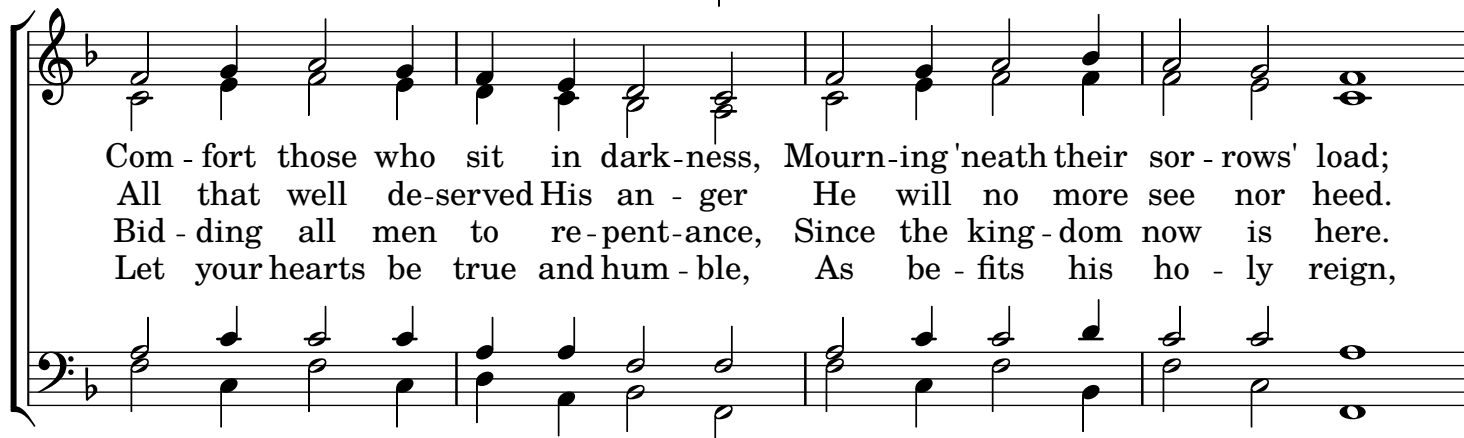
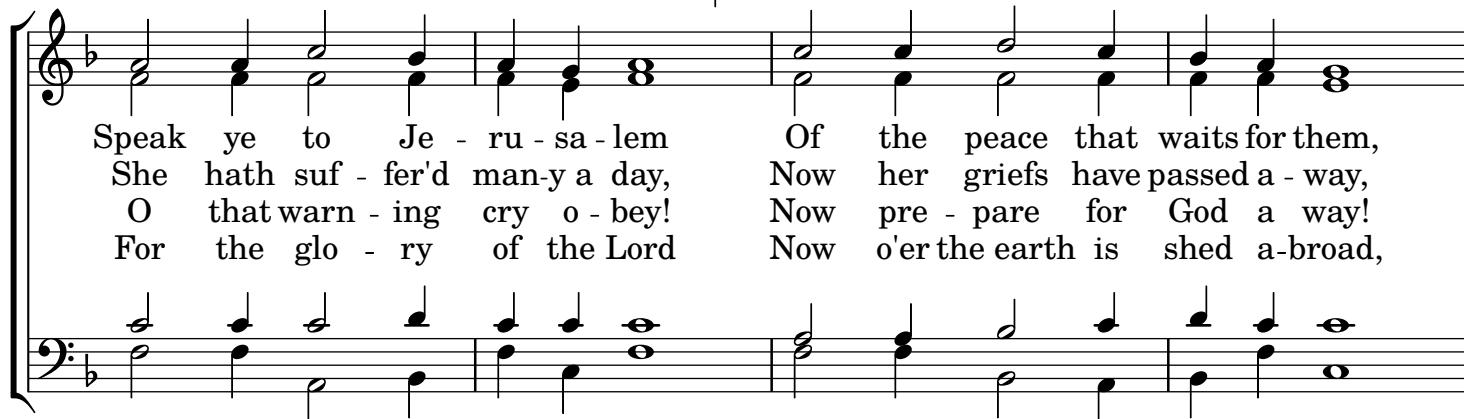


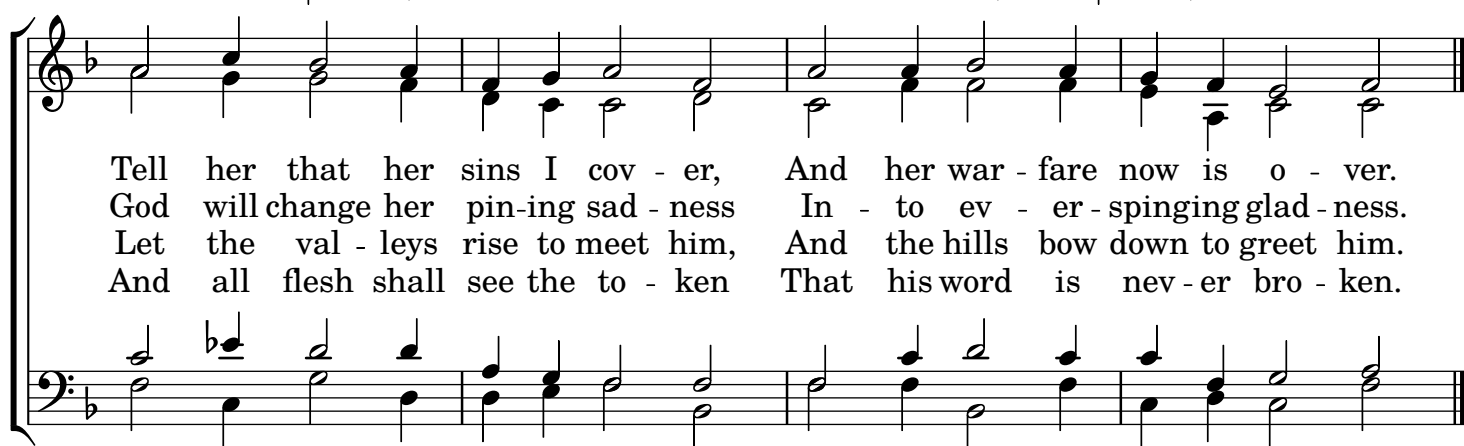
1. Com - fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
 2. Yea, her sins our God will par - don, Blot - ting out each dark mis - deed;
 3. For E - li - jah's voice is cry - ing In the des - ert far and near,
 4. Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, Make the rough - er plac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