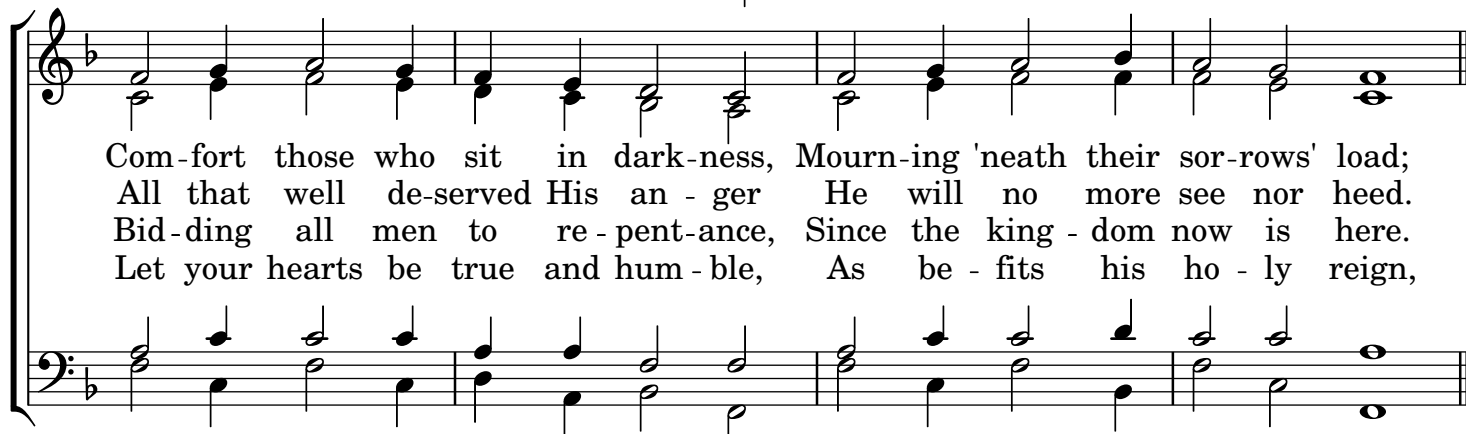
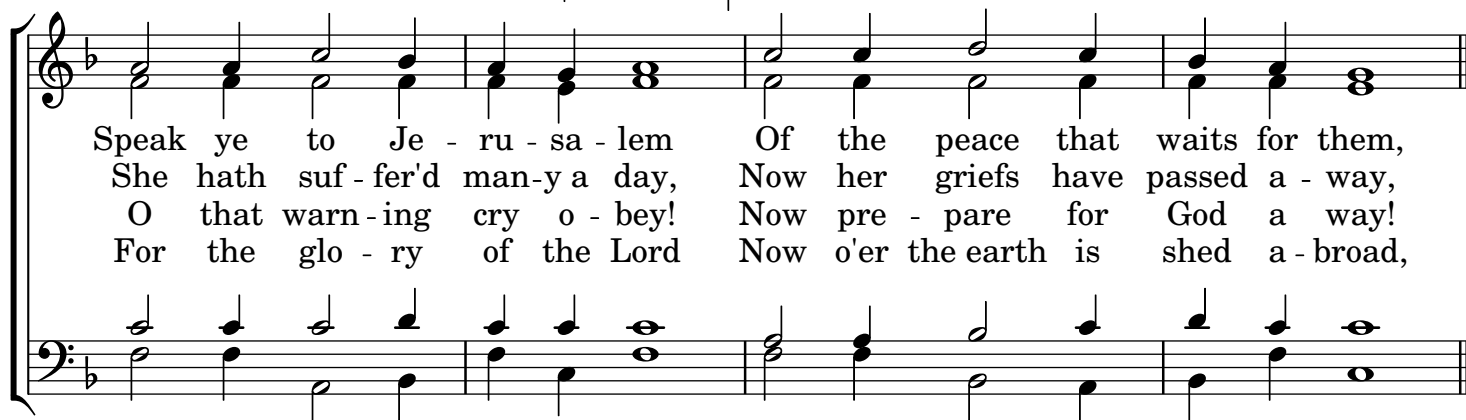


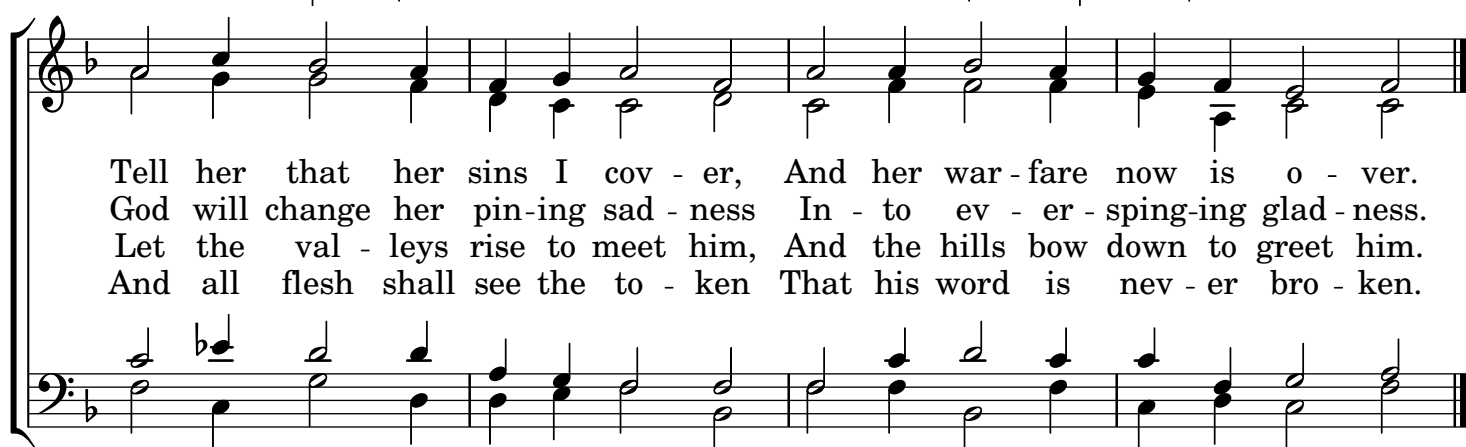
1. Com-fort, com - fort ye my peo-ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
2. Yea, her sins our God will par-don, Blot-ting out each dark mis-deed;  
3. For E - li - jah's voice is cry-ing In the des - ert far and near,  
4. Make ye straight what long was crook-ed, Make the rough - er plac - es plain:



Com-fort those who sit in dark-ness, Mourn-ing 'neath their sor-rows' load;  
All that well de-served His an - ger He will no more see nor heed.  
Bid-ding all men to re-pent-ance, 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-spring-ing 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.

*Tröstet, tröstet, meine Lieben*

J. Olearius, 1671; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863