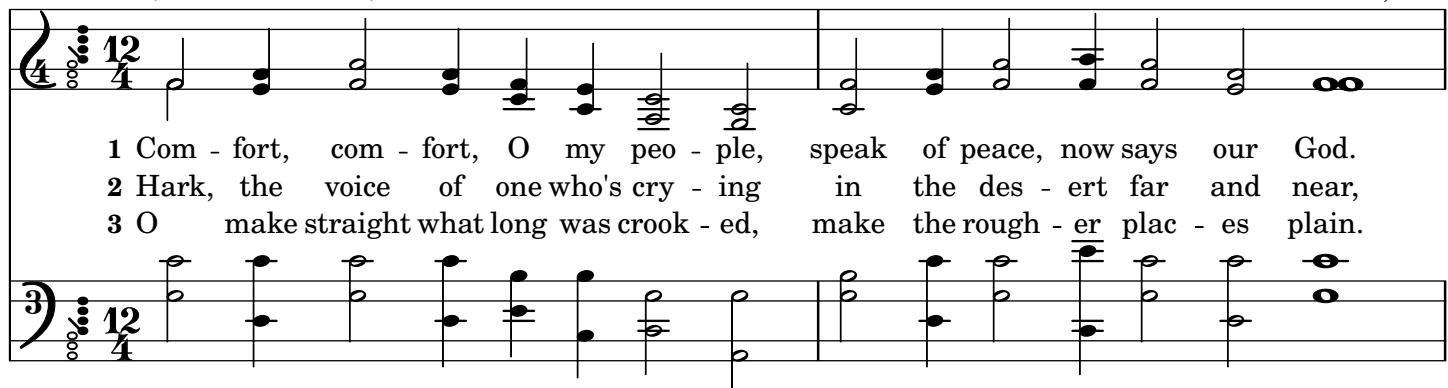


# Comfort, comfort, O my people

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

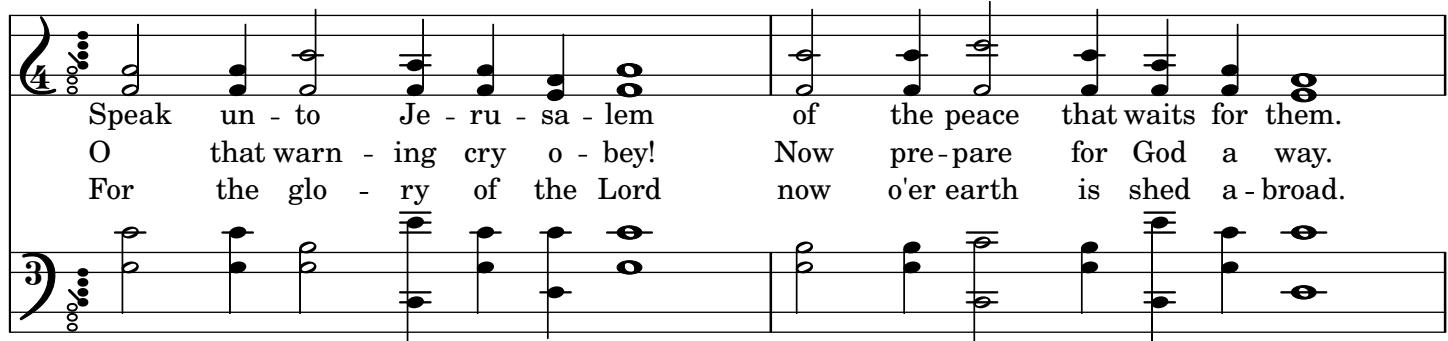
Music: Louis Bourgeois, 1551  
arr. Claude Goudimel, 1565



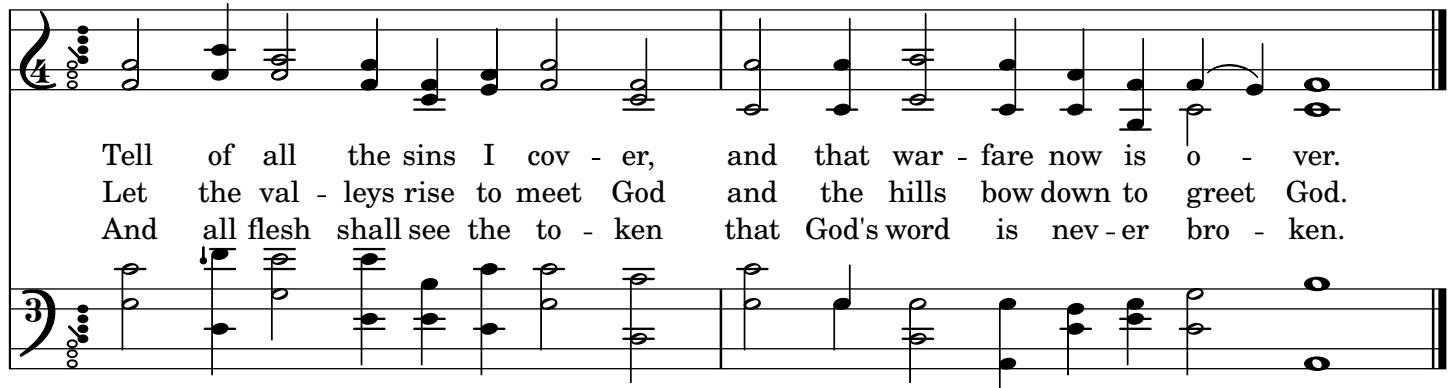
1 Com - fort, com - fort, O my peo - ple, speak of peace, now says our God.  
2 Hark, the voice of one who's cry - ing in the des - ert far and near,  
3 O make straight what long was crook - ed, make the rough - er plac - es plain.



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.