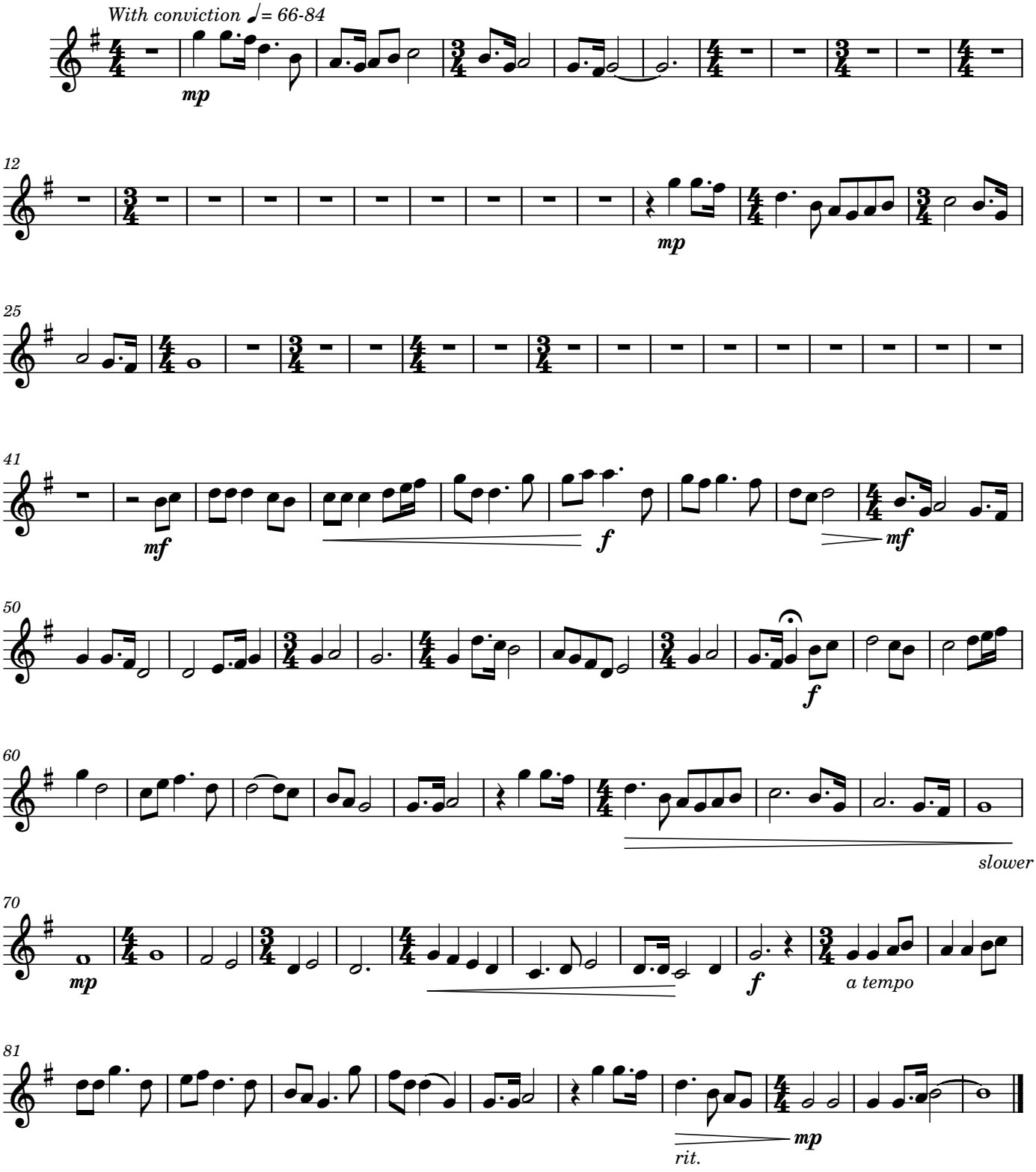

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