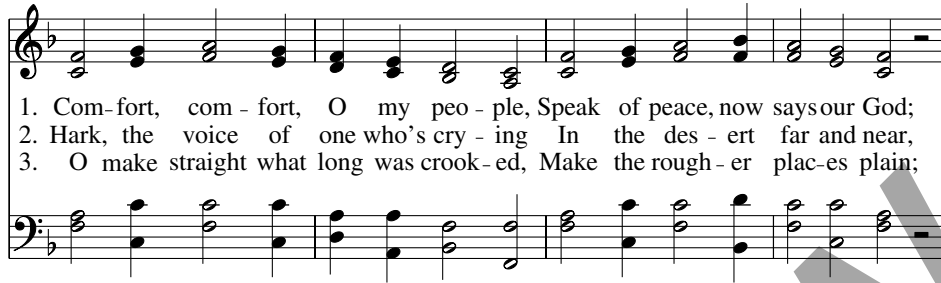
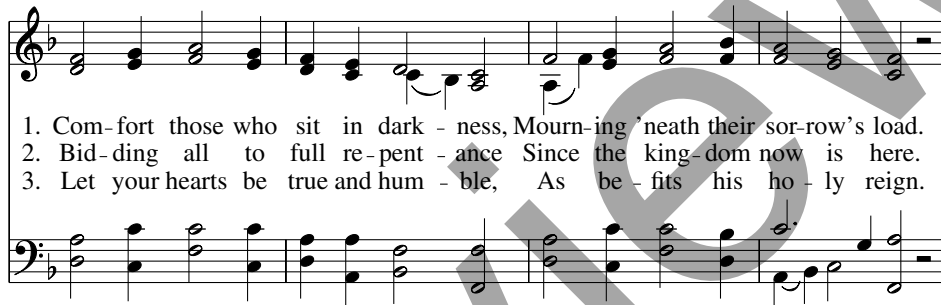


COMFORT, COMFORT, O MY PEOPLE



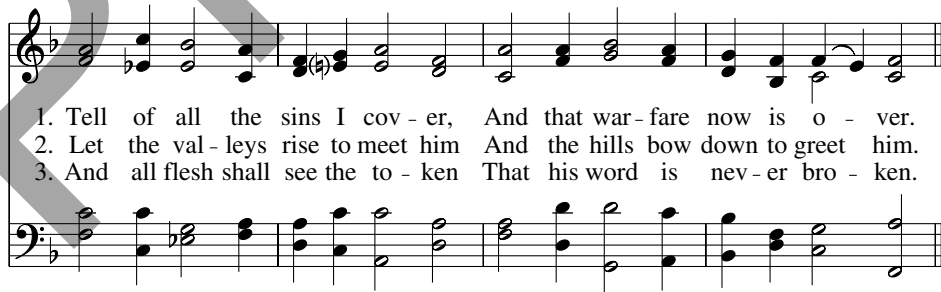
1. Com-fort, com - fort, O my peo - ple, Speak of peace, now says our God;
2. Hark, the voice of one who's cry - ing In the des - ert far and near,
3. O make straight what long was crook - ed, Make the rough - er plac - es plain;



1. Com-fort those who sit in dark - ness, Mourn - ing 'neath their sor - row's load.
2. Bid - ding all to full re - pent - ance Since the king - dom now is here.
3. Let your hearts be true and hum - ble, As be - fits his ho - ly reign.



1. Speak un - to Je - su - sa - lem Of the peace that waits for them;
2. O that warn - ing cry o - bey! Now pre - pare for God a way;
3. For the glo - ry of the Lord Now o'er earth is shed a - broad;



1. Tell of all the sins I cov - er, And that war - fare now is o - ver.
2. Let the val - leys rise to meet him And the hills bow down to greet him.
3. And all flesh shall see the to - ken That his word is nev - er bro - ken.

Text: 87 87 77 88; based on Isaiah 40:1-8; Johann G. Olearius, 1611-1684; tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878, alt.
Music: GENEVA 42; Claude Goudimel, ca. 1514-1572; *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.