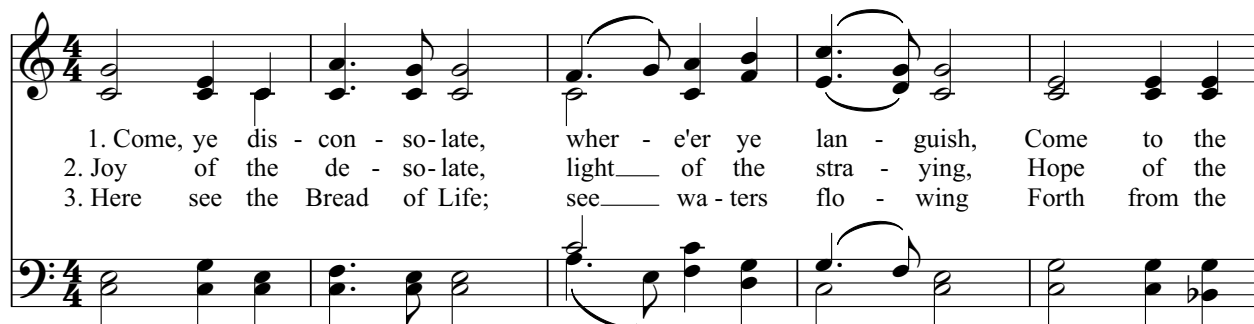
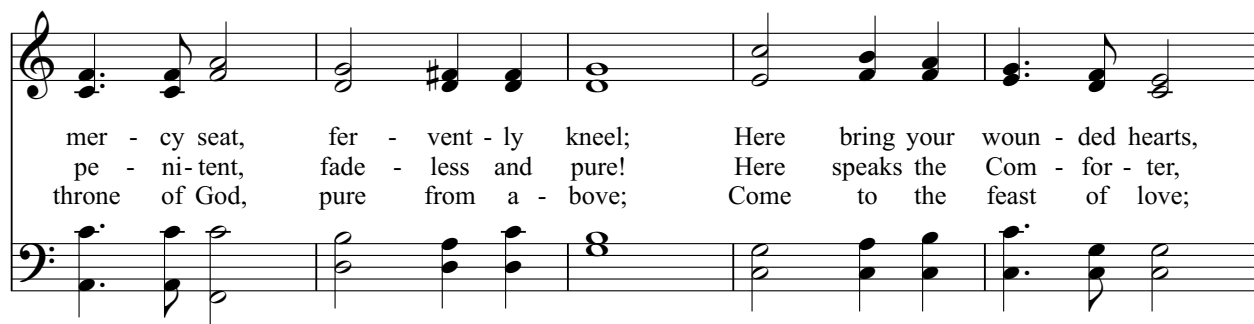


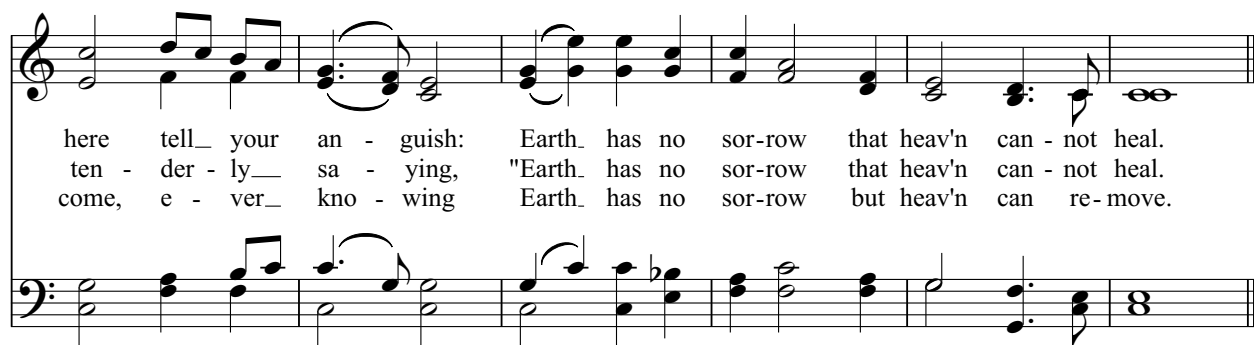
Come, Ye Disconsolate



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the de - so - late, light of the stra - ying, Hope of the
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flo - wing Forth from the



mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your woun - ded hearts,
 pe - ni - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - for - ter,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;



here tell_ your an - guish: Earth_ has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
 ten - der - ly_ sa - ying, "Earth_ has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
 come, e - ver_ kno - wing Earth_ has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

Text: Thomas Moore, 1779-1852;
 alt. Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872
 Tune: Samuel Webbe, 1740-1816



11 10 11 10
 CONSOLATOR
www.hymnary.org/text/come_je_disconsolate_whereer_je_languish