

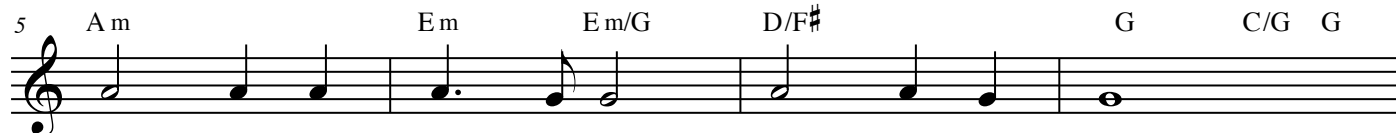
# Come, Ye Disconsolate

Thomas Moore, Thomas Hastings

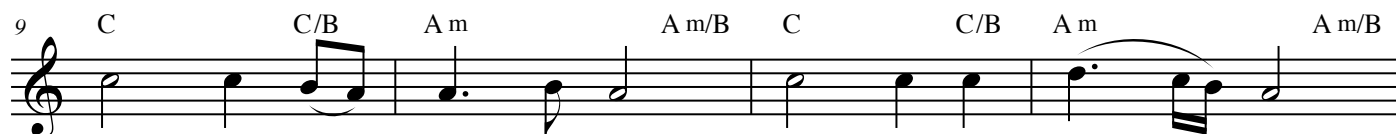
Eric Priest



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where 'er ye lan - guish,  
 2. Joy of the de - so - late, light of the stray - ing,  
 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 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure!  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove.



Here bring yo - ur wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;  
 Here speaks the - Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,  
 Come to the - feast of love; cove, ev - er know - ing



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.