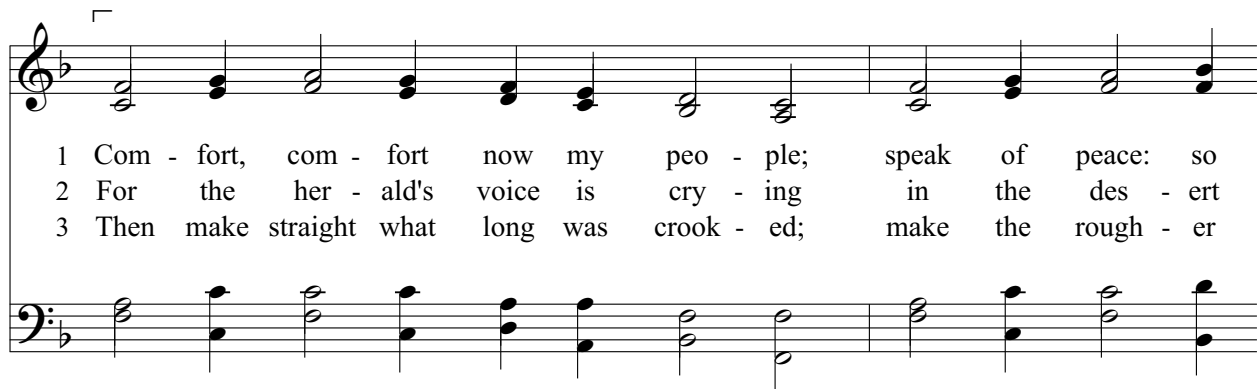


Comfort, Comfort Now My People



1 Com - fort, com - fort now my peo - ple; speak of peace: so
2 For the her - ald's voice is cry - ing in the des - ert
3 Then make straight what long was crook - ed; make the rough - er



says our God. Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness, mourn - ing
far and near, call - ing all to true re - pen - tance, since the
plac - es plain. let your hearts be true and hum - ble, as be -



un - der sor - row's load. Cry out to Je - ru - sa - lem
king - dom now is here. Oh, that warn - ing cry o - bey!
fits his ho - ly reign. For the glo - ry of the Lord

Text: Isaiah 40:1-5; vers. Johannes G. Olearius,
1671; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.
Tune: Louis Bourgeois, 1551; harm. Claude
Goudinel, 1564



87 87 77 88
GENEVAN 42
www.hymnary.org/text/comfort_comfort_now_my_people

of the peace that waits for them; tell her that her
 Now pre - pare for God a way! Let the val - leys
 now on earth is shed a - broad, and all flesh shall

sins I cov - er and her war - fare now is o - ver.
 rise to meet him and the hills bow down to greet him.
 see the to - ken that God's word is nev - er bro - ken.