COMFORT, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE Words by: Johanness Olerarius, 1671 Music by: Louis Bourgeois, 1551

F Bb F Bb С F Comfort, comfort ye my people, Speak ye peace, thus says our God; F Bb Bb С F Comfort those who sit in darkness, mourning 'neath their sorrow's load; F/A Bb C Speak ye to Jerusalem of the peace that waits for them; F/A Bb Bb Dm F/A Bb С С F Tell her that her sins I cover, and her warfare now is over.

Yea, her sins our God will pardon, blotting out each dark misdeed; All that well deserved his anger he no more will see or heed. She hath suffered many a day, now her griefs have passed away; God will change her pining sadness into ever-springing gladness.

For the herald's voice is crying in the desert far and near, Bidding all men to repentance, since the kingdom now is here. O, that warning cry obey! Now prepare for God a way! Let the valleys rise to meet Him, and the hills bow down to greet Him.

Make ye straight what long was crooked, make the rougher places plain: Let your hearts be true and humble, as befits God's holy reign, For the glory of the Lord now o'er the earth is shed abroad, And all flesh shall see the token that God's Word is never broken.