

“Come, Ye Disconsolate”

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel.  
Here, bring your wounded heart,  
Here, tell your anguish.  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, 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.”

*“Consolation” (Moore, 1824)*