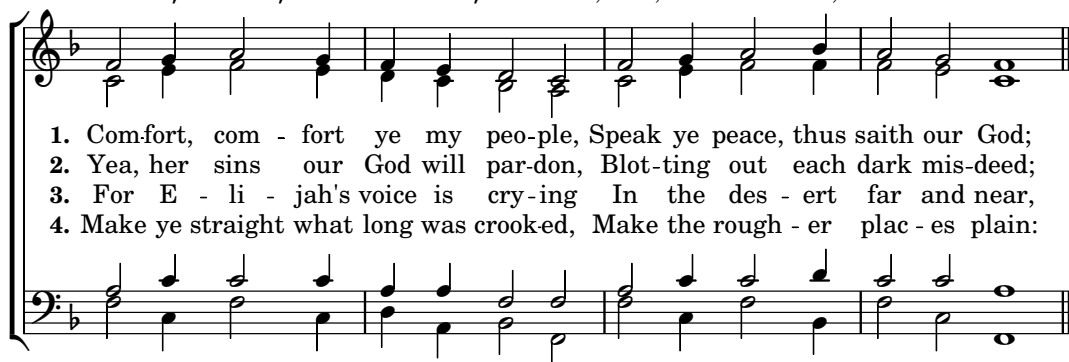


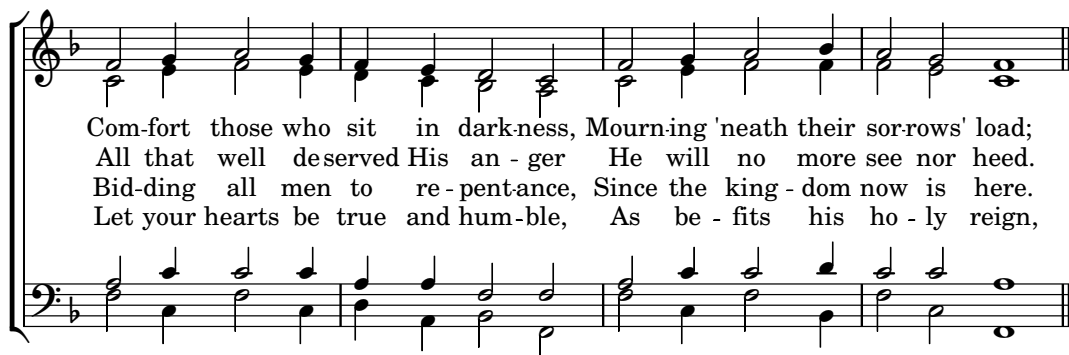
COMFORT, COMFORT YE, MY PEOPLE

Music: GENEVA 42, 87.87.77.88.; L. Bourgeois, 1551; harm. C. Goudimel, 1564

Text: Tröstet, tröstet, meine Lieben, J. Olearius, 1671; tr. C. Winkworth, 1863



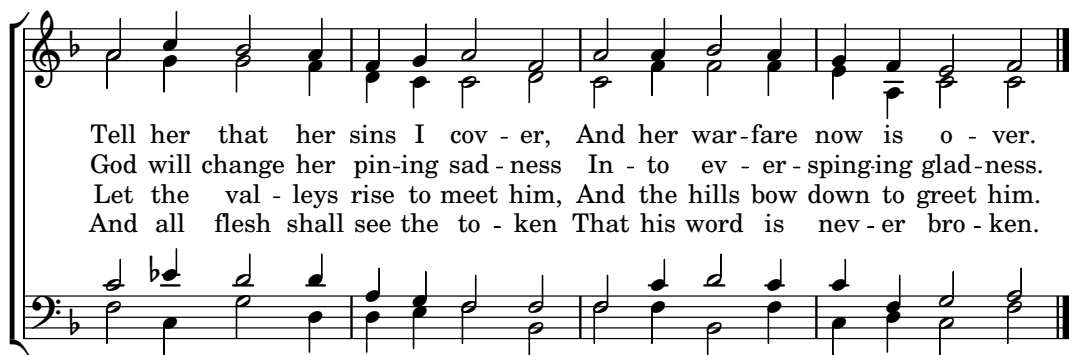
1. Com-fort, com - fort ye my peo-ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
2. Yea, her sins our God will par-don, Blot-ting out each dark mis-deed;
3. For E - li - jah's voice is cry-ing In the des - ert far and near,
4. Make ye straight what long was crooked, Make the rough - er plac - es plain:



Com-fort those who sit in darkness, Mourning 'neath their sorrows' load;
All that well deserved His an - ger He will no more see nor heed.
Bid-ding all men to re-pen-tance, Since the king - dom now is here.
Let your hearts be true and hum-ble, As be - fits his ho - ly reign,



Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem Of the peace that waits for them,
She hath suf-fer'd man-y a day, Now her griefs have passed a - way,
O that warn-ing cry o - bey! Now pre - pare for God a way!
For the glo - ry of the Lord Now o'er the earth is shed a - broad,



Tell her that her sins I cov - er, And her war-fare now is o - ver.
God will change her pin-ing sad-ness In - to ev - er-springing glad-ness.
Let the val - leys rise to meet him, And the hills bow down to greet him.
And all flesh shall see the to - ken That his word is nev - er bro - ken.