

Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

"Comfort, yes, comfort My people!" Says your God.
 "Speak comfort to Jerusalem..." (Isaiah 40:1-2)

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 dark - ness 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 Je - ru - sa - lem, of the peace that waits for them;
 She has 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 o - ver.
 God will change her pin - ing sad - ness in - to ev - er spring - ing glad - ness.
 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.

WORDS: Johannes Olearius, 1671
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THIRSTING
 8.7.8.7.7.7.8.8.

Hymns from History
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