

Come, Ye Disconsolate

Thomas Moore

SAB with Piano

Samual Webbe/ Arr. Martin Green

♩ = 88

Women

Men

Piano

7

W.

M.

Piano

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;

13


W.

M.


Piano

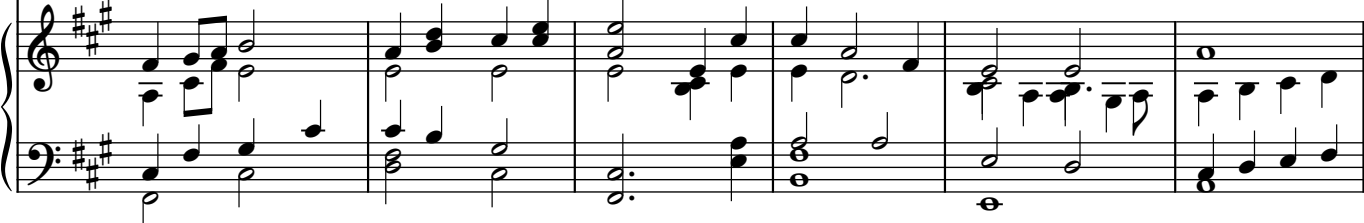
Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel. Here bring your wound - ed hearts;

19

W. 

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

M. 



25


W. 

Joy of the des - o-late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the


M. 

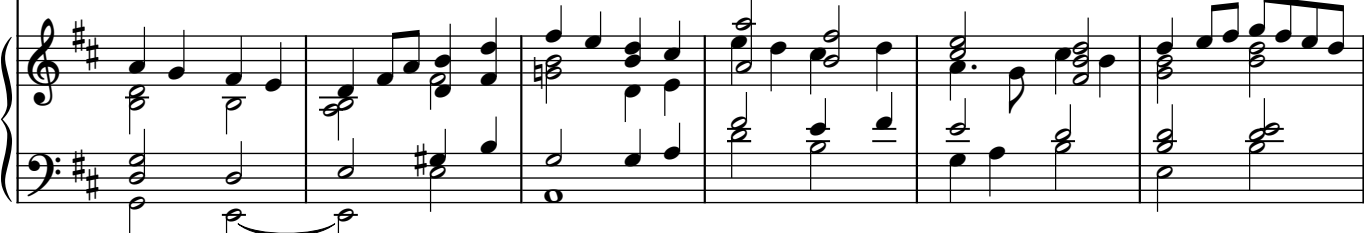


31

W. 

pen - i-tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com-for-ter, ten - der-ly

M. 



53

W. Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er - know - ing earth has no sor - row but

M.

59

W. heav'n can re - move. Come to the feast, the feast of

M.

65

W. love, of love.

M.