


# Come, Ye Disconsolate

Thomas Moore (1816)

Alto


Arr. by Samuel Webbe (1792)



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;  
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing,  
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing



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



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— some, ev - er know - ing



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