

HYMN

157 Comfort, comfort ye my people

Capo 3: D A D A (Bm F#m) G D (Bm) A D Em D A D

1 Com - fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
 2 For the her - ald's voice is cry - ing in the des - ert far and near,
 3 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.
 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;
 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.
 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.

Text: Based on Isaiah 40:1–5. Johannes Olearius, 1671; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863
 Tune: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. *Koraalboek vir Psalms en Gesange*

THIRSTING
 87 87 77 88