

Come Ye Disconsolate

SATB

Thomas Moore
Thomas Hastings

Samuel Webbe
Arr. Martineau

women unison

S A

T B

Piano

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where - e'er ye

6

lan - guish, Come to the mer - cy seat, Fer - vent - ly kneel.

Pno.

11

Here bring your woun - ded hearts, Here tell you an - guish; Earth - has no

Pno.

16 choir

sor - row that Heav'n can - not heal. Joy of the des - o - late,

Pno.

21

light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure,

Pno.

27

Here speaks the com - for - ter, ten - der - ly say - ing. "Earth has no

Pno.

32

sor - row that Heav'n can - not cure.

Pno.

37

men unison

Here see the bread of life, see wa - ters flow - ing

Pno.

42

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

Pno.

47

choir

Earth has no sor - row but -

47 feast of love, Come, e - ver know - ing

Pno.

52

Heavn can re - move.

52

Pno.