Come, Ye Disconsolate

CONSOLATOR (11 10, 11 10)  
Samuel Webbe, Sr.  
Collection of Motetts or Antiphons, London, 1792

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish,
Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel.
Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not 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 Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,
"Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not cure."

3. Here see the Bread of Life; 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 heaven can re - move.