COME, COME YE SAINTS

"ALL IS WELL"
text by T. J. White
This is the hymn William Clayton based his text of "Come, Come Ye Saints" on; a common practice in that time period.

What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame!
Is it death? is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this mortal flame. Is it death? is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see.
All is well! All is well!

Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me,
All is well! All is well!
My sins forgiven, forgiven, and I am free, All is well! All is well!
There's not a cloud that soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see.
All is well! All is well!

Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints on high, All is well! All is well!
I too will strike my harp with equal joy, All is well! All is well!
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well! All is well!

Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice,
Calls away, Calls away!
I soon shall see - enjoy my happy choice, Why delay, Why delay!
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view,

All is well! All is well!

Hail! hail! all hail! all hail! ye blood washed throng, Saved by grace, Saved by grace
I come to join your rapturous song, Saved by grace, Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb!
All is well! All is well!

Modified Versions of 'Come, Come, Ye Saints':

Baptist Version
Most Latter-day Saints don't know there is a Protestant version, which removes reference to the western exodus:

We'll find the place which God for us prepared,
In His house full of light,
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;
There the saints will shine bright.
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!

Another Version:
adapted by Joseph F. Green, from Broadman Songs for Men, No. 2, ©1960, 1988 The Broadman Press

1.Come, come ye saints, no toil nor labor fear, but with joy wend your way.
Though hard to you the journey may appear, grace shall be as your day.
We have a living Lord to guide, and we can trust him to provide.
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell:
All is well! All is well!

2.The world of care is with us every day;
let it not this obscure:
Here we can serve the Master on the way,
and in him be secure.
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take;
our God will never us forsake.
And so our song no fear can quell:
All is well! All is well!

3.We'll find the rest which God for us prepared,
when at last he will call.
Where none will come to hurt or make afraid,
he will reign over all.
We will make the air with music ring,
shout praise to God our Lord and King.
Oh, how we'll make the chorus swell.
All is well! All is well!