

HYMN

Come, ye disconsolate

1 Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish,
 2 Joy of the des - o - 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 your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
 Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in mer - cy say - ing,
 Come to the feast pre - pared; come ev - er know - ing

earth has no sor - rows that heaven can - not heal.
 "Earth has no sor - rows that heaven can - not cure."
 earth has no sor - rows but heaven can re - move.

Text: St. 1-2 Thomas Moore, 1816; st. 3 Thomas Hastings, 1832
 Tune: Samuel Webbe, 1792, arr.

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 CONSOLATION