

Come, Ye Disconsolate

(S. A. T. B. *div.* with Organ or Piano)

Words: Thomas Moore (1779-1852), 1816; verse three and alterations by Thomas Hastings (1784-1872), 1831

Music: Samuel Webbe (1740-1816), 1792

Tune name: CONSOLATOR

Arrangement: Jason Hunsaker, © 2023 by Jason Hunsaker

$\text{♩} = 72$

unis.

1. Come, ye dis -

6

-con - so-late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat,

11

fer - vent-ly kneel. Here bring your wound - ed hearts; here tell your

16

an - guish. Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can - not heal.

Come, Ye Disconsolate

21

T
B

Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can - not heal.

26 *unis.*

S
A

2. Joy of the des - so-late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the

31 *div.*

S
A

pen - i-tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort-er,

36

S
A

ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can - not cure.

Come, Ye Disconsolate

3

42

S
A

Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can - not cure."

47

S
A

unis.
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing

T
B

unis.

51

S
A

Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove.

T
B

Come, Ye Disconsolate

55 *div.*

S
A

Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing

T
B

div.

59

S
A

Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move. Earth has no

T
B

64 *rall.*

S
A

sor-row but heav'n can re - move.

T
B

rall.