

## Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

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 no more will 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.  
 Oh, 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.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551; harm. Johann Crüger, 1658

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

AINSI QU'ON OIT LE CERF [GENEVAN 42]

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