

# COME, YE DISCONSOLATE, WHERE'ER YE LANGUISH

Words by Thomas Moore  
Music by Bobby Guy

Real Key

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.