

Come, Ye Disconsolate

PFTL 110

1

Come, you disconsolate, where'er you languish;
come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
"Earth has no sorrows 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 prepared; come, ever knowing
earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Vengan con su dolor, desconsolados

Georgina Pando-Connolly, lines 1-3 of all verses

1

Vengan con su dolor, desconsolados;
Vengan donde_hay piedad, ante_el altar.
Ofrezcan su dolor, aunque_angustiados;
Toda tristeza Dios puede sanar.

2

Gozo_en desolación, luz del perdido,
Que al contrito ser lleva_a confiar.
Habla_el Consolador: "Ya_estoy contigo;
Toda tristeza Dios puede sanar".

3

Se ve_el divino pan; las aguas puras
Del trono celestial se ven brotar.
Vengan al gran festín; Dios asegura:
"Toda tristeza Yo puedo quitar".