Comfort, Comfort Now My People

1 "Com-fort, com-fort now my peo-ple;
2 For the be-raul's voice is cry-ing.
3 Straight shall what long was crook-ed.

Tell of peace!" so says our God,
in the de-sert far and near,
and the rough-er plas-ces plain!

Com-fort those who sit in dark-ness
cal-ling us to true re-pen-tance
Let your hearts be true and hum-ble,
mour-nig un-der sor-row's load,
as be-lies his hu-ly reign!
To God's peo-ple now pro-claim
Oh, that war-ning cry o-bey!
For the glo-ry of the Lord
that God's par-don waits for them!
Now pre-pare for God a way!

Tell them that their war is o-ver;
and all flesh shall see the to-ken
God will reign in peace for-e-ver!
and that God's word is ne- ver bro-ken.

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