

# Come, Ye Disconsolate

115

*Thoughtfully* ♩ = 80-92

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the  
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the  
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel. Here bring your wound - ed hearts;  
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,  
 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 say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."  
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

*Text:* Thomas Moore, 1779-1852.

Verse three, Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872

*Music:* Samuel Webbe, 1740-1816

Doctrine and Covenants 136:29

Hebrews 4:16