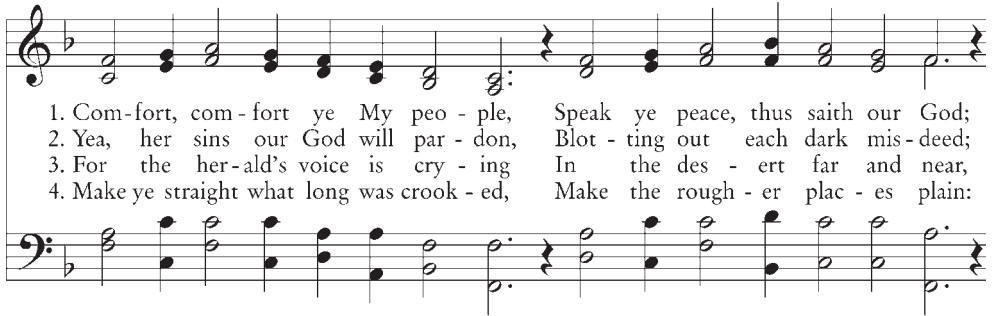


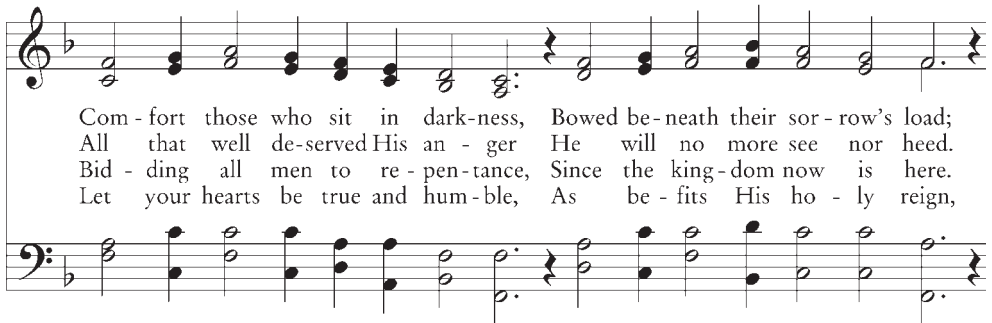
Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

FREU DICH SEHR [AINSI QU'ON OIT LE CERF BRUIRE] (8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8)
Genevan Psalter, 1551
 harm. Johann Crüger, 1658

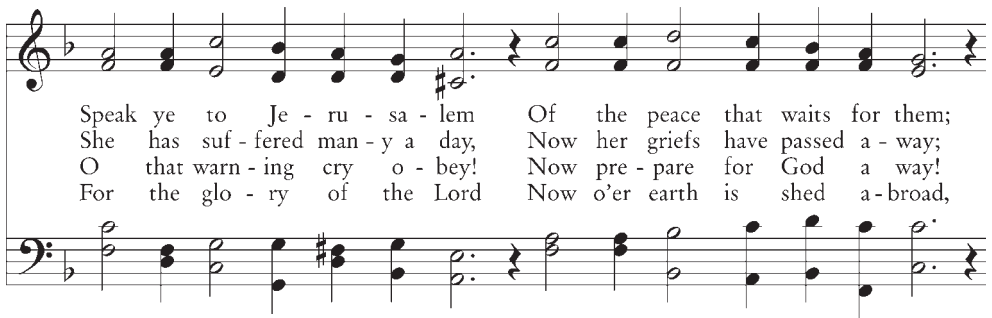
Johannes Olearius, 1671
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863; alt.



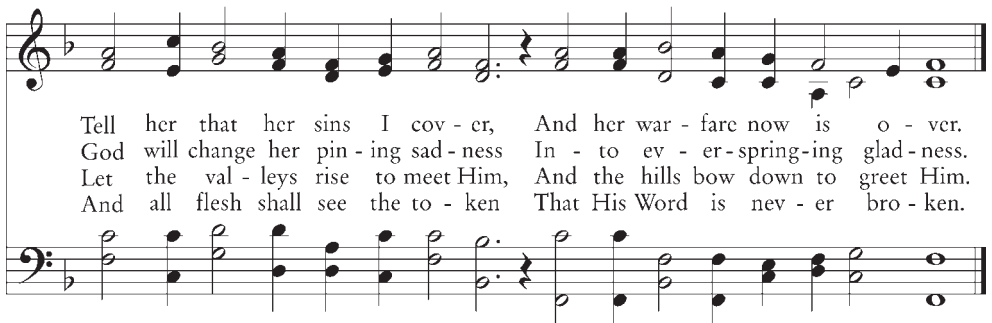
1. Com-fort, com-fort ye My peo-ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
 2. Yea, her sins our God will par-don, Blot-ting out each dark mis-deed;
 3. For the her-ald's voice is cry-ing In the des-ert far and near,
 4. Make ye straight what long was crook-ed, Make the rough-er plac-es plain:



Com-fort those who sit in dark-ness, Bowed be-neath their sor-row's load;
 All that well de-served 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 has suf-fered 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 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.