

Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

Words: Johann Olearius (Oelschlaeger), 1671. Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1862.
 Music: 'Freu dich sehr, o meine Seele' from Trente Quatre Pseaumes de David, Geneva, 1551.
 Setting: Evangelical Lutheran Hymn Book, Edition of 1931.
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♩ = 160

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. Yea, her sins our God will par - don, Blot - ting out each dark mis - deed;
 4. Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, Make the rough - er pla - ces plain:

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.
 All that well de - served His an - ger He will no more see nor heed.
 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!
 She has suff - ered many a day, Now her griefs have passed a - way,
 For the glo - ry of the Lord O'er the earth is shed a - broad,

Tell her that her sins I co - ver, And her war - fare now is o - - ver.
 Let the val - leys rise to meet Him, And the hills bow down to greet Him.
 God will change her pi - ning sad - ness In - to ev - er spring - ing glad - ness.
 And all flesh shall see the to - ken That His Word is ne - ver bro - ken.