

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

Fine Accompaniment

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

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. †