

CHORUS

cres.

p dolce

Sweet Belle Mahone! Sweet Belle Ma-hone! Wait for me at Heaven's gate, Sweet Belle Mahone!

Come, Ye Disconsolate

THOMAS MOORE

SAMUEL WEBBE

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life: see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel! Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love:

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
 come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sor - rows but heav'n can re - move.