

Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

FREU DICH SEHR [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; alt.

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, Bowed be-neath their sor- row's load;
 All that well de- served His an- ger He will no more see nor heed.
 Bid- ding all men to re- pen- tance, 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 man- y 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.