

Comfort, comfort ye my people

(Tröstet, tröstet meine Lieben)

Johannes Olearius (1611-1685)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

87 87 77 88

“Freu dich sehr”

Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)



1 Com - fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
2. For the he - rald's voice is cry - ing in the de - sert far and near,
3. Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, make the rough - er plac - es plain:



com - fort those who sit in dark - ness, mourn - ing 'neath their sor - row's load;
bid - ding all men 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;
O 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 co - ver, 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 his word is ne - ver bro - ken.