

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Isa. 40:1

THIRSTING 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 8.

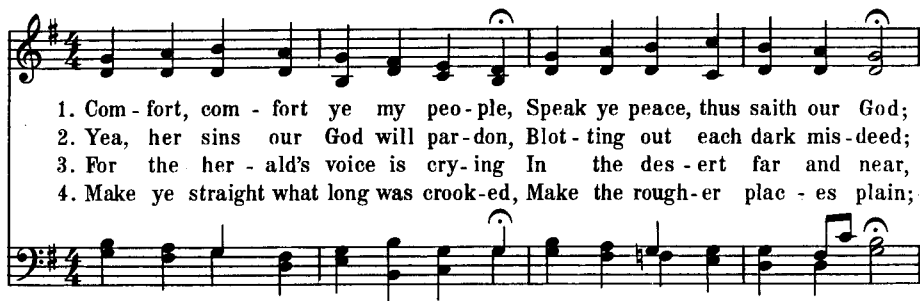
Louis Bourgeois, 1551

Johannes Olearius, 1671

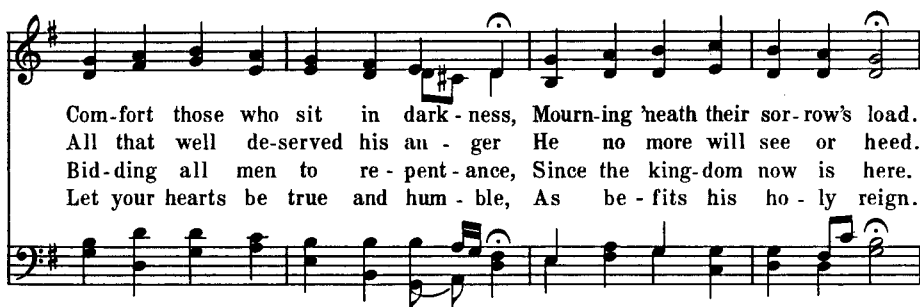
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

Harmony adapted from Dutch *Koraalboek*

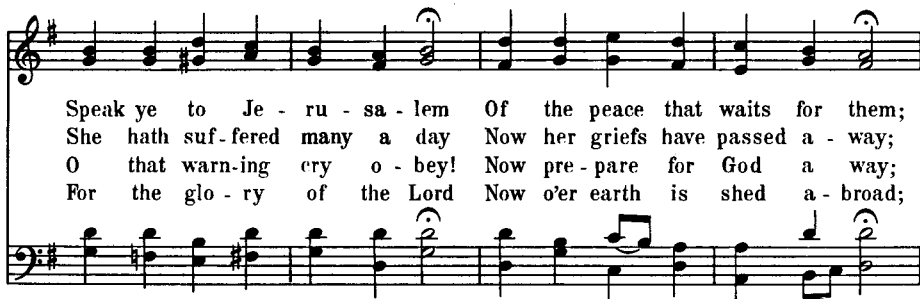
of B. DeVries by Henry A. Bruinsma



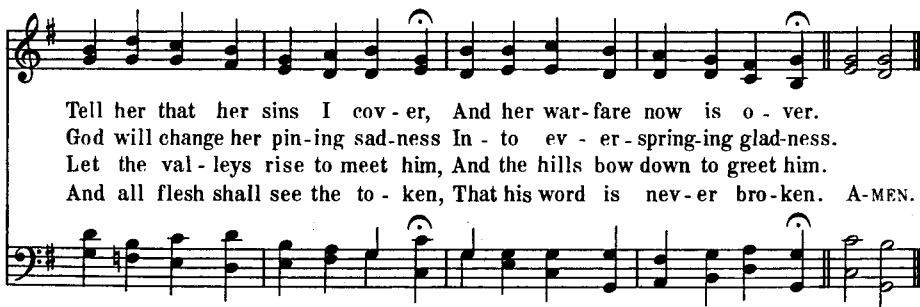
1. Com - fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
 2. Yea, her sins our God will par - don, Blot - ting out each dark mis - deed;
 3. For the her - ald's voice is cry - ing In the des - ert far and near,
 4. Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, Make the rough - er plac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



Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness, Mourn - ing 'neath their sor - row's load.
 All that well de - served his an - ger He no more will see or 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 - fered many 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 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. A - MEN.