

Come, Ye Disconsolate

Somberly ♩ = 84-100

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

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

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

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

Text: Thomas Moore, 1779-1852; verse three, Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872
Music: Geoffrey Shaw, 1921; adapted

LANGHAM
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