

1. Come ye disconsolate, wheree'er you languish; Come to the mercy-seat fervently kneel; Here bring your broken hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2. Joy to the desolate, light of the straying, Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying, "Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n 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 prepared, come ever knowing, Earth hath no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

4. Go ask the infi-del what boon he brings us, What charms for aching hearts he can reveal, Sweet as that heavenly promise hope brings us, Earth hath no sorrow that God cannot heal.