

# Come Ye Disconsolate

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verse three, Thomas Hastings

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$\text{♩} = 80$

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the  
Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the  
Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ter flow - ing Forth from the

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mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel. Here bring your wound - ed hearts;  
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - for - ter,  
throne of God, pure from a - bove. Come to the feast of love;

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here tell your an - guish. Earth has no sor - row that heav - en can - not  
ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav - en can - not  
come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav - en can re -

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heal. Earth has no sor - row that heav - en can - not heal.  
cure." "Earth has no sor - row that heav - en can - not cure."  
move. Earth has no sor - row but heav - en can re - move.