

Come, Ye Disconsolate

Samuel Webbe



Thomas Moore

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish,
Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing,
Here see the bread of life, see wa - ters flow - ing

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Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel.
Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure!
Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove.

8

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,
Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing

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Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
"Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."
Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.