CONSOLATOR 11. 10. 11. 10.

THOMAS MOORE
and
THOMAS HASTINGS
Adapted

SAMUEL WEBBE

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish, Here health and
peace are found, Life, Truth, and Love; Here bring your wounded hearts,
here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row but Love can re-move.

2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
pen-i-ent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
tender-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that Love can-not cure.

3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the
throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love,
come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sor-row but Love can re-move.