Come, Ye Disconsolate

1. Come ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish,
   Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
   Here bring your woun - ded hearts, here tell your an - guish:
   Earth_ has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.

2. Joy of the de - so - late, light_ of the stra - ying,
   Hope of the pe - ni-tent, fade - less and pure!
   Here speaks the Com - for - ter, ten - der - ly_ sa - ying,
   "Earth_ has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.

3. Here see the Bread of Life; see_ wa- ters flo - wing
   Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;
   Come to the feast of love; come, e - ver_ kno - wing
   Earth_ has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

Hymnary.org