

Come, Ye Disconsolate

The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying,

Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee. Jer. 31:3

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the mer - cy seat,
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent,
3. Here see the bread of life, see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God,

fer - vent - ly kneel. Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your
fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly
pure from a - bove. Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er

an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."
know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

WORDS: Thomas Moore, *pub.*1816; *arr.* by Thomas Hastings, *pub.*1831. MUSIC: "Consolator"; Samuel Webbe, Sr., *pub.*1792. Public Domain.