

Come, Ye Disconsolate

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.

Music: Samuel Webbe, Sr.; *Collection of Motetts or Antiphons*, London, 1792

Text: st. 1–2, Thomas Moore, 1816; st. 3, Thomas Hastings, 1831

CONSOLATOR

11 10. 11 10.