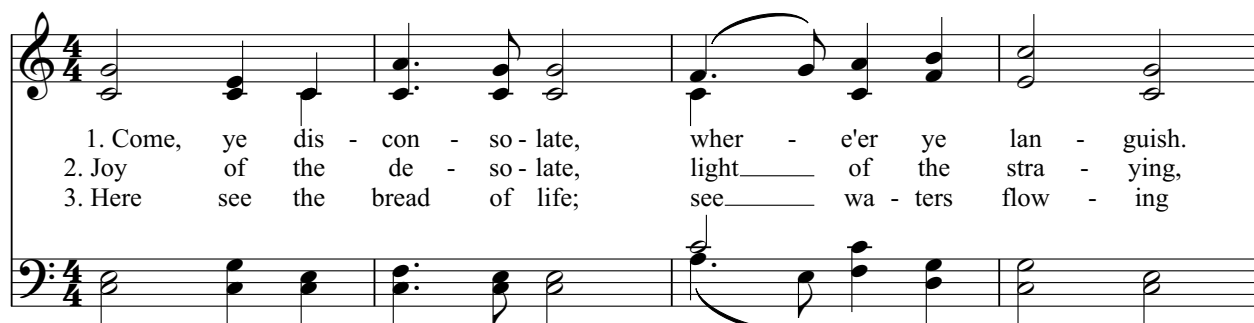
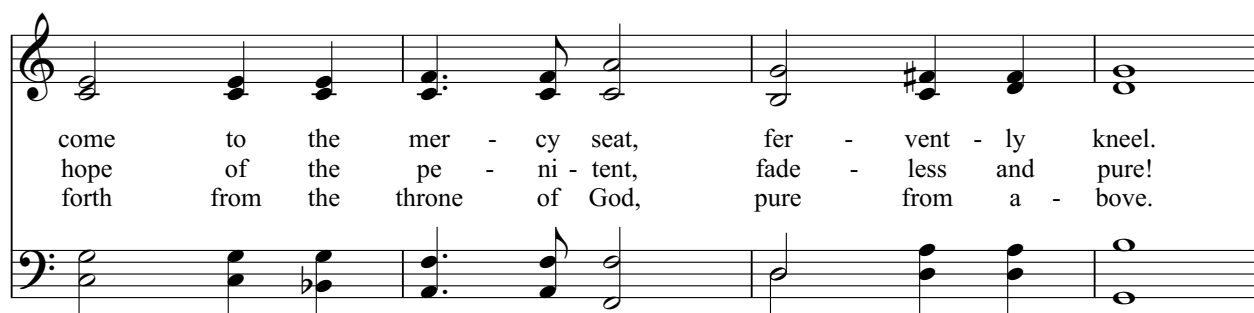


# Come, Ye Disconsolate



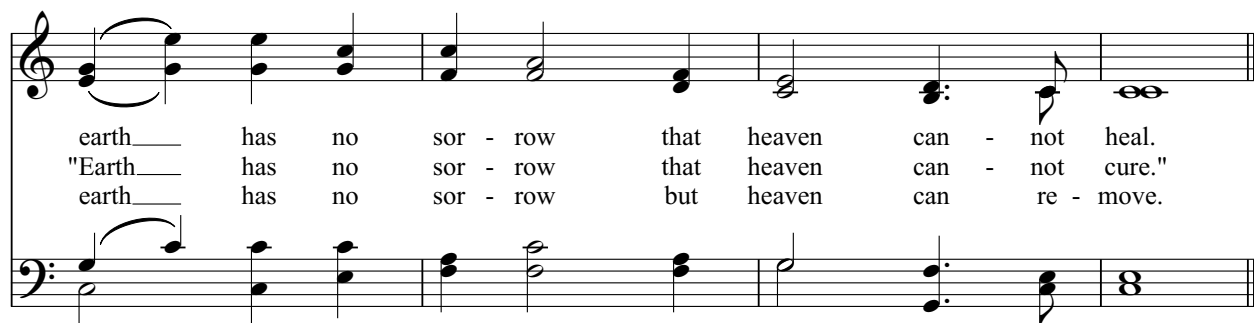
1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish.  
2. Joy of the de - so - late, light of the stra - ying,  
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing



come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel.  
hope of the pe - ni - tent, fade - less and pure!  
forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove.



Here bring your woun - ded hearts, here tell your an - guish;  
Here speaks the Com - for - ter, ten - der - ly sa - ying,  
Come to the feast of love; come, e - ver - kno - wing



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.

Text: Thomas Moore, 1816;  
alt. Thomas Hastings, 1831  
Tune: Samuel Webbe, Sr., 1792



11 10 11 10  
CONSOLATOR  
[www.hymnary.org/text/come\\_ye\\_disconsolate\\_whereer\\_ye\\_languish](http://www.hymnary.org/text/come_ye_disconsolate_whereer_ye_languish)