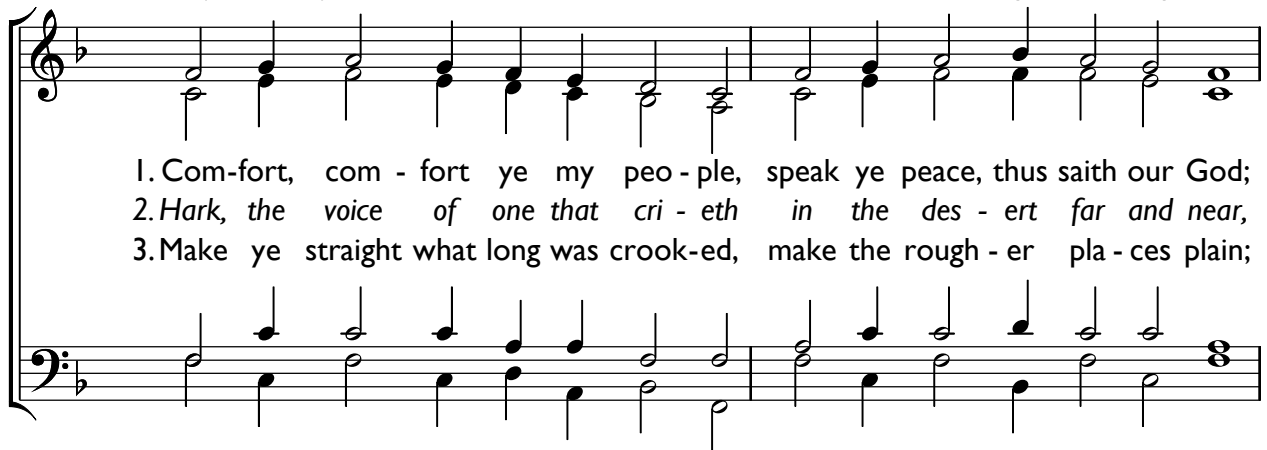


Comfort, comfort ye my people

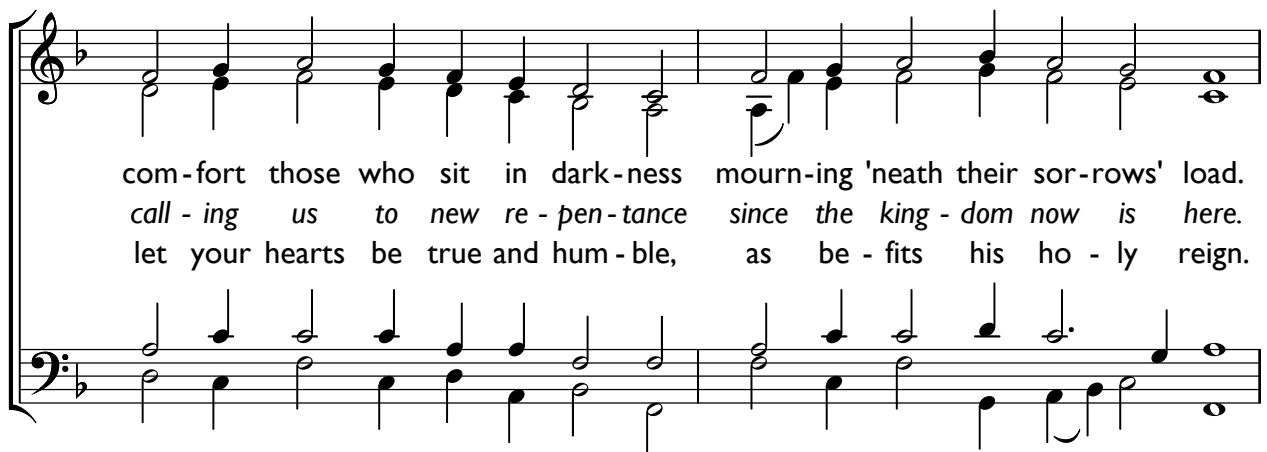
Hymnal 1982 no. 67, Melody: Psalm 42

J. Olearius (1611-1684),
tr. C. Winkworth (1827-1878)

Melody and bass by C. Goudimel (1514-1572),
harmony from The Hymnal 1982



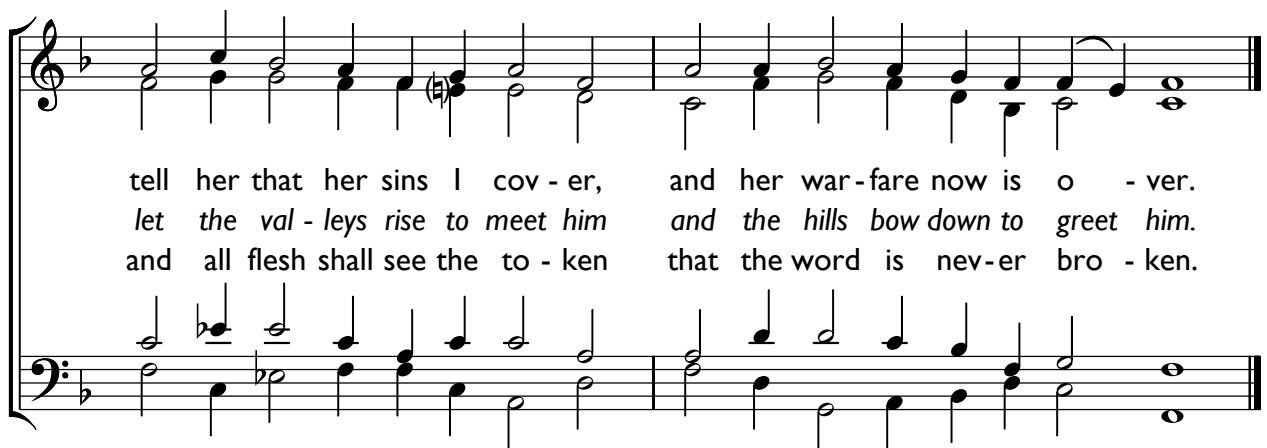
1. Com-fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
2. Hark, the voice of one that cri - eth in the des - ert far and near,
3. Make ye straight what long was crook-ed, make the rough - er pla - ces plain;



com-fort those who sit in dark-ness mourn-ing 'neath their sor-rows' load.
call - ing us to new 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;
Oh, 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.
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 the word is nev - er bro - ken.