



By Thomas Moore, sung by Sarah Hart

Come, Ye Disconsolate

Come, ye disconsolate,
Where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel.
Here bring your wounded hearts,
Here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot 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 heaven can remove.