

Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

AINSI QU'ON OIT LE CERF BRUIRE (8 7. 8 7. 7 7. 8 8)

Genevan Psalter, 1551

harm. Johann Crüger, 1658

Johannes Olearius, 1671

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

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, Mourn - ing 'neath their sor - row's load.
All that well de - served his an - ger He no more will see or 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 Jer - u - sa - lem Of the peace that waits for them;
She hath suf - fered many 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 earth is shed a - broad,

Tell her that her sins I cov - er, And her war - fare now is ov - er.
God will change her pin - ing sad - ness In - to ev - er spring - ing glad - ness. -
Let that 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.