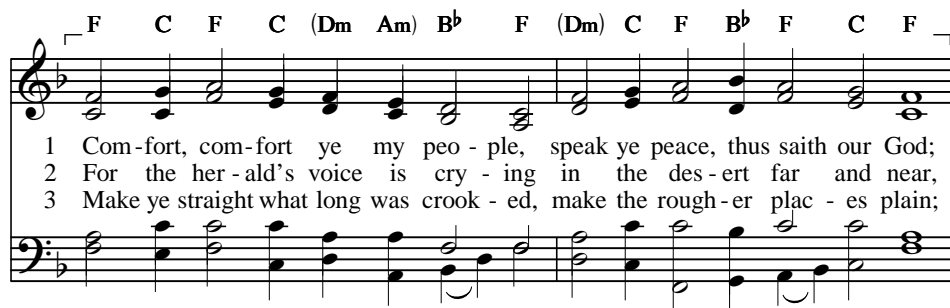


## HYMN

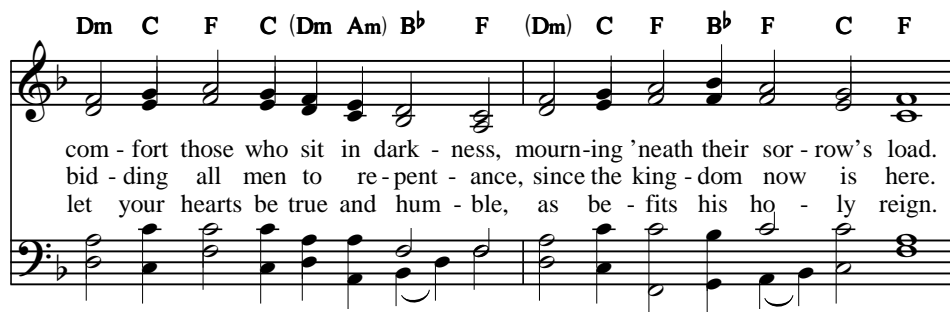
## # Comfort, comfort ye my people

F C F C (Dm Am) B<sup>b</sup> F (Dm) C F B<sup>b</sup> F C F



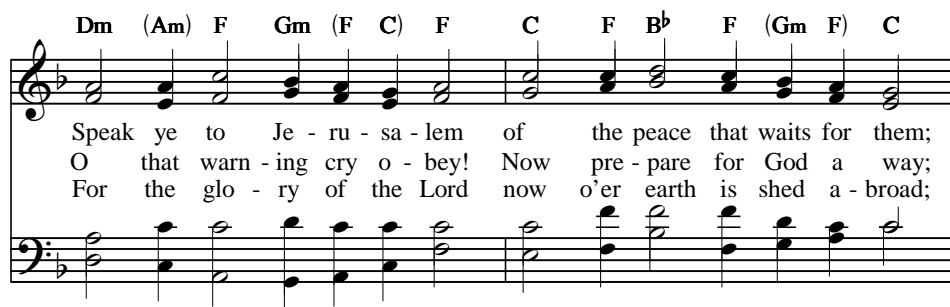
1 Com-fort, com-fort ye my peo - ple, speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
 2 For the her - ald's voice is cry - ing in the des - ert far and near,  
 3 Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, make the rough - er plac - es plain;

Dm C F C (Dm Am) B<sup>b</sup> F (Dm) C F B<sup>b</sup> F C F



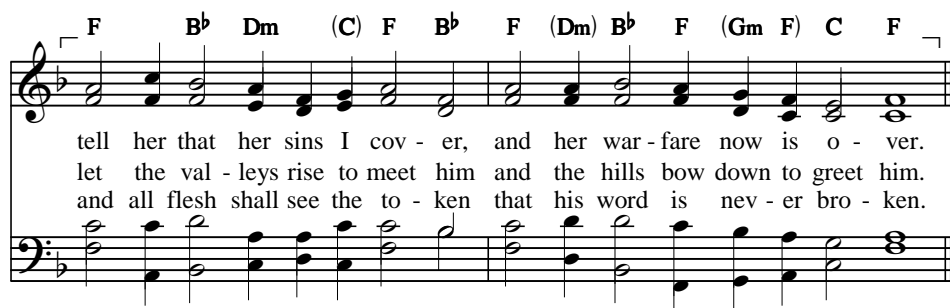
com - fort those who sit in dark - ness, mourn-ing 'neath their sor - row's load.  
 bid - ding all men to re - pent - ance, since the king - dom now is here.  
 let your hearts be true and hum - ble, as be - fits his ho - ly reign.

Dm (Am) F Gm (F C) F C F B<sup>b</sup> F (Gm F) C



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;

F B<sup>b</sup> Dm (C) F B<sup>b</sup> F (Dm) B<sup>b</sup> F (Gm F) C F



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: Isaiah 40: 1-5. Johannes Olearius, 1671; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863  
 Tune: Louis Bourgeois, 1551; harm. from DeVries *Koraalboek*;  
 adapt. Henry Bruinsma, 1946

THIRSTING  
 87 87 77 88