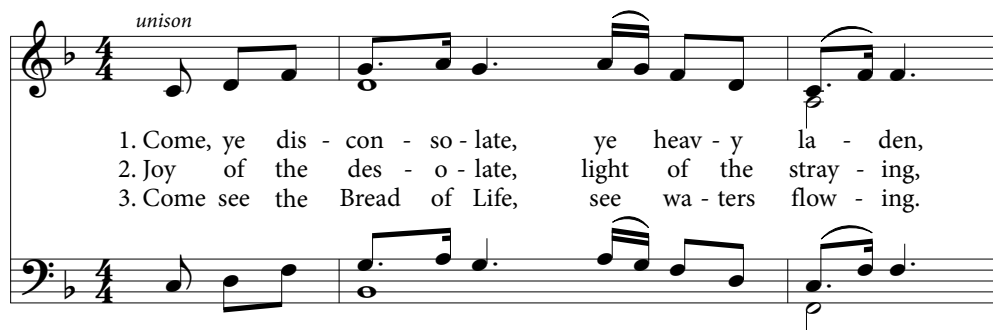


# Come, Ye Disconsolate

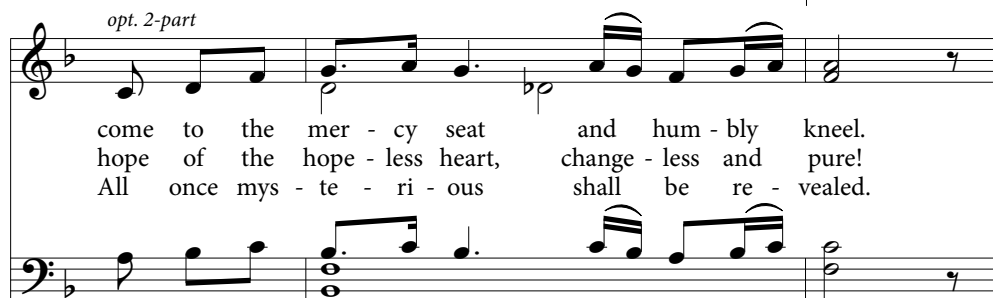
“Come to Me, all who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.” Matthew 11:28

*unison*



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, ye heav - y la - den,  
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing,  
3. Come see the Bread of Life, see wa - ters flow - ing.

*opt. 2-part*



come to the mer - cy seat and hum - bly kneel.  
hope of the hope - less heart, change - less and pure!  
All once mys - te - ri - ous shall be re - vealed.

*4-part*



Bring Him your wound-ed hearts; bring Him your an - guish;  
Voice of the Com - fort - er, in mer - cy say - ing:  
Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing:



earth has no sor - row that heav'n can-not heal.  
“Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can-not cure.”  
earth has no sor - row that heav'n can-not heal.

TEXT: Thomas Moore, 1816, and Thomas Hastings, 1832, alt. lyrics by Dan Kreider

MUSIC: Dan Kreider

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