Come, Ye Disconsolate

Thomas Moore
sopranos

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the

accapella

mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel. Here bring your

add piano

add tenors

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wounded hearts; here tell your anguish. Earth has no

sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate light of the straying, hope of the
pen - i - tent fade - less and pure! Hear speaks the com - fort - er

30
ten - der - ly say - ing Earth has no sor - row that

36
heav'n can - not cure.
Here see the bread of life;

see waters flowing Forth from the

throne of God, pure from above.

Come to the
feast of love. come, ever knowing

Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove. but

heav'n can remove.