

# Come, All Ye Saints Who Dwell on Earth

65

*Cheerfully* ♩ = 52-69



1. Come, all ye Saints who dwell on earth, Your cheer-ful voic-es raise,  
2. His love is great; he died for us. Shall we un-grate-ful be,  
3. The straight and nar-row way we've found! Then let us trav-el on,  
4. And there we'll join the heav'n-ly choir And sing his praise a-bove,



Our great Re-deem-er's love to sing, And cel-e-brate his praise,  
Since he has marked a road to bliss And said, "Come, fol-low me,"  
Till we, in the ce-les-tial world, Shall meet where Christ is gone,  
While end-less a-ges roll a-round, Per-fect-ed by his love,



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Since he has marked a road to bliss And said, "Come, fol-low me"?  
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*Text:* William W. Phelps, 1792-1872.

*Music:* William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

Luke 9:23

2 Nephi 31:19-21