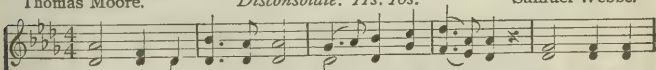


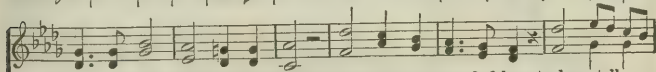
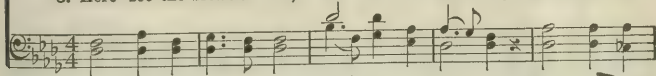
Thomas Moore.

Disconsolate. 11s. 10s.

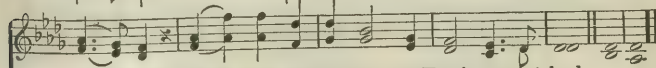
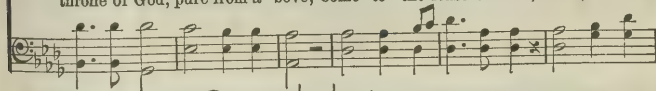
Samuel Webbe.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the



mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er



an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not heal.
 say-ing, "Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not cure."
 know-ing Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n can re-move. A-MEN.

