

Come, Ye Disconsolate

SAB with Organ

Thomas Moore

Samual Webbe/ Arr. Martin Green

$\text{♩} = 96$

Soprano/
Alto

Baritone

Organ

7

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

13

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

19

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

25

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

31

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

37

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

43

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

49

forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove. Come to the

54

feast of love; come, ev - er - know - ing earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re -

60

move. Come to the feast, the feast of love,

66

of love.

rall. - - -