

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish

Comfort in Trials — By the Lord's Mercy-Seat

684

(Guitar)

C F C Dm G⁷ C C⁷ F G D⁷ G
1. Come, ye discon - solate, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer - vently kneel;

C F C F C C⁷ F Dm C G⁷ C F C
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish, Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the comfortless, 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.
3. 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.