Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

High in the heavens, eternal God

Samuel Webbe (1740-1816)



- 1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth hath 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, tenderly saying, Earth hath 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 of love; come, ever knowing Earth hath no sorrows but heaven can remove.