

# Come, Ye Disconsolate

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THOMAS MOORE, 1816

SAMUEL WEBB, 1792  
Arr. by Wayne Hooper

(Accompaniment)

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, Where-e'er ye lan-guish;  
3. Here see the bread of life; See wa-ters flow-ing,

Come, fer-vent-ly kneel,  
Pure, pure from a-bove;  
Come to the mer-cy seat, Fer-vent-ly kneel,  
Forth from the throne of God, Pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wound-ed hearts, Here tell your an-guish;  
Come to the feast of love, Come, ev-er know-ing

Mm  
Earth has no sor-row That heaven can-not heal.  
Earth has no sor-row But heaven can re-move.

Fine Accompaniment

2. Joy of the com - fort - less,

Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure;

Here speaks the com - fort - er, Ten - der - ly say - ing,

"Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not cure."

(Accompaniment) D. S. †