

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE, WHERE'ER YE LANGUISH

Words by Thomas Moore
Music by Bobby Guy

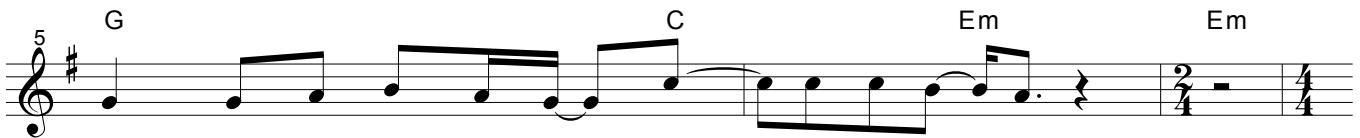
Capo II



1. Come ye dis - con - so - late Where'er ye lang - uish
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the straying,
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flowing



Come to the mer - cy seat fer - vent - ly kneel
Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure!
Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove:



Here bring your wound - ed hearts here tell your ang - uish
Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in mer cy say - ing,
Come to the feast pre - pared; come ev - er know - ing



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

