

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish

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

684

(Guitar)

1. Come, ye dis - con - solate, wher-e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish, Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-not heal.

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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.