The lyrics to the popular LDS hymn *Come, Come, Ye Saints* were written in 1846 by William Clayton after the Saints had been chased out of Nauvoo and were on their way to settle what would become the state of Utah. The hymn reflects the hopes of the widely persecuted Saints of finding a safe place to settle permanently.

“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

'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!

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?

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!

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!

And should we die before our journey's through, happy day! All is well!

We then are free from toil and sorrow, too, with the just we shall dwell!

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!”