

# Come, Ye Disconsolate

SATB

Samuel Webbe  
arr by Linda Pratt

Thomas Moore  
*sopranos*

4 *add altos*

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat,

*accapella* *add piano*

8 12 *add tenors*

16 *add basses*

20

24

light of the stray - ing, hope of the pen - i - tent fade - less and pure!

28

Hear speaks the com - fort - er ten - der - ly say - ing Earth has no sor - row that

32

36

heav'n can - not cure. 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, ever know - ing Earth has no sor - row but

*rit.*

*rit.*

heav'n can re - move.