Come, Ye Disconsolate

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 heav'n 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 heav'n 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 heav'n can re - move.

Text: Thomas Moore, 1779–1852.
Verse three, Thomas Hastings, 1784–1872
Music: Samuel Webbe, 1740–1816

Doctrine and Covenants 136:29
Hebrews 4:16