

Come, Ye Disconsolate

Thomas Moore (1816)

Piano

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.