Comfort, Comfort Now My People

1 Comfort, comfort now my people; speak of peace: so
   says our God. Comfort those who sit in darkness, mourning
   far and near, calling all to true repentance, since the
   places plain. Let your hearts be true and humble, as be-

2 For the herald's voice is crying in the desert
   under sorrow's load. Cry out to Jerusalem
   kingdom now is here. Oh, that warning cry obey!

3 Then make straight what long was crooked; make the rougher
   fits his holy reign. For the glory of the Lord

Tune: Louis Bourgeois, 1551; harm. Claude Goudinel, 1564

www.hymnary.org/text/comfort_comfort_now_my_people

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of the peace that waits for them; tell her that her
Now prepare for God a way! Let the valleys
now on earth is abroad, and all flesh shall

sins I cover and her warfare now is over.
rise to meet him and the hills bow down to greet him.
see the token that God's word is never broken.