

Come, Come, Ye Saints

In the journey over the plains trials were many, sometimes almost more than human strength could bear. It required skilled leadership as well as implicit faith to cope with situations that would arise. At Lucas Creek, Iowa, food was scarce and the travelers were becoming discouraged. Brigham Young feeling anxious asked William Clayton to write a Hymn for the Saints to sing around the camp fire, to buoy them up and help them to forget their troubles. Clayton went to his wagon and in two hours returned with the Hymn, Come, Come, Ye Saints.

W. CLAYTON

DUP Song for September - 2023

1. Come come ye Saints, no toil nor la-bor fear, But with joy wend your way;
 2. Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right!
 3. We'll find the place which God for us prepared, Far a-way in the West;
 4. And should we die be-fore our jour-ney's through, Hap-py day! all is well!

Tho' hard to you this jour-ney may ap-pear, Grace shall be as your day.
 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; There the Saints will be blessed.
 We then are free from toil and sor-row too; With the just we shall dwell.

'Tis bet-ter far for us to strive Our use-less cares from
 Gird up your loins fresh cour-age take, Our God will nev-er
 We'll make the air with mu-sic ring Shout prais-es to our
 But if our lives are spared a-gain To see the Saints, their

us to drive; Do this, and joy your hearts will swell All is well! all is well!
 us for-sake; And soon we'll have this truth to tell All is well! all is well!
 God and King; A-bove the rest these words we'll tell All is well! all is well!
 rest ob-tain, O how we'll make this cho-rus swell All is well! all is well!