Come, Ye Disconsolate

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come, at the mercy seat fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Comforter, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."

3. Here see the bread of life, see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re - move.