

Comfort, comfort, O my people

Text: Johannes Olearius, 1671
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863
GENEVA 42 (FREU DICH SEHR) 87.87.77.88

Music: Louis Bourgeois, 1551

arr. Claude Goudimel, 1565

1 Com - fort, com - fort, O my peo - ple, speak of peace, now says our God.
2 Hark, the voice of one who's cry - ing in the des - ert far and near,
3 O make 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.
bid - ding all to full re - pen - tance since the king - dom now is here.
Let your hearts be true and hum - ble, as be - fits God's ho - ly reign.

Speak un - 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 of all the sins I cov - er, and that war - fare now is o - ver.
Let the val - leys rise to meet God and the hills bow down to greet God.
And all flesh shall see the to - ken that God's word is nev - er bro - ken.