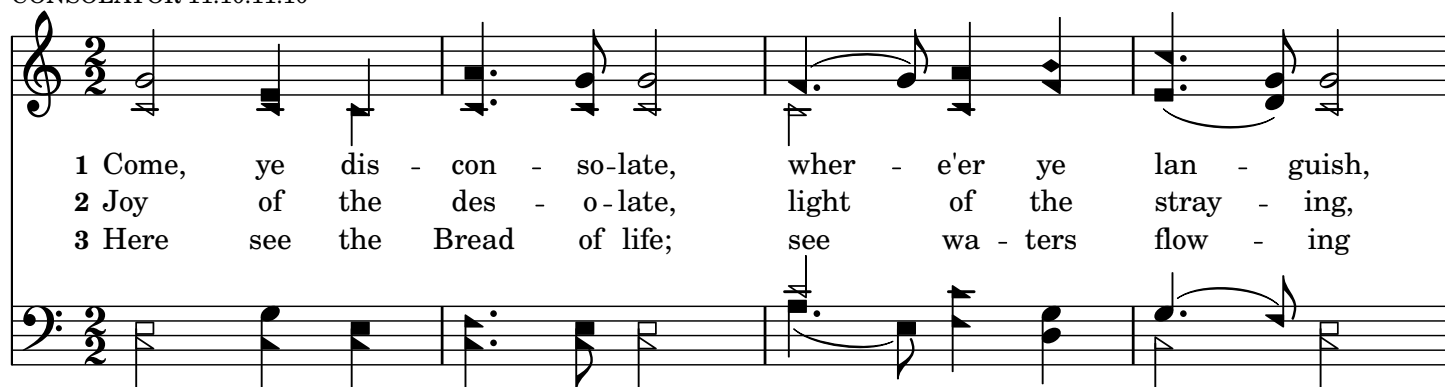


Come, ye disconsolate

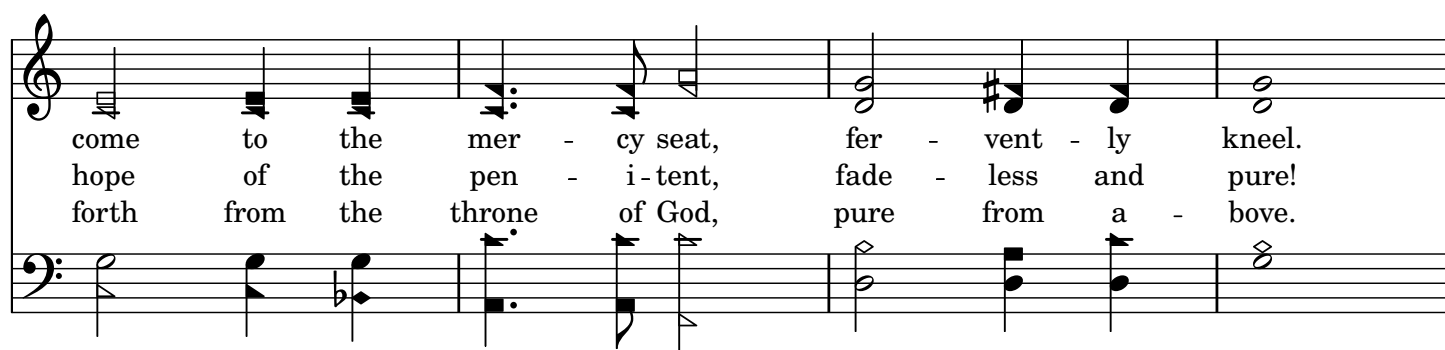
Text: v.1-2 Thomas Moore, 1816, alt.; v.3 Thomas Hastings, 1831

Music: Samuel Webbe Sr., 1792

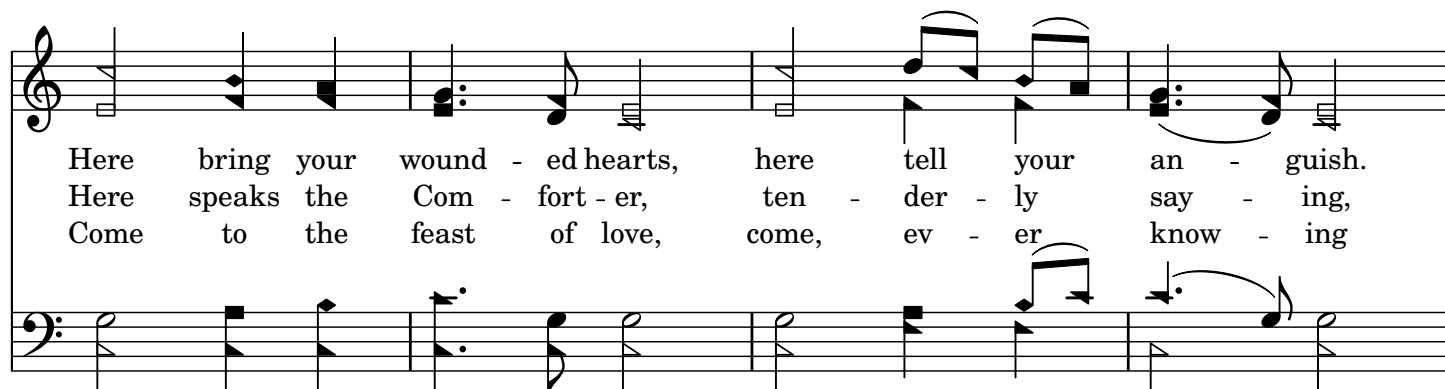
CONSOLATOR 11.10.11.10



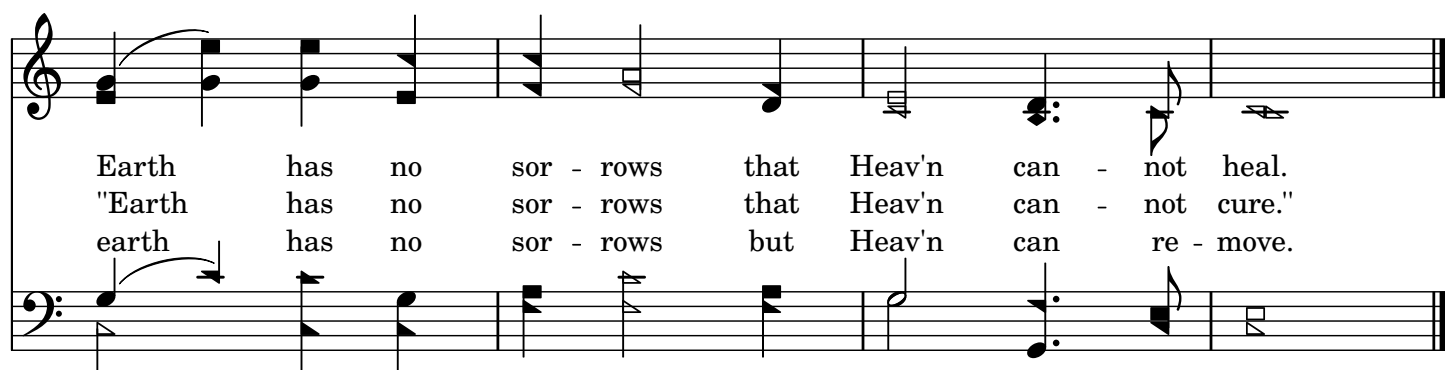
1 Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish,
2 Joy of the des - o-late, light of the stray - ing,
3 Here see the Bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing



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, ten - der - ly say - ing,
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing



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