

# Come, Ye Disconsolate

SATB

Thomas Moore  
*sopranos*

Samuel Webbe  
arr by Linda Pratt  
*add altos*

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

*accapella* *add piano*

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

*add tenors*

*add tenors*

12

wound - ed hearts; here tell your an - guish. Earth has no

*add basses*

18

sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.

Joy of the des - o - late light of the stray - ing, hope of the

24

pen - i - tent fade - less and pure! Hear speaks the com - fort - er  
 pen - i - tent

30

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

36

heav'n can - not cure.

Here see the bread of life;

42  
see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

throne of God, pure from a - bove. Come to the

feast of love. come, ev - er know - ing

Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move. but

heav'n can re - move.