

Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

Freu dich sehr

Johann Olearius, 1611-1684

tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878, alt.

Trente quatre Pseumes de David, Geneva, 1551

ed. Louis Bourgeois

"Com fort, com - fort ye My peo - ple, Speak ye peace," thus saith our God;
Yea, her sins our God will par - don, Blot - ting out each dark mis - deed;
Hark, the her - ald's voice is cry - ing In the des - ert far and near,
Make ye straight what long was crook - ed; Make the rough - er pla - es plain.

"Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness, Mourn - ing 'neath their sor - rows' load.
All that well de - served His an - ger He no more will see or heed.
Call - ing sin - ners 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 hath suf - fered man - ya day, Now her griefs have passed a - way;
O that warn - ing cry 0 - 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 0 - 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.

Text and music are in the public domain.

Notation and lyric editing copyright Shepherd of the Hills Lutheran Church.

Permission granted to copy this for non-commercial use.